The World's Story

IN

FOURTEEN VOLUMES

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME I

First Edition

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PALACE OF THE DALAI LAMA AT LHASA, THIBET

Enclosed by nature between barren deserts and the loftiest peaks of the Himalayas, and barred to commerce by the most rigorous edicts against the admission of foreigners, Thibet remained virtually unknown until the eighteenth century. During the last hundred years a few daring explorers traversed the country, and in 1904 a mission from the Indian government fought its way to the mysterious city of Lhasa, to offset the dreaded influence of Russia with the court of Thibet, and to regulate trade with India. The Dalai Lama fled; he fled again a few years later when a Chinese army entered the city, returning in 1912.

Lamaism, the religion of Thibet, is a corrupt form of Buddhism. The Dalai Lama (literally, *priest as great as the ocean*), who is the supreme pontiff, is also the nominal ruler. On the death of the Dalai Lama his soul is supposed to pass into the body of a new-born infant, who thereby becomes his successor. What child it is, who thus automatically succeeds to the honor, is determined by lot through strange and complicated ceremonies. It is probable, however, that the final choice is made by the ruler of China, who is overlord of Thibet. During the minority of the Dalai Lama the authority is exercised by a regent. It is said that so many of the Dalai Lamas die mysteriously just before coming of age, that the country is nearly always ruled by a regent.

The Palace of the Dalai Lama is an enormous fortified structure of nearly five hundred rooms. It is made of stone and whitewashed. The upper half of the central part is crimson, as are also the eaves and the coping of the zigzag steps. In this building, majestic without but dark and filthy within, live 350 lamas. Connected with it are other buildings for printing prayers, casting bronze images, manufacturing incense, and keeping cattle. Tradition says that this immense edifice was reared some twelve hundred years ago.

This photograph of a temple little known to Western readers was taken by Dr. S. Chuan, of Tientsin, China, who accompanied the Chinese ambassador to Lhasa.

PALACE OF THE DALAI LAMA AT LHASA,
THIBET

CHINA JAPAN

AND THE ISLANDS OF THE PACIFIC

The World's Story

A HISTORY OF THE WORLD
IN STORY SONG AND ART

EDITED BY
EVA MARCH TAPPAN

VOLUME I

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE

The scope of " The World's Story " is briefly suggested by its subtitle, "A History of the World in Story, Song, and Art." It is a series of selections from the best prose literature, the most inspiring poetry, and the most striking examples of historical painting, made with a view to obtaining, from these three sources, a comprehensive and reasonably complete presentation of the world's history, from the earliest recorded events to the present time. It aims to utilize the writings of the best authors and the paintings of the greatest artists to present a series of pictures, each interesting and instructive in itself, and constituting as a whole an illuminating review of the most important events of the world's history. Art is relied upon to furnish its quota of material in precisely the same manner as literature. One scene may be presented by means of the brush of a master painter, while another may be the graphic word painting of some great author. The selections are arranged in chronological order and under geographical divisions so that the reader may begin with the oldest known civilization, — that of the Oriental countries, — and, following the westward "course of empire," see in imagination the progress of civilization and something of the manners and customs of the people of all ages and of all parts of the world.

These selections represent the work of no less than six hundred representative authors and one hundred well-known artists. By means of a series of historical notes and editorial introductions, this vast assemblage

of material is welded together, into a homogeneous account of the world's history.

The selection and arrangement, together with the editorial introductions and explanations, are the work of Eva March Tappan, well known as the author of many volumes of popular history and as the editor of "The Children's Hour." She has devoted more than three years to the search for suitable material and has brought together one thousand one hundred selections, many of them from books ordinarily inaccessible to the general reader.

The final volume of the series is an "Outline of Universal History," outlining in brief the important events and giving the names of rulers and leaders, with dates, from the earliest time down to the date of publication. In addition, there are alphabetical indexes of titles and authors and a general index of all the famous characters and events mentioned in the selections. Pains have been taken to indicate in the Table of Contents the sources from which the selections have been made. By this means a reference guide is provided to the world's best historical literature, and the reader is enabled to extend his study in the portions of the field found most interesting.

"The World's Story" offers to the general reader a new and agreeable way of reviewing the history of civilization. The publishers believe that it will prove of special value to all who for any reason are unable to give the time to a comprehensive study of the vast literature of history, but who will be glad to get from their historical reading the same delight that one expects to derive from the reading of novels and poems.

INTRODUCTION

Did you ever stop to consider how the average person becomes acquainted with the history of his own land? Few people, even among the most patriotic, have ever read a full and complete work on the story of their country; but yet, in some mysterious way, they have acquired a working knowledge of its annals. Something of this they gain in even the elementary schools, of course; but such knowledge of facts is quite a different matter from the feeling of friendly familiarity, of being at home in the chronicles of our mother land, that comes to most of us in greater or less degree.

This is our birthright. We gain possession of it less by studying than simply by living among our own people. We hear legends — a bloodcurdling narrative of an escape from the Indian tomahawk, the story of the diary of Marie Antoinette, the tale of the hiding away of some priest or cavalier, the tradition of Bishop Hatto and his tower. We read here and there an anecdote of Wellington, or Peter the Great, or Hideyoshi. We hear stories of the recent wars from the lips of veterans. "The Relief of Lucknow" tells us something of the Indian Mutiny; "John Brown's Body," of the American Civil War; "The Charge of the Light Brigade," of the Crimea; Byron's "Eve of Waterloo," of the fall of Napoleon. The "Idylls of the King" gives us a living King Arthur; the Earl of Rochester's "Epitaph on Charles II" is an exceedingly good characterization of the merry monarch; there are "Hohenlinden" and "The Battle of

the Baltic," — indeed there is no end to the poems that bring the past before us in glowing colors.

The daily papers are full of phrases that originated in some historical event. "England expects every man to do his duty," "Forty centuries are looking down upon you," "prairie schooners," "49-ers," the "cat-and-mouse law," the "Vicar of Bray," — all these arose from some episode in history. Proper names, too, are wonderfully suggestive. Why is there a Ponce de Leon hotel in Florida? How did Whitehall Street, and Trafalgar Square, and West Indies, Alexandria, Constantinople, Alhambra, Pittsburg, the Theater of Pompey, and the Avenue de Neuilly get their names? There are monuments that are history condensed. There is a lion at Lucerne, horses at St. Mark's; there is a lofty shaft on Bunker Hill, a statue of William Penn on the top of the city hall of Philadelphia. There are monuments to Wolfe and Montcalm, to Brock, Frontenac, and Champlain, to Washington, Sir Harry Vane, Joan of Arc, Alfred the Great, Wellington, Richard the Lion-hearted. Indeed, we can hardly walk a mile in any city without reading, in statue or column or name of street or square or building, some chapter in local history. Our most familiar pictures are historical. Who does not know the "Princes in the Tower," "Charlotte Corday," the "Return of the Mayflower," "Queen Victoria Ascending the Steps of the Throne," "Napoleon on the Bellerophon," the "Death of Nelson," "Alfred in the Herdsman's Cottage"?

So it is, in these and a hundred similar ways of which we take little account, that the history of our home land comes to us. Such knowledge is necessarily incomplete

and somewhat fragmentary. We do not know the exact latitude and longitude of the spot where the Constitution encountered the Guerrière, perhaps we have even forgotten the year when the famous battle took place; but we are reasonably sure to remember that the familiar name of the first-mentioned vessel was "Old Ironsides," and that Holmes wrote a poem with that title. Unconsciously we join our bits of information together, and when we read even the barest outline of our country's history, then, no matter what our home land may be, we are sure to find these stories and pictures and songs, these memories of statues and streets and monuments and names and phrases, thronging into our minds and taking their proper places in its chronicles.

The brief and uninteresting annals throb with interest in proportion as we are able to put something of our own between the lines. They become *our* story, and, by the aid of a gleam of imagination, it is almost the record of our own experiences. This is the natural method of learning history. It is the way in which we become acquainted with our friends. It is the way in which we form for ourselves the image of any person or place that we have not seen. If we would form a mental likeness of Queen Elizabeth, for instance, we must bring together her genuine devotion to England, her ability to choose great ministers, her vanity, temper, love of magnificence and gorgeousness, her neglected girlhood, her delight in flattery, her deceitfulness, and her political sagacity. These traits and many others come to our minds one by one; and with the coming of each we gain a new idea of her character, and finally form a mental image of a woman of such traits and such peculiarities.

But we have only one mother country, only one life in which to grow up into the knowledge and history of a land, to learn as children her monuments and streets and her memorial phrases, to gaze upon her relics, to hear from the lips of her people the tales of events within their own recollection. Our knowledge of other lands must come chiefly through books. Macaulay says, "The effect of historical reading is analogous, in many respects, to that produced by foreign travel. The student, like the tourist, is transported into a new state of society. He sees new fashions, he hears new modes of expression. His mind is enlarged by contemplating the wide diversities of laws, of morals, and of manners." By diligent study one may, of course, *learn* the history of a country; but is it possible to acquire in some degree the feeling of easy familiarity with the story of a foreign land which we have with that of our own, and what means shall we employ in the attempt?

First of all, we may make use of the great historical paintings of the world, each one flashing a light upon some chapter of the past. In Gérôme's "Pollice Verso," for instance, the scene is in the Colosseum, where the victor stands with sword in hand and foot upon the breast of his conquered adversary. The galleries are gorgeous with carvings, tapestry, brilliant costumes, beautiful women and gallant men. Some of the spectators are a little bored by the familiarity of the entertainment. Some care for nothing but the display of their own charms. The center of interest is that portion of the gallery which is occupied by the Vestal Virgins, women whose office of honor and sanctity is the care of the worship of Vesta, the goddess of the burning hearth,

of the love, the quiet, the purity of the ideal home. They are robed in significant white. The richest of tapestries hang over the rail before them. The wishes of these virgins are so respected, that upon their will really depends the life or death of the man who lies under the mailed heel of the victor. The conqueror stands, gazing upward for their decision. The crowds beyond the royal seats peer around to see what it shall be. And the venerated women stretch out their beautifully moulded arms, and with thumbs pointing downward (*pollice verso*), demand the slaughter of the man whose upraised hand pleads for mercy. This is an impressive picture of a thrilling moment; it is also a chapter in history. Here we read the bravery and fearlessness of the Romans, their inherited respect for the servants of the gods, their self-restraint and obedience to the law even in the excitement of a moral struggle, and their attainments in the arts and in appreciation of luxury and magnificence. But there is another side to the picture. Here is also the Roman cruelty, the Roman obliviousness to the sufferings of others. There are smiles and jesting, there is curiosity to learn the wishes of the Virgins; but there is nowhere a gleam of pity for the man who lies writhing in agony. Here are indicated long periods of history, the history of a warlike, unfeeling, conquering race, obedient to law, and of great wealth and material progress. One may even glance onward from the moment of the picture and prophesy that a nation whose fetish is law rather than justice and mercy cannot long rule the world.

Companion to this is "The Last Token," by Gabriel Max. Here is again a bit of the arena; but now a young

girl, a Christian martyr, is the Roman victim. She stands among savage leopards and hyenas ready to spring upon her; she knows her fate and asks no mercy. But far up in the seats above some loving friend has dropped at her feet a rose, "the last token"; and with one hand on the wall to balance her swaying steps she forgets for the instant the death that lies before her and gazes upward to the face of the friend whose love will help her to meet the horrors of the next moment. Here, too, is history, and also prophecy. A new element has entered into Roman life. Spiritual courage, rather than physical, is winning admiration, the leaven of sympathy for pain and suffering is working in the pitiless Roman character. This, too, is not only a vivid painting, but a chapter of history.

There is a vast amount of history in songs and poems. "He who writes the songs of a nation rules the nation" is an old saying. But is it not nearer the truth to say that the song is the heart of the people, their wishes and their resolutions, the thoughts of the many put into the words of the one? Such songs as "The Watch on the Rhine," "The Marseillaise," "God Save the King," "My Country, 't is of Thee," "Men of Harlech," Hale's "Marching Song of Stark's Men," Burns's "Bruce at Bannockburn," Browning's "Songs of the Cavaliers," do not portray events, but they do arouse the spirit which brought them into being; and thus, by a most delicate but most irresistible method, they teach history by bringing us into the spirit of the circumstances which inspired their writers. The more descriptive poems, such as "Chevy Chase," Macaulay's "Battle of Naseby," Scott's "Bonnie Dundee," the

"Star-spangled Banner," Drayton's "Agincourt," Byron's "Destruction of Sennacherib," Macaulay's "Horatius at the Bridge," may not, indeed, have the minute and mechanical accuracy of a photograph; but they vivify the action, they so arouse the imagination that we almost feel ourselves a part of the event. This, too, is history; and it is in reality far nearer "original sources" than some of the contemporary and uninspired accounts, accurate in every detail though they be, which form the body to perfection, but forget to add the spirit.

Historical paintings and poems, however, are limited in number. Not every episode in the history of a country appeals to the painter, neither does it to the poet; but the story-teller is ever at hand. If a tale is worth narrating, there is always some one eager to tell it; usually there are many, and we may choose among numerous versions. The well-written historical story, whether it stands alone or whether it comes from the heart of some ponderous publication of many volumes, takes time to linger, to describe, to picture, to trace the details that make for vividness, that give a conviction of truth. It is to narrative, then, that we must turn for our most unfailing help in trying to win familiarity with the chronicles of other countries. We must search not only for thrilling tales of battles and conspicuous deeds of heroism, but for the simple annals of the masses of the people. Moreover, what were looked upon at the time of their occurrence as important events are not invariably those which time has proved to be of the utmost significance. In the middle of the fifteenth century, the coronation of Frederic III at Rome would have seemed of far more significance than the fact that an unknown workman

should be experimenting in an obscure little shop on an invention which must have struck the copyists of the monastery bookrooms as trivial and unnecessary. Nevertheless, the occupation of the copyist is long since vanished, and no one remembers much about Frederic III; but Gutenberg's printing has revolutionized the world.

But the history of a country is by no means made up of "events," even such important ones as the invention of printing. What people thought of the occurrences of their own day is always interesting, and does much to bring us into the spirit of the times in which they lived. Stray sentences from letters are pictures and chapters of history together. After Cabot returned to England from his discoveries in America, the Venetian ambassador wrote home, "Honors are heaped upon Cabot; he is called Grand Admiral, he is dressed in silk, and the English run after him like madmen." Could anything make one feel more like a spectator than this one sentence, with its slight disdain of the English enthusiasm and possibly a bit of patriotic jealousy of the fortunate country under whose auspices Cabot had set sail?

There are two classes of historical narrations, both of which may well find a place in conveying knowledge of the past. They may either be made up of facts alone, or they may cast about those facts that richness and glow of the imagination which make yesterday seem like to-day. The first class of stories may, indeed, hardly differ from an account or description, save that they as far as possible tell the tale of some distinct episode and have a definite beginning, middle, and end. Both must be interesting, vivid, and correct. Both must be true to the known facts; but the second has the oppor-

tunity to picture not only a special event, but also the human feelings circling around that event, and therefore may be true in a wider sense than the first. For instance, the heroine of "Quo Vadis," the beautiful Lygia, never existed, neither did her gigantic protector, the powerful Ursus; but both are drawn in accordance with what such persons were likely to be in those times. Their pathetic experiences and thrilling adventures are such things as did occur. Therefore this portrayal is as true as a list of dates, but it is broadly, humanly true; it is history, but it is history made vivid by the author's dramatic presentation and skillful drawing of character.

Even in folk-lore and fable there is truth in plenty, and no history can safely overlook them and the facts that they suggest. Emerson says, "The beautiful fables of the Greeks . . . are universal verities." The "fairy tales" of the little brown gnomes of England, for instance, who hid themselves in holes by day and who were in constant dread of the touch of iron, may well suggest the men of the Stone Age and their fear of those who had learned to work in metals. The truth of this sort of story rests less upon what it tells than upon what it indicates; for instance, it is quite possible that King Arthur never had a round table, perhaps there never was any King Arthur; but the tales of his prowess and that of his knights indicate faithfully the stubborn resistance of the Britons to the conquering Saxons. In like manner it may well be that there never was any living, tangible Robin Hood; but the legends of his seizing from the rich and bestowing upon the poor typify the restlessness of his supposed times, and the vague feeling of the masses of the people that he who

possessed a shilling was necessarily the oppressor of him who possessed none. The impossible exploits of the Cid are not in themselves facts, but they make vivid in most picturesque fashion the sort of man who was a hero to the Spaniards of the eleventh century.

History takes all knowledge to be its province. The physical geography of a country is an important part of its story. That of Greece, for example, was such as to shut in, by ranges of mountains, little groups of people, each in its separate valley, and forbid the ease of intercourse that would have made for a lasting union among them. In Latium, on the other hand, the clustering together of some hills of moderate height made possible the powerful Roman state. The manners and customs of a people are a part of its history; and so are their pleasures, even the sports and games of their children. The homes of the people, their physical skill which manages a kayak, or their intellectual ability which controls an ocean liner, their inventions and discoveries, their ideals of greatness — all these are parts of the history of a nation.

It is with such thoughts in mind that these volumes of "The World's Story" have been compiled. He who reads them may wander from country to country purely for amusement, as a luxurious traveler might do; he may make a study of his reading and compare the customs, the heroes, the achievements, and the ideals of the various lands; or he may, if he will, take these for a starting-point and strike out roads of his own through the spacious realms of the story of the world which, to him who will but read it aright, is forever old and yet forever new.

Eva March Tappan.

CHINA

I

IN THE EARLIEST DAYS

HISTORICAL NOTE

According to Chinese mythology, there was once a mighty egg, wherein there dwelt a living being known as Poon-Koo-Wong. Suddenly this egg broke into two parts. The upper became the heavens and the lower the earth. Poon-Koo-Wong stretched forth his right hand, and behold the sun was created; he stretched forth his left, and the moon and the stars were made. At the feet of Poon-Koo-Wong lay a piece of gold and a piece of wood. He breathed upon them and straightway two clouds arose. In the vapor from the gold stood man, and in that from the wood stood woman; and from these two have come all the people of all the world.

Tradition says that nearly 3000 years before the birth of Christ a tribe of wanderers made their way from the west to what is now the province of Shan-si, and began to cultivate the ground. One ruler followed another, and each taught his people something of value. One showed them how to make huts by weaving together the boughs of trees; another rubbed two sticks together and produced fire; a third chanced to build a fire on the dark brown soil, and when the flames had died away, there lay bits of metal among the ashes, and these were iron. Later, another ruler invented the plow; and the wife of yet another unwound the thread of the silkworm, spun it, and wove it into a web of silk. Far more startling than these exploits was the feat of one Chin-nung, who is declared to have discovered in one day seventy species of poisonous plants and also an antidote for every one of them.

Behind these stories we can see the wandering tribes of herdsmen slowly developing into tillers of the soil and forming a compact nation. As the centuries pass their history grows clearer until in the twelfth century B.C. China at length emerges from the twilight land of legend, as a civilized nation with a feudal government very similar to that of Japan.

SHUN OF YU
WHO CONTROLLED THE FLOODS

BY CONFUCIUS

[THE most famous man that ever lived in China was the philosopher Confucius. He studied the ancient records, picked out everything that he thought was worth saving, and put his information together in the Shoo King, or *history book*. His story begins in 2356 B.C., when Yaou, the model emperor, was on the throne.

The Editor.]

THE emperor said, "Who will search out for me a man according to the times, whom I may raise and employ?" Fang-ts'e said, "There is your heir-son, Choo, who is highly intelligent." The emperor said, "Alas! he is insincere and quarrelsome; can he do?"

The emperor said, "Who will search out for me a man equal to the exigency of my affairs?" Hwan-tow said, "Oh! there is the Minister of Works, whose merits have just been displayed in various ways." The emperor said, "Alas! when unemployed, he can talk; but when employed, his actions turn out differently. He is respectful only in appearance. See! the floods assail the heavens."

The emperor said, "Oh! chief of the four mountains, destructive in their overflow are the waters of the inundation. In their vast extent they embrace the mountains and overtop the hills, threatening the heavens with their floods, so that the inferior people groan and murmur. Is there a capable man to whom I can assign the correction of this calamity?" All in the court said, "Oh!

there is K'wan." The emperor said, "Alas! no, by no means! He is disobedient to orders, and tries to injure his peers." His Eminence said, "Well, but — try him, and then you can have done with him." The emperor said to K'wan, "Go; and be reverent!" For nine years he labored, but the work was unaccomplished.

The emperor said, "Oh! you chief of the four mountains, I have been on the throne for seventy years. You can carry out my appointments; — I will resign my throne to you." His Eminence said, "I have not the virtue. I should only disgrace the imperial seat." The emperor said, "Point out some one among the illustrious, or set forth one from among the poor and mean." All in court said to the emperor, "There is an unmarried man among the lower people called Shun of Yu." The emperor said, "Yes, I have heard of him. What is his character?" His Eminence said, "He is the son of a blind man. His father was obstinately unprincipled; his stepmother was insincere; his half-brother Seang was arrogant. He has been able, however, by his filial piety to live in harmony with them, and to lead them gradually to self-government, so that they no longer proceed to great wickedness." The emperor said, "I will try him! I will wive him, and then see his behavior with my two daughters." On this he gave orders and sent down his two daughters to the north of the Kwei to be wives in the family of Yu. The emperor said to them, "Be reverent."

[Yu appears before the emperor to make his report.]

The emperor said, "Come, Yu, you also must have admirable words to bring before me." Yu did obeisance

and said, "Oh! what can I say after Kaou-yaou, O emperor? I can only think of maintaining a daily assiduity." Kaou-yaou said, "Alas! will you describe it?" Yu said, "The inundating waters seemed to assail the heavens, and in their vast extent embraced the mountains and overtopped the hills, so that people were bewildered and overwhelmed. I mounted my four conveyances, and all along the hills hewed down the woods, at the same time showing the multitudes how to get flesh to eat. I also opened passages for the streams throughout the nine provinces and conducted them to the sea. I deepened, moreover, the channels and canals, and conducted them to the streams, at the same time along with Tseih sowing grain and showing the multitudes how to procure the food of toil in addition to flesh meat. I urged them further to exchange what they had for what they had not, and to dispose of their accumulated stores. In this way all the people got grain to eat, and all the states began to come under good rule." Kaou-yaou said, "Yes; we ought to model ourselves after your excellent words."

[A story has been handed down that in memory of Yu's feat of engineering a record was cut on a rock, high up on one of the mountains of sacrifice. Whether this is true or not, no one can say; but some of the Chinese historians have the utmost confidence in the tradition.]

The venerable emperor said, "Oh! aid and counsellor! Who will help me in administering my affairs? The great and little islets [i.e., the inhabited places], even to their summits, the abodes of the beasts and birds and all beings, are widely inundated. Advise, send back the waters and raise the dikes. For a long time I have quite

forgotten my family; I repose on the top of the Mountain Yohlu. By prudence and my labors, I have moved the spirits; I know not the hours, but repose myself only in my incessant labors. The mountains, Hwa, Yoh, Tai, and Hang, have been the beginning and end of my enterprise; when my labors were completed, I offered a thanksgiving sacrifice at the solstice. My affliction has ceased; the confusion in nature has disappeared; the deep currents coming from the south flow into the sea; clothes can now be made, food can be prepared; all kingdoms will be at peace, and we can give ourselves to continual joy."

[For many years Yu continued to show himself wise and sagacious and devoted to the welfare of the kingdom. One day the emperor sent for him and the following conversation took place.]

The emperor said, "Yu, I have occupied the imperial throne for thirty and three years. I am between ninety and a hundred years old, and the laborious duties weary me. Do you, eschewing all indolence, take the leadership of my people." Yu said, "My virtue is not equal to the position; the people will not repose in me. But there is Kaou-yaou, with vigorous activity sowing abroad his virtue, which has descended on the black-haired people, till they cherish him in their hearts. O emperor, think of him! When I think of him, my mind rests on him as the man for this office; when I would put him out of my thoughts, they still rest on him; when I name and speak of him, my mind rests on him for this; the sincere outgoing of my thoughts about him is that he is the man. O emperor, think of his merits!"

The emperor said, "Kaou-yaou, that of these my ministers and people hardly one is found to offend

against the regulations of my government is owing to your being the Minister of Crime, and intelligent in the use of the five punishments to assist the inculcation of the five duties, with a view to the perfection of my government, and that through punishment there may come to be no punishments, but the people accord with the path of the Mean. Continue to be strenuous." Kaou-yaou said, "Your virtue, O emperor, is faultless. You condescend to your ministers with a liberal ease; you preside over the multitude with a generous forbearance. Punishments do not extend to the criminal's heirs; while rewards reach to after generations. You pardon inadvertent faults, however great, and punish purposed crimes, however small. In cases of doubtful crimes, you deal with them lightly; in cases of doubtful merit, you prefer the high estimation. Rather than put to death an innocent person, you will run the risk of irregularity and error. This life-loving virtue has penetrated the minds of the people, and this is why they do not render themselves liable to be punished by your officers." The emperor said, "To enable me to follow after and obtain what I desire in my government, the people everywhere responding as if moved by the wind; — this is your excellence."

The emperor said, "Come, Yu. The inundating waters filled me with dread, when you realized all that you represented and accomplished your task, — thus showing your superiority to other men. Without any prideful presumption, there is not one in the empire to contest with you the palm of ability; without any boasting, there is not one in the empire to contest with you the claim of merit. I see how great is your virtue, how

admirable your vast achievements; the determinate appointment of Heaven rests on your person; you must eventually ascend the throne of the great sovereign. The mind of man is restless, — prone to err; its affinity for the right way is small. Be discriminating, be undivided, that you may sincerely hold fast the Mean. Do not listen to unsubstantiated words; do not follow undeliberated plans. Of all who are to be loved, is not the sovereign the chief? Of all who are to be feared, are not the people chief? If the multitude were without the sovereign, whom should they sustain aloft? If the sovereign had not the multitude, there would be none to guard the country for him. Be reverent. Carefully demean yourself on the throne which you will occupy, respectfully cultivating the virtues which are to be desired in you. If within the four seas there be distress and poverty, your Heaven-conferred revenues will come to a perpetual end. It is the mouth which sends forth what is good, and gives rise to war. My words I will not repeat."

Yu said, "Submit the meritorious ministers one by one to the trial of divination, and let the fortunate indication be followed." The emperor said, "Yu, the officer of divination, when the mind has been made up on a subject, then refers it to the great tortoise. Now, in this matter, my mind was determined in the first place. I consulted and deliberated with all my ministers and people, and they were of one accord with me. The spirits signified their assent, the tortoise and grass having both concurred. Divination, when fortunate, may not be repeated." Yu did obeisance with his head to the ground, and firmly declined the throne. The emperor

said, "Do not do so. It is you who can suitably occupy my place." On the first morning of the first month, Yu received the appointment in the temple of the spiritual Ancestor, and took the leading of all the officers, as had been done at the commencement of the emperor's government.

II

CONFUCIUS AND HIS AGE

HISTORICAL NOTE

The period of the Chow Dynasty (1122–255 B.C.) is the Golden Age of China. It is marked by the development of literature and art and by the teachings of the philosophers. The first of the great sages was Laotze, founder of the Taoist religion with its watchword of "Tao" (Reason). His fame is obscured, however, by that of his disciple, Confucius, whose writings have probably had greater influence than those of any other human being. Mencius, the last of the classic philosophers, was later than Confucius by about one hundred years.

THE STORY OF CONFUCIUS

BY REV. A. W. LOOMIS

[549–476 B.C.]

Confucius, as a sage and religious teacher, is regarded by his countrymen as the greatest man China has produced. He was unquestionably an extraordinary man, remarkable in the influence he exercised over his countrymen when alive, and the still greater influence he has ever since exercised by his writings. Confucius was born about five hundred and forty-nine years before Christ, in the Kingdom of Loo, a portion of northeastern China, nearly corresponding with the modern Province of Shantung. At that time China was divided into nine independent states, and it was not till three centuries later that it was united into one kingdom. From his earliest years, Confucius was distinguished by an eager pursuit of knowledge. From his father, who was prime minister of the state in which he lived, he inherited a taste for political studies; but being left an orphan when still but a child, he was educated for the most part in retirement by his mother Ching and his grandfather Coum-tse. The anecdotes which are related of his boyhood tend to show that he was distinguished by those qualities most highly esteemed by his countrymen, and afterwards most strictly enforced by himself — a profound reverence for his parents and ancestors, and for the teaching of the ancient sages. "Coum-tse, his

grandfather," says one of his biographers, "was one day sitting absorbed in a melancholy reverie, in the course of which he fetched several deep sighs. The child, observing him, after some time approached, and with many bows and formal reverences, spoke thus: 'If I may presume, without violating the respect I owe you, sir, to inquire into the cause of your grief, I would gladly do so. Perhaps you fear that I who am descended from you may reflect discredit on your memory by failing to imitate your virtues.' His grandfather, surprised, asked him where he had learned to speak so wisely. 'From yourself, sir,' he replied; 'I listen attentively to your words, and I have often heard you say that a son who does not imitate the virtues of his ancestors deserves not to bear their name.'"

The position which his father had held in the state seems to have inspired Confucius at an early age with a desire to distinguish himself in moral and political studies, and prompted him to investigate the early history of his country. He labored zealously to fit himself for filling offices of high political trust; and in his endeavors to master the learning of the early sages he was ably assisted by his grandfather. He married at nineteen years of age, and is said to have divorced his wife a few years afterwards, when she had given birth to a son, that he might devote himself without interruption to study; but owing to the general contempt of women in the East, the subject is only slightly alluded to by his biographers.

He entered upon political employment at twenty years of age, as "superintendent of cattle," an office probably established that the revenue might not be

defrauded, and necessary where much of it was paid in kind. In this situation, his reverence for antiquity and the ancients did not prevent Confucius from attempting reforms and checking long-established abuses. Under his administration, men who were dishonest were dismissed, and a general inquiry was set on foot with a view to the reformation of all that was unworthy or pernicious. The activity of Confucius brought him into favor with his sovereign, and he was promoted to the "distribution of the grain," an office of which it is not easy to discover the nature. Whatever were his duties, however, the energy that Confucius displayed was extremely distasteful to his colleagues. He was now in the vigorous manhood of thirty-five, and the eyes of the nation were turned to him as their future prime minister, when a revolution occurred in the state which drove him from power.

Deprived of his office, he wandered for eight years through the various provinces of China, teaching as he went, but without as yet making any great impression upon the mass of the people. He returned to Loo in his forty-third year. His enemies, during those eight years, had gradually lost their authority; and he was again employed in political offices of trust and responsibility. Immorality prevailed at this time to a frightful extent. Confucius set himself up fearlessly as a teacher of virtue. His admonitions were not thrown away; and having gained the approbation of the king a few years after his return from exile, he was appointed prime minister with almost absolute authority. The enemies of order and virtue excited troubles on his elevation; but Confucius sternly repressed the symptoms of dissatisfaction, and though of compassionate disposition, he did not hesitate

to resort to capital punishment when necessary to rid himself of his enemies.

Reformation made rapid strides in the territories of Loo; the nobles became more just and equitable; the poor were not oppressed as before; roads, bridges, and canals were formed. "The food of the people," says his biographer, "was the first care; it was not until that had been secured in abundance that the revenues of the state were directed to the advancement of commerce, the improvement of the bridges and highways, the impartial administration of justice, and the repression of the bands of robbers that infested the mountains." For four years he steadily persevered in his endeavors, until Loo began to be regarded as a model state by the surrounding kingdoms. At length, however, a strong party rose against the sage; and at the age of fifty-seven, he was driven once more from his native state to wander as a teacher through the different provinces of China.

On leaving Loo, Confucius first bent his steps westward to the State of Wei, situate about where the present Provinces of Chih-le and Ho-nan adjoin. He was now in his fifty-eighth year, and felt depressed and melancholy. As he went along, he gave expression to his feelings in verse: —

> Fain would I still look towards Loo,
> But this Kwei hill cuts off my view.
> With an axe, I'd hew these thickets through: —
> Vain thought! 'gainst the hill I naught can do.

And again: —

> Through the valley howls the blast,
> Drizzling rain falls thick and fast.
> Homeward goes the youthful bride
> O'er the wild, crowds by her side.

How is it, O azure Heaven,
From my home I thus am driven,
Through the land my way to trace
With no certain dwelling-place?
Dark, dark, the minds of men!
Worth in vain comes to their ken.
Hasten on, my term of years:
Old age, desolate, disappears.

It was only by concealment and disguise that the life of the exiled prime minister was preserved. For twelve years he wandered from province to province, at first harassed, persecuted, hunted, but after a while allowed to travel unmolested. A faithful little band of disciples collected around him in his wanderings, and their numbers, as time advanced, might soon be counted by thousands. Seventy-two of these, we are told, were particularly attached to him, but only ten of them were "truly wise." With these ten he finally retired, at the age of sixty-nine, to a peaceful valley in his native province, where, in the midst of his disciples, he passed a happy literary period of five years, in collating and annotating the works of the ancients. These sacred books have been for twenty-three centuries the fountains of wisdom and goodness to all the educated of China. They are the works in which every student must be a proficient ere he can hope to advance in the political arena, and for twenty-three centuries have had an incalculable influence on a third of the human race.

His life was peacefully concluded in the midst of his friends at the age of seventy-three, in the valley to which he had retired five years previously.

A few days before his death he tottered about the house, sighing out —

Tai shan, kí tui hu!
Liang muh, kí kwai hu!
Chí jin, kí wei hu!

The great mountain is broken!
The strong beam is thrown down!
The wise man has decayed!

He died soon after, leaving a single descendant, his grandson Tsz'sz', through whom the succession has been transmitted to the present day. During his life, the return of the Jews from Babylon, the invasion of Greece by Xerxes, and the conquest of Egypt by the Persians, took place. Posthumous honors in great variety, amounting to idolatrous worship, have been conferred upon him. His title is "the most Holy Ancient Teacher Kung-tsz'," and "the Holy Duke." In the reign of Kanghí, two thousand one hundred and fifty years after his death, there were eleven thousand males alive bearing his name, and most of them of the seventy-fourth generation, being undoubtedly one of the oldest families in the world. In the Sacrificial Ritual a short account of his life is given, which closes with the following pæan: —

Confucius! Confucius! How great is Confucius!
Before Confucius there never was a Confucius!
Since Confucius there never has been a Confucius!
Confucius! Confucius! How great is Confucius!

That peaceful valley in which he died has been for all succeeding ages a sacred spot — a spot of pilgrimage for the learned and the superstitious; and the Chinese of 1867, amid conflicting Buddhism, Taoism, and Roman Catholicism, still point with reverence to the tomb of their great sage in the province of Shan-tung.

A VISIT TO A TEMPLE OF CONFUCIUS

BY REV. A. W. LOOMIS

We now pushed on to Kio-feu-hien, the city of Confucius, which we reached about 2.30 P.M. This city is peopled chiefly by the descendants of the Great Sage, — eight families out of ten bearing his surname. It has two south gates, the one on the west side being unused, and opened only on the visit of an emperor. This gate is in front of the temple of Confucius, and leads directly to it. The temple occupied a large portion of the western part of the city, the chief part of it standing on the place where Confucius lived. Its arrangement resembles that usually adopted in buildings of a similar class in China, but on a grander and more superb scale. Take it all in all, I have seen nothing like it in other parts of China. The inclosure is oblong; the building is thirteen halls deep. One square is shut off from another by grand gates. There are also two bridges crossed by a grand avenue leading from the magnificent south gate, through the inner gates, and on to the main temple. The squares are full of tall old cypress trees, and the sides of the avenue are crowded with tablets in honor of the sage; every dynasty is here represented, and many of the tablets were thus extremely important. Early in the morning we set out to view this place; a small fee soon opened the door, and we found the keeper obliging. The temple is divided in two parts by a thoroughfare for the convenience of the citizens to

avoid a long circuit, the chief objects of interest lying on the north side. To this we went, and from the first moment we stepped in to the last, my whole mind was engaged by objects of interest; here on the left hand was a cypress, said to have been planted by Confucius himself, and its gnarled and aged trunk bore evidence of its great age; here we were shown the place where he taught his disciples, now a huge pavilion open to the south; in it was fixed, in his praise, a poem composed by Kien-lung, engraved on a marble tablet. Now appeared the Grand Temple, a high building, for China, and a most spacious one: it was two-storied, the upper veranda on gorgeous marble pillars; these pillars were at least twenty-two feet high, and about ten feet in diameter; around them, carved in the solid stone, twined two large dragons; the marble itself was richly veined. The tiles of the roof were of yellow porcelain, as in Peking, and the ornamentation of the eaves was all covered with wirework, to preserve it from the birds.

Within this building was the image or statue of Confucius, like that of Mencius, only in far richer style; he sat in a gorgeously curtained shrine holding a roll in his hand, or rather, a slip of bamboo, as it was this material that was used for writing in his days. The sitting statue was about eighteen feet by six feet, the image was well done and lifelike; he is represented as a strong, well-built man, with a full red face and large head, a little heavy; he sits in the attitude of contemplation, his eyes looking upwards. He has a much more serious, thoughtful aspect than Mencius, but not that straightforward, dogged air which the latter bore; his front teeth were exposed, his nose thick and round; on the tablet was the

simple inscription: "The Most Holy prescient sage Confucius — his spirit's resting place."

On the east were images of his favorite disciples ranged in order, in the estimation in which he was said to have held them; that of Mencius occupied the west side of the building. The roof was crowded with tablets in honor of the sage, vying with one another in extravagant praise; before his image, and also in front of these, were beautiful incense pots, amongst them several most interesting relics; here was a clay dish said to be of Yaou's time; also two bronze censers, one with a lid bearing the date of the Shang Dynasty, the work on which was superb. Two bronze elephants, dating from the Chow Dynasty, stood by, and a large table of the same age made of beautiful, hard, dark redwood, — these things spoke volumes for the state of the nation in those far back ages — the moulding and carving were most exquisite.

Behind this hall stands a temple in honor of the wife of Confucius. In it was a tablet, but no image. In the second temple, yet farther back, are four tablets, erected by Kang-si; bearing each one of the characters which together mean, "The Teacher of Ten Thousand Ages." Here also were three engraved figures of the sage on marble; one an old man, full length, rather dim, having no date; the second, smaller, with seal characters on the side; the third, and best, giving only his head and shoulders. These varied somewhat, but were substantially alike; all of them gave the mouth or lips open, the front teeth exposed, and the eyes full and contemplative. Immediately behind these were incised drawings on marble, illustrating all the chief incidents in his life, with

appropriate explanations at the side; there were altogether one hundred and twenty slabs which were built into the back wall; the greater part of them were in good preservation, and were extremely interesting, the more so as they gave us an insight into the dress, kind of furniture, carriages, and houses of those ancient times. To the west of this are two temples; that in front, in honor of the father of the sage, who is said to have governed Yen-chow-fu and Tsow-hien; the other in honor of his mother. They are plain temples, and have no images, only a tablet each. On the east are also temples to his five ancestors; here towards the east was a large block of marble, on which was engraven a genealogical tree, giving all the branches of his family; here was also a well from which the sage drank. I got the man to let down a bucket and tasted the water, which was excellent, though a little sweetish. On this side also was another building which he is said to have used as his school.

The southern division is less interesting than the northern. It contains nothing but what I have already named: tablets innumerable, cypress trees, gates, walls, and bridges; there are three gardens, four gates, and two bridges. The Duke Kung, the present head of the family, lives in a mansion adjoining the temple on the west.

SOME OF THE PROVERBS OF CONFUCIUS

[It is said that after the death of Confucius his disciples bewailed his absence until they had all lost their voices. Then they set to work to bring together what they could remember of his teachings.

The Editor.]

Four horses cannot overtake the tongue.

Injury should be recompensed with kindness.

A man should say, "I am not concerned that I have no place; I am concerned how I may fit myself for one. I am not concerned that I am not known; I seek to be worthy to be known."

To be fond of learning is to be near to knowledge.

Seek not every quality in one individual.

The Master said: "Yew, shall I teach you what knowledge is? When you know a thing, to hold that you know it, and when you do not know a thing, to allow that you do not know it — this is knowledge."

What I do not wish men to do to me I also wish not to do to men.

To see what is right and not to do it is a want of courage.

The superior man is distressed by his want of ability; he is not distressed by men's not knowing him.

The Master said, "Virtue is more to man than either water or fire. I have seen men die from treading on water or fire, but I have never seen a man die from treading the course of virtue."

The superior man thinks of virtue; the small man thinks of comfort.

There were four things from which the Master was entirely free. He had no foregone conclusions, no arbitrary predeterminations, no obstinacy, and no egotism.

V

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF CONFUCIUS'S DAY

BY REV. WILLIAM SPEER

The northern part of the country was still divided into the several small principalities which had been granted by the emperors at different times to their sons and brothers, who constituted the only hereditary nobility of the state, and were all tributary to the chief sovereign. Each of these petty states contained a city, where the prince resided, and all around it were numerous villages and detached dwellings inhabited by the peasantry, who held small farms, which they cultivated for their own advantage, growing rice and vegetables in abundance, so that every poor man could support his family by his own industry. They were not held in bondage by the great, like the peasantry of Europe during the feudal ages, and amongst other privileges which they enjoyed were these: a ninth part of the land was in common amongst them for pasturage and farming, and all the poor were at liberty to fish in the ponds and lakes — a right which was denied to the lower orders in feudal countries, where the mass of the people were vassals and slaves. The peasants of China, therefore, appear to have been at that period in a better condition than those of any other part of the world, working for themselves and paying taxes to their respective princes, who by that means raised the tribute which the emperor claimed of them.

At the time of Confucius all taxes and tribute were paid as they are at present, chiefly in kind — usually, as Mencius, who lived in the next generation, says, to the amount of about one tenth of the produce of the earth. It is, however, supposed there was always some sort of coined money current among the Chinese, and that at a very early period of the monarchy they had coins of gold and silver as well as of lead, iron, and copper; but many ages have elapsed since any other than copper money has been in use among them. Silver is also used as a medium of exchange, beaten out into small bars or pieces, and upon these responsible traders generally put their stamp in a small character, so that they become in time particularly ragged and broken. Yet even in these bits adroit rogues make holes which they fill with lead. In buying and selling, men always scrutinize them carefully and weigh them, being always provided with a small pair of scales for that purpose.

They reckon their accounts by means of an instrument called in the Canton dialect the *sün-pün*, which resembles the Roman abacus. It consists of a frame across which are fastened thin rods of bamboo. But instead of ten balls, as with us, the Chinese use seven. A cross-bar divides the frame, so that the rods have on one side five balls each, on the other side two each. The two balls on each rod count, however, five apiece. This makes the process of counting more rapid and certain. Commencing at any convenient rod or row, it counts as units, the second as tens, the third as hundreds, the fourth as thousands, and so on. To count five, either the five balls on the lower side of the units row are pushed

up or to the middle with the finger, or one of the two balls on the other side of it. Ten is made by the two five balls, or by one of them and five of the other balls. And thus we go on in each row successively for tens, hundreds, or thousands. For any number between five and ten a five ball is pushed to the middle and the remainder in single balls from the other end of the same row. An expert accountant pushes the balls with his fingers as rapidly in adding or subtracting as a player strikes the keys upon a piano. It is rarely a mistake is made, and when done it is never to the disadvantage of the accountant. The invention of the sün-pún is attributed to the Emperor Mwang-ti, the same who is said to have found his way through the forests by means of the compass.

Their arithmetic, as well as their weights and measures, proceeds universally on the decimal scale; and decimal fractions are their *vulgar* fractions, or those in common use. It is remarkable that the single exception to this consists in their *kin*, or marketing pound-weight, which, like ours, is divided into sixteen ounces, or parts. This affords another illustration of the common origin of the Chinese and our own arithmetic and weights and measures in Central Asia. The Roman Catholic missionaries relate that when the first of them went to China from Europe they found Persian astronomers at the Chinese Court, who yielded the field to their superior scientific knowledge. There are still many things in the Chinese ideas of astronomy which remind us of those of the ancient Chaldæans.

There were public markets in the towns to which the people generally resorted about noon; and there were

shops also, where the artisans pursued their various callings, and sold, or exchanged with the farmers the produce of their labors for rice and other commodities of which they stood in need. Beyond the cultivated lands were pastures for sheep; and the rest of the country generally consisted of extensive forests, inhabited by tigers and other beasts of prey, which were so destructive, especially among the flocks, that great hunting-parties were made every spring for the purpose of destroying them; and this dangerous sport seems to have been the favorite amusement of the sovereigns and great men of the land.

For a long series of years, trade, even with foreign nations, appears to have been remarkably free. The markets of China were the resorts of foreign merchants before the Romans invaded Britain, and her ports were annually visited by great squadrons of commercial vessels from the Red Sea, the Persian Gulf, Ceylon, the Malabar coast, and the coast of Coromandel.

The principal weapons used both in war and hunting were bows and arrows; consequently the practice of archery was a constant and favorite sport of the great, and there were particular rules by which it was conducted; as, for example, the imperial target was the skin of a bear, while that of a stag was set up as a mark for a prince to aim at, and that of a tiger for the grandees of the court. Yet the Chinese have not often during their long history attempted to enter the lists of the world as a martial nation, holding literature, as they have done husbandry, in far higher estimation than military achievements; regarding the man who distinguished himself by his literary attainments beyond him who

gained renown by his warlike exploits, and the husbandman who labored in the field as a better member of society than the soldier who fought in it. Yet the petty princes were frequently at war with each other, so that the whole of the empire was seldom quite at peace.

The education of youth was considered of so much importance that every district was obliged by law to maintain a public school, where boys were sent at eight years of age to be instructed in reading, writing, arithmetic, and in their several duties to parents, teachers, elders, and magistrates, as well as to their equals and inferiors. They were also taught to commit to memory a great number of wise maxims and moral sentences contained in the writings of the ancient sages; and many of their lessons were in verse, that they might be the more readily learned and remembered. A new school was always opened with much ceremony in the presence of the chief magistrate, who delivered a discourse to the boys, exhorting them to be diligent and submissive to the master, and setting forth the advantages of learning, which has been, in every age, the only road to wealth and honors in China. At fifteen, those who had most distinguished themselves were sent to higher schools, where public lectures were given by learned professors on the laws and government of the empire, and such subjects as were best calculated to fit them for offices of state, to which those who attended these schools usually aspired, but which were never bestowed on any but such as had studied profoundly and given proofs of their knowledge. Subordination, submission to the laws, to parents, and to all superiors, and a peaceful demeanor, were strictly inculcated. This instruction has continued

unchanged. "The Chinese," says a modern writer, "teach contempt of the rude, instead of fighting with them; and the man who unreasonably insults another has public opinion against him, whilst he who bears and despises the affront is esteemed. A Chinese would stand and reason with a man, when an Englishman would knock him down, or an Italian stab him. It is needless to say which is the more rational mode of proceeding."

Among the arts that are held in high estimation among the Chinese is that of writing, which was known at so distant a period of their history that it must have been one of their earliest steps in civilization. This art, as practiced in China, is rather difficult of attainment, on account of the number and not very simple formation of the characters; yet it was rare to meet even with a poor peasant who could not read and write, for rich and poor were all educated alike, in the manner just described, which is mentioned as "the ancient system" in books that were written more than two thousand years ago. The autographs of distinguished men are highly prized.

The females of China, from the empress to the wife of the meanest peasant, practiced the spinning and weaving of silk; which material, from the earliest times known, was used for clothing by the poor as well as the rich, for the same reason that wool was used by the ancient English — because it was the material of which they had the greatest abundance. "When the king of France," says Barrow, "introduced the luxury of silk stockings, the peasantry of the middle provinces of China were clothed in silks from head to foot; and when the nobility of England were sleeping on straw,

a peasant of China had his mat and his pillow, and the man in office enjoyed his silken mattress."

The empresses in those days were as zealous in promoting the branches of industry adapted for females by their own example as were the emperors in encouraging agriculture by similar means. A plantation of mulberry trees was formed within the gardens of the palace, and a house built purposely for rearing the silkworms, which were tended by the ladies of the court and often fed by the fair hands of royalty. Every autumn a festival was held to commemorate the invention of silk-weaving, when the empress, attended by the princesses and ladies of her train, made sacrifices in the temple of the Earth, and then proceeded to her mulberry grove, where she gathered leaves and wound the cocoons of silk, which were afterward spun and woven by her own hands into small webs. These were carefully preserved for the grand spring festival, when they were burned in sacrifice.

Great attention was bestowed on the management of silkworms throughout the whole of the empire; and as it had been discovered that those which were fed on mulberry leaves produced a finer kind of silk than the common worms of the forest, a law was made by one of the early emperors that every man possessing an estate of not less than five acres should plant the boundary with mulberry trees.

The difference between the garments of the higher and lower orders consisted in the quality and colors of the silks of which they were composed and the fashion in which they were made. The robes of the grandees were often richly embroidered with gold and silver, and orna-

mented with various devices, according to their rank and occupation. The dress of a literary man was ornamented with a bird worked on a square of black silk on the breast, or with the figure of a tiger or some other animal or design; and these are among the innumerable customs which have been continued from that time to the present.

The wars among the princes, and the efforts of some of them to render themselves independent of the emperor, led to a vast deal of disorderly conduct in the several states, each petty sovereign being more intent upon his own aggrandizement than on keeping good order among his people; who, finding that the affairs of government were neglected and the laws seldom enforced, paid very little attention to them. Such was the state of the Chinese Empire when the celebrated philosopher Confucius was born in the Kingdom of Lu, one of the small sovereignties in the north of China. This event occurred when the ancient Greek republics were in all their glory and Rome was just beginning to rise into power and greatness. The Greeks and Romans, however, knew little or nothing of China at that time, nor did the Chinese imagine there was any truly great empire in the world besides their own; an opinion they have maintained even until our own days.

But on the other hand, it is manifest from the remains of great, populous, and magnificently built cities which stretch in a chain from the Mediterranean Sea to the countries now embraced in the Chinese Empire, from the historic legends and philology of the nations existing there, and from hints in the inspired history which the holy men of Palestine have given us, that there was kept

up an intercourse by caravans across the continent, and also by sea between the western and eastern sides of the continent. The silk, the cassia, the camphor, the broidered work, the ivory, the porcelain of China, were known through the ages of the old Jewish dispensation to the people of India, Central Asia, and Phœnicia and her neighbors. The vessels of Solomon and Hiram, King of Tyre, sailed two monsoons eastward and two monsoons back, — a period of three years, — which connected them at the Indian Archipelago with the commerce which in like manner from the beginning of history has vibrated with the semiannual monsoon up and down the China Sea.

MENCIUS

BY S. WELLS WILLIAMS

MENCIUS was born about 400 B.C., in the city of Tsau, now in the Province of Shantung. His father died a short time after his son's birth and left the guardianship of the boy to his widow Changshi. "The care of this prudent and attentive mother," to quote from Rémusat, "has been cited as a model for all virtuous parents. The house she occupied was near that of a butcher; she observed that at the first cry of the animals that were being slaughtered, the little Mang ran to be present at the sight, and that on his return he sought to imitate what he had seen. Fearful that his heart might become hardened and be accustomed to the sight of blood, she removed to another house, which was in the neighborhood of a cemetery. The relations of those who were buried there came often to weep upon their graves, and make the customary libations. Mencius soon took pleasure in their ceremonies and amused himself in imitating them. This was a new subject of uneasiness to Changshi; she feared her son might come to consider as a jest what is of all things the most serious, and that he would acquire a habit of performing with levity, and as a matter of routine merely, ceremonies which demand the most exact attention and respect. Again, therefore, she anxiously changed her dwelling and went to live in the city, opposite to a school, where her son found examples the most worthy of imitation, and soon began

to profit by them. I should not have spoken of this trifling anecdote but for the allusion which the Chinese constantly make to it in the common proverb, 'Formerly the mother of Mencius chose out a neighborhood.'" On another occasion, her son, seeing persons slaughtering pigs, asked her why they did it. "To feed you," she replied; but reflecting that this was teaching her son to lightly regard the truth, went and bought some pork and gave him.

Mencius devoted himself early to the classics, and became the disciple of Tsz'sz', the grandson and not unworthy imitator of Confucius. After his studies were completed, he offered his services to the feudal princes of the country, and was received by Hwui-wang, King of Wei; but though much respected by this ruler, his instructions were not regarded. He saw, too, erelong, that, among the numerous petty rulers and intriguing statesmen of the day, there was no prospect of restoring tranquillity to the empire, and that discourses upon the mild government and peaceful virtues of Yau and Shun, King Wan and Ching-tang, offered little to interest persons whose minds were engrossed with schemes of conquest or pleasure. He, therefore, at length, returned to his own country, and in concert with his disciples, employed himself in composing the work which bears his name, and in completing the editorial labors of his great predecessor. He died about 316 B.C., aged eighty-four years.

A STORY OF MENCIUS

A CERTAIN ruler said to him, "I am not at present able to do with the levying of a tithe only and abolishing the duties charged at the passes and in the markets. With your leave I will lighten, however, both the tax and the duties until next year, and will then make an end of them. What do you think of such a course?" Mencius said, "Here is a man who every day appropriates some of his neighbors' strayed fowls. Some one said to him, 'Such is not the way of a good man'; and he replied, 'With your leave I will diminish my appropriations and will take only one fowl a month until next year, when I will make an end of the practice.' If you know that the thing is unrighteous, then use all dispatch in putting an end to it. Why wait till next year?"

PROVERBS OF MENCIUS

Beware; what proceeds from you will return to you again.

He who loves others is constantly loved by them; he that respects others is constantly respected by them.

Respect the old and be kind to the young. Be not forgetful of strangers and travelers.

The path of duty lies in what is near, and men seek for it in what is remote.

If each man would love his parents and show due respect to his elders, the whole empire would enjoy tranquillity.

III

TIMES OF CHANGE AND CONFUSION

HISTORICAL NOTE

By the sixth century, B.C., luxury, misrule, and petty warfare had impoverished the nation, but with the rise of the Tsin Dynasty in 255 B.C. its prosperity was restored. Hoangti, greatest of the Tsin monarchs, abolished the feudal system, extended the bounds of the empire, drove back the Tartars, and built the Great Wall to prevent their further incursions. It was from the Tsin Dynasty that the country received its name, Tsina, or China. During the reign of the Hans, the next line of rulers, Buddhism was introduced, libraries founded, and a system of civil service instituted. But in the second century A.D., the nation again fell into confusion, and for four hundred years suffered the oppressions of feeble and vicious rulers.

THE STRENUOUS REIGN OF HOANG-TI

BY REV. CHARLES GÜTZLAFF

[In spite of all the good advice of Confucius, Laotsze, and Mencius, the affairs of the kingdom did not go on very smoothly. By and by people began to whisper that a change was surely coming. Centuries before this, the ruler Yu had set up some brazen vessels with the name of some one of the states on each. It was reported that they had been seen to shake violently. Worse than this, a mountain fell into the Hoang-ho River, turned the stream from its course, and caused terrible floods. The central government grew weaker, the separate states stronger, and finally the prince of the State of Tsin became emperor.

In 246 B.C. Hoang-ti ascended the throne. He was only thirteen years old, but in one way or another he usually succeeded in having his own will.

The Editor.]

Before Hoang-ti had succeeded to the throne, he had contracted an intimacy with the hereditary Prince of Yen, called Tan. When he was seated upon the throne, Tan paid him a visit, but was coldly received, which made him return to his own country with disappointment. On his return, Fan-yu-ke, an imperial general, having fallen into disgrace, had fled to Yen. The emperor set a price upon his head, but Tan refused to violate the laws of hospitality. Though Tan appeared very sincere in his regard toward Fan-yu-ke, he kept him at his court only with the view of revenging the insult he had received. A crafty man, called King-ko, was sent to Fan-yu-ke in order to acquaint him with the

dreadful fate his family had suffered by the Tsin tyrant on his own account. "You," he added, "will very soon fall a victim to the tyrant; I advise you, therefore, to commit suicide; I shall carry your head to the tyrant, and whilst he is viewing it, I shall bury this poniard in his breast; thus you will revenge your family, and the empire will be freed from slavery."

Fan-yu-ke listened with attention; he was enchanted with the prospect and cut his throat. King-ko hastened with his head to Hoang-ti, prostrated himself, and presented it in a box to the emperor. Whilst he was examining it, King-ko drew his poniard, but the emperor perceived it in good time; he started, parried the blow of the assassin, received the wound in his leg, and thus saved his life. King-ko was in despair at having missed so good an opportunity of dispatching the monster, and again darted his dagger at him, which merely grazed the imperial robes. After having upon examination found out that the Prince of Yen had hired the assassin, he attacked Yen, drove the king out of his capital to Leaou-tung, and not yet satisfied with having inflicted so heavy a punishment, he satiated his revenge to surfeit by exterminating the whole family.

Constantly directing his attention to gain the one great object — universal dominion, he defeated all the machinations of the minor princes by a steady course of policy; and they were all finally subdued. Hoang-ti, who had before only borne the name of Ching-wang, as soon as he saw himself the sole master of the whole empire, adopted the title of emperor. Puffed up by his many victories, he thought himself by no means inferior to any of the preceding worthies, Shin-nung, Yaou, and

Shun; he therefore adopted the epithet of "Che," "beginning first," which he placed before the title of emperor. The imperial color was changed to black, and a regular system of despotism introduced. But he did not forget the improvement of his country. Astronomy, during the many troubles of the states, had fallen into disuse; he reëstablished it, and published a calendar. Anxious to obliterate all the memory of sanguinary conquest, he ordered all the arms to be brought to his capital, Heen-yang, and obliged his numerous soldiers to settle themselves in this city, where he endeavored to surpass all his predecessors in luxury and magnificence. The palace was tastefully laid out, and enriched with the spoils of many kingdoms; but the ease of the court could not soften the prince. He visited all the provinces of the empire, made his own observations, and even penetrated to the great ocean. With scarcely any train he traversed valleys and plains, always intent upon his duty. His vigorous mind was restless; he could not brook the reproaches of the literati, nor conform to their advice of introducing the old order of things — he wished to be a founder, not a restorer of an empire. Even in the prevalent superstition he dared to introduce innovations and to offer sacrifices according to his own fancy. Being almost drowned whilst crossing a river, he inquired about the cause; the spirit of a mountain, which was pointed out to him, received all the credit. He therefore had the mountain laid bare of all its trees and herbs, in order to revenge himself for the insult. At another time he dispatched some young men and women in search of the islands of immortality, which he was told were situated toward the east. The adventurers

were driven back from thence by a very heavy gale, and returned without bringing with them the liquor of immortality; but one of their number, who had been driven in a different direction, reported to the emperor that he had landed at the isles of immortality, where he had found a manuscript, which stated that the Tsin Empire was to end by "Hoo." Hoang-ti lent a willing ear to this impostor, and immediately resolved to attack the Heung-noo, or Huns, for these he understood were the "Hoo" which would put an end to the reign of his family.

The Huns, this scourge of the civilized world, dated their empire from one of the princes of the Hea Dynasty. Their country was of great extent, situated on the west of Shen-se, of which they possessed the western parts; and their posterity still inhabit a part of that territory, the present Ele. They belonged to that extensive tribe which the ancients comprised under the name of Scythians. The country they inhabited was so barren as to render agriculture little available to the maintenance of life. Their indolent, pastoral habits had for them greater attractions than the constant toil of the Chinese peasant. Hunting was their chief amusement, and next to their herds, their principal means of subsistence. Without the arts of civilized life, they were cruel and bloodthirsty, desirous of conquest, and insatiable in rapine. . . . Their victorious arms were only bounded by the Eastern Ocean; the thinly inhabited territories along the banks of the Amoor acknowledged their sway; they conquered countries near the Irtish and Imaus; nothing could stop them but the ice-fields of the Arctic seas. Their principal strength was in their

innumerable cavalry, which appears to have been very skillful in the use of the bow. Their march was checked by neither mountains nor torrents; they swam over the deepest rivers, and surprised with rapid impetuosity the camps of their enemies. Against such hordes no military tactics, no fortifications proved of any avail. They carried all before them with irresistible power, and never waited until a numerous army could be assembled to overwhelm them. Hardy to an extreme, they could support fatigue and hunger; and never lost view of the object of all their excursions — plunder.

Hoang-ti surprised and sought to extirpate these fierce barbarians; and finding them unprepared, the conquest was very easy. His generals having subdued the people in the south, nothing more remained to be done than to subdue these Tartars, or at least to put a stop to their inroads. Some of the northern states had eventually built a wall to keep those unbidden guests out of their territories. Hoang-ti resolved to erect a monument of his enterprising spirit which would be a lasting memorial of his greatness. This was the building of the great wall which commences in the western part of Shen-si and terminates in the mountains of Leaou-tung, in the sea, a distance of more than fifteen hundred miles. It runs over hills and rivers, through valleys and plains, and is perhaps the most stupendous work ever produced by human labor. He lined it with fortresses, erected towers and battlements, and built it so broad that six horsemen might ride abreast upon it. To lay the foundation in the sea, several vessels loaded with ballast were sunk, and upon this the wall was erected. Every third man in the kingdom was required to work on it. The

enormous work was finished within five years, but the founder had not the satisfaction of seeing it completed. During these immense pursuits, the emperor was often interrupted in his work by the representations of the literati, who desired to restore ancient customs and revert to the glorious times of Yaou and Shun. The emperor, fond of innovations, anxious to perpetuate his name by extraordinary works, was highly dissatisfied with their observations. Lesze, his prime minister, advised him, therefore, to put a stop to all similar remarks by burning the ancient books.

[Probably the emperor had made up his mind long before the matter came up in his council, but the following is what Lesze is reported to have said:]

"Your Majesty has laid the foundations of imperial sway, so that it will last for ten thousand generations. This is, indeed, beyond what a stupid scholar can understand. And, moreover, Yue only talks of things belonging to the Three Dynasties, which are not fit to be models to you. At other times, when the princes were all striving together, they endeavored to gather the wandering scholars about them; but now the empire is in a stable condition, laws and ordinances issue from one supreme authority. Let those of the people who abide in their homes give their strength to the toils of husbandry, and those who become scholars should study the various laws and prohibitions. Instead of doing this, however, the scholars do not learn what belongs to the present day, but study antiquity. They go on to condemn the present time, leading the masses of the people astray and to disorder.

"At the risk of my life, I, the prime minister, say, — Formerly, when the empire was disunited and disturbed, there was no one who could give unity to it. The princes, therefore, stood up together; constant references were made to antiquity to the injury of the present state; baseless statements were dressed up to confound what was real, and men made a boast of their own peculiar learning to condemn what the rulers appointed. And now, when Your Majesty has consolidated the empire, and, distinguishing black from white, has made it a stable unity, they still honor their peculiar learning and combine together; they teach men what is contrary to your laws. When they hear that an ordinance has been issued, every one sets to discussing it with his learning. In the court, they are dissatisfied in heart; out of it, they keep talking in the streets. While they make a pretense of vaunting their Master, they consider it fine to have extraordinary views of their own. And so they lead on the people to be guilty of murmuring and evil-speaking. If these things are not prohibited, Your Majesty's authority will decline and parties will be formed. The best way is to prohibit them. I pray that all the Records in charge of the Historiographers be burned, excepting those of Ts'in; that, with the exception of those officers belonging to the Board of Great Scholars, all throughout the empire who presume to keep copies of the She-king or Shoo-king or of the books of the Hundred Schools, be required to go with them to the officers in charge of the several districts and burn them; that all who may dare to speak together about the She and the Shoo be put to death, and their bodies exposed in the market-place; that those who make men-

tion of the past, so as to blame the present, be put to death along with their relatives; that officers who shall know of the violation of those rules and not inform against the offenders be held equally guilty with them; and that whoever shall not have burned their Books within thirty days after the issuing of the ordinance be branded and sent to labor on the wall for four years. The only Books which shall be spared are those of medicine, divination, and husbandry. Whoever wants to learn the laws may go to the magistrates and learn of them."

The imperial decision was — "Approved."

THE RULE OF THE HANS

BY REV. WILLIAM SPEER

[206 B.C.–221 A.D.]

[IN this burning of the books, the special aim was to destroy the volumes known as the Nine Classics. The first five are these: the Shoo-king, or Book of History; the She-king, or Book of Odes; the Spring and Autumn Annals; the Book of Rites; and the Book of Changes. Of these five, the last was used in divination, and therefore was not destroyed. The other four classics were written by Mencius and the other pupils and followers of Confucius. They are the Great Learning, the Doctrine of the Mean, the Confucian Analects, and the works of Mencius. In the course of time Hoang-ti died, and Kaoti, a book-lover, sat upon the throne. Orders were given to search the land for copies of the books. Then the delighted scholars hastened forward with the volumes or parts of volumes that they had risked their lives to save. Some had been hidden in caves, in the roofs or walls of houses, or under their floors, and some had been carefully protected, and buried in the beds of rivers. A blind man was found who could recite more than one fourth of the Shoo-king, and a young girl supplied another portion of the book. Seventy years after the death of Hoang-ti, the house of Confucius was torn down, and, behold, in the wall was found a complete copy of the work. When Kaoti became emperor, in 206 B.C., there were almost no books in the empire, but within the two following centuries more than seven thousand were written. Kaoti was in many ways a noble man and an excellent ruler, but he came to the throne because he was the leader of a successful rebellion.

The Editor.]

IT is related of this adventurer [Kaoti] that just after the breaking out of the rebellion he happened to meet a

fortune teller on the road, who, falling at his feet, said he offered him this mark of homage because he saw by the lines in his face that he was destined shortly to become emperor. In making this prediction the soothsayer no doubt foresaw the probability of its accomplishment, for it was not an unlikely termination of the rebellion that the leader, if successful, should be placed on the throne; with this belief, therefore, the stranger followed up his prophecy by offering his only daughter in marriage to the chief. Kaoti accepted the proposal and married the lady, who was thus, by her father's artifice, raised to the dignity of empress; for, after many scenes of violence and bloodshed, in which the lawful emperor lost his life, the insurgents were victorious and their leader was raised to the imperial throne.

The new sovereign was a native of the Kingdom of Han, one of those small states into which the empire had formerly been divided; therefore he is called the founder of the Han Dynasty. The princes of his race occupied the throne for more than four centuries. The first of the race commenced one of the most celebrated periods of Chinese history. In spite of the Great Wall, the Tartars continued their predatory warfare, and sorely disquieted the more polished and peaceful Chinese, who vainly attempted to propitiate them with alliances and tribute. The first emperors of this race endeavored to make friends of the great Tartar chiefs by giving them their daughters in marriage. A native historian of the period exclaims: "Our disgrace could not be exceeded: from this time China lost her honor!" In the reign of the ninth emperor, the Tartars having been provoked by the punishment inflicted upon two of their chiefs

who had transgressed the boundaries of the Great Wall while engaged in hunting, the empire was again invaded by the "erratic nations," and a princess was demanded and yielded in marriage. These incidents form the subject of one of the hundred plays of Yuen, an English version of which was printed in London under the name of "The Sorrows of Han." The impolitic system of buying off the barbarians which commenced thus early led many centuries afterwards to the total overthrow of the empire by the Tartars.

During this period, however, the Chinese made very important advances in civilization. The arts and sciences were improved, literature was encouraged, agriculture was in a progressive state, and several useful inventions date their origin from the same era. Among the latter, one of the most important is the manufacture of paper, which is supposed to have been commenced toward the end of the first century. The Egyptians had long possessed the art of making paper from the rush called papyrus, which was also used at Rome for the same purpose in the first century; but that the Chinese obtained their knowledge from either Rome or Egypt may well be doubted. Before they were acquainted with this useful art, they were accustomed to write on thin slips of bamboo, not with ink, but with pointed tools similar to those used by engravers, with which they cut or engraved the characters. Books were formed of bamboo by taking off the outside bark and cutting it into thin sheets, all of the same shape and size; which, after the writing was finished, were strung together in such a manner as to form a compact though rather clumsy volume. At length, about the year of our era 95, it was ascertained,

by what means does not appear, that bamboo might be made into a better material for writing upon than it furnished in its natural state, by pounding it in a mortar with water until it becomes a thin paste, which, being spread out on a flat surface, was dried into what we call paper. The earliest specimens of this new art in China were probably of a very rough description, but the manufacture was gradually improved by the mixture of silk and other materials, until the Chinese were able to produce a paper of the most beautiful texture, adapted for printing, which we now call India paper, and another kind for painting, known by the name of rice paper.

The invention of paper naturally leads to that of ink, which in China is always made in those cakes which are imported by the merchants of Western countries under the name of Indian ink; it is used with the camel's-hair pencils for writing by the Chinese, who do not require such pens as ours in the formation of their hieroglyphical characters.

RAKAN FEEDING THE HUNGRY SPIRIT

RAKAN FEEDING THE HUNGRY SPIRIT

From a Chinese painting of the twelfth century

The history of Chinese painting is a long one, reaching back to at least the third century B.C. The highest development was attained under the Sung Dynasty (A.D. 960–1280), the Golden Age of China, especially in landscape and in religious paintings, of which the picture shown here is a good example.

A rakan, or Buddhist holy-man, is feeding a wretched spirit that crouches before him. In one hand he holds a bowl and with the other offers food to the starving spirit, while his disciples regard the scene with an obvious expression of surprise at the length to which the rakan carries his charity.

Buddha taught that the most rapid spiritual progress might be made by withdrawing from the world. His rule for those who would devote themselves to the higher life required them to make their abode in the forest, though after a time they were provided with monasteries in which they might live during the rainy season. They were to dress in simple robes of dull yellow cloth, made by sewing rags together. Their entire wealth must consist of a girdle, a razor, a needle, an alms-bowl, and a strainer; for all water drunk must be strained, not to preserve the health of the drinker, but rather the lives of any insects that might be in the liquid. The rakan rose before daybreak, washed, swept around the Bo tree, sacred to the meditations of Buddha, brought the drinking water for the day and strained it, placed flowers before the tree, and meditated on his own faults and the virtues of Buddha. Then, taking his bowl, he followed his superior on a begging tour, for all food eaten must be obtained in this way. After the single daily meal, he retired and meditated on kindness and love. After this he studied. At sunset he swept the holy places and repeated to his superior what he had learned, and listened to instruction. He must also confess any wrongdoing of which he had been guilty. So passed the day of one who would seek self-conquest and the joys of the higher life.

THE THREE RELIGIONS

BY W. A. P. MARTIN

[The invention of gunpowder, the compass, and printing, the manufactures of silk and of porcelain have all been claimed for China. It is thought that the Chinese were the earliest searchers for the philosopher's stone, which should turn baser metals into gold; and for the elixir of life, by which one's years might be lengthened to whatever extent he chose. The Chinese have a legend that a demon once offered to teach an alchemist how to turn base metal into gold. "But will it remain gold?" the alchemist asked. "Will it not return to its original elements?" "Certainly," replied the demon, "but that need not trouble you, for no such change will take place until ten thousand ages have passed." The alchemist refused the gift. "I should rather live in poverty," he said, "than bring a loss upon my fellow men, even after ten thousand ages have passed."

There had been for many years two religions in the country, Confucianism and Taoism. Confucianism taught its followers to worship heroes, their own ancestors, and the powers of nature. Taoism claimed to have been founded by Laotze; but if so, it had wandered far from his teachings. According to Taoism, there is a soul or god in everything, a god of fire, of rain, of thunder, and so on. The Taoist priests gain a vast influence by persuading the Chinese that they can save them from the attacks of evil spirits.

At the time of the birth of Christ, there was a vague feeling through the East that some great religious event had come to pass in the West. The "wise men from the East" looked to the land of the Hebrews, and journeyed westward to Jerusalem to ask, "Where is he that is born King of the Jews?" More than half a century later, the rumor of a new faith had reached China, and the emperor sent his brother, together with eighteen officers of state and a long

retinue of attendants, to learn what it might be. The commission went to India; and there they were persuaded that Buddhism, as the teachings of Buddha, a former prince of India, were called, was the new faith of which they were in search. A prominent part of Buddhism is the belief in metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls; that is, that when a man dies his soul enters some animal. It is for this reason that the followers of Buddha are forbidden to destroy any animal life.

The Editor.]

It is impossible to apportion the people among these several creeds. They are all Confucians, all Buddhists, all Taoists. They all reverence Confucius and worship their ancestors, and employ the Buddhist burial service; and all resort to the magical devices of the Taoists to protect themselves against the assaults of evil spirits, or secure "good luck" in business. They celebrate their marriages according to the Confucian rites; in building their houses, they ask the advice of a Taoist; and in cases of alarming illness employ him to exorcise evil spirits. At death they commit their souls to the keeping of the Buddhists. The people assert, and with truth, that these religions, originally three, have become one; and they are accustomed to symbolize this unity by erecting San Chiao T'ang, Temples of the Three Religions, in which Confucius and Laotze appear on the right and left of Buddha, as forming a triad of sages. This arrangement, however, gives great offense to some of the more zealous disciples of Confucius; and a few years ago a memorial was presented to the emperor, praying him to demolish the San Chiao T'ang, which stood near the tomb of their great teacher, who has "no equal but Heaven."

In the Liao Chai, a collection of tales, there is a story which owes its humor to the bizarre intermixture of elements from each of the Three Religions.

A young nobleman, riding out, hawk in hand, is thrown from his horse and taken up for dead. On being conveyed to his house, he opens his eyes and gradually recovers his bodily strength; but, to the grief of his family, he is hopelessly insane. He fancies himself a Buddhist priest, and insists on being conveyed to a distant province, where he affirms he has passed his life in a monastery. On arriving he proves himself to be the abbot; and the mystery of his transfiguration is at once solved.

He had led a dissolute life, and his flimsy soul, unable to sustain the shock of death, was at once dissipated. The soul of a priest who had just expired happened to be floating by, and took possession of the still warm corpse.

The young nobleman was a Confucian of the modern type. The idea of the soul changing its earthly tenement is Buddhistic. And that which rendered the metamorphosis possible, without waiting for another birth, was the Taoist doctrine that the soul is dissolved with the body, unless it be purified and concentrated by vigorous discipline.

DREAM AND REALITY, A BUDDHIST STORY

BY CHUANG TZU, FOURTH CENTURY B.C.

Once upon a time I dreamed I was a butterfly, fluttering hither and thither, to all intents and purposes a butterfly. I was conscious only of following my fancies (as a butterfly) and was unconscious of my individuality as a man; and there I lay, myself again. I do not know whether I was then dreaming I was a butterfly, or whether I am now a butterfly dreaming that it is a man. Between man and butterfly there is necessarily a barrier; and the transition is called Metempsychosis.

MULAN, THE MAIDEN CHIEF

[From the third century A.D. to the seventh, disorder and crime increased. There was a northern, an eastern, and a western kingdom, and there were attacks by the Huns. One emperor favored Buddhism; another banished or slew its priests and destroyed their books. In the very death chamber of an emperor one of his sons struck down another that he might gain the kingdom for himself. Extravagance was carried so far as to become wickedness. One ruler built himself a magnificent palace, large enough to shelter his ten thousand attendants. His bodyguard was a regiment of superbly dressed women mounted on horseback. On his amusements money was spent like water. Wherever he went, he found bodies of his subjects hanging from the trees, for they had chosen suicide rather than death by starvation; but this was nothing to him, and his wild extravagance continued. One emperor used to run through the streets with a drawn sword, slaying every one that was so unfortunate as to come in his way. Another saw the enemy coming, and instead of defending his city, he occupied himself in burning the royal library, saying that all his studying of books was of no avail when the time of his need had come, and now they should be destroyed. Freaks and vagaries ruled the land. Now and then an emperor arose who loved his people and punished whoever oppressed them. One such sovereign was poisoned by his own mother. It is small wonder that with his last breath he besought Buddha never again to send him to earth as an emperor.

From this time of warfare come many stories of brave deeds. One commander turned a hopeless defense into a victory by his quickness of wit. As the foe advanced, he threw open the gates of the city, called away the sentinels, took a seat on a tower in full view, and began to play merrily on his guitar. Naturally, the enemy supposed that he had

some scheme in hand which made him absolutely certain of safety, and they withdrew. Another commander was so nearly overcome by famine that the enemy confidently expected a surrender within a few days. One night the besiegers heard the men in the hostile camp hard at work, tramping to and fro. In the morning they saw great heaps of rice beside the road. This meant, of course, that food and reinforcements had reached the camp during the night, and they retreated. They did not guess that the heaps were of sand, and that the thin covering of rice was the last bit of food in the possession of the starving soldiers.

In these times of constant fighting, it happened more than once that a woman held a fort against an invading enemy. Such a warrior was Mulan. This poem was written between 502 and 556 A.D.

The Editor.]

"Say, maiden at your spinning wheel,
Why heave that deep-drawn sigh?
Is't fear, perchance, or love you feel?
Pray tell — oh, tell me why!"

"Nor fear nor love has moved my soul —
Away such idle thought!
A warrior's glory is the goal
By my ambition sought.

"My father's cherished life to save,
My country to redeem,
The dangers of the field I'll brave:
I am not what I seem.

"No son has he his troop to lead,
No brother dear have I;

So I must mount my father's steed,
 And to the battle hie."

At dawn of day she quits her door,
 At evening rests her head
Where loud the mountain torrents roar
 And mail-clad soldiers tread.

The northern plains are gained at last,
 The mountains sink from view;
The sun shines cold, and the wintry blast
 It pierces through and through.

A thousand foes around her fall,
 And red blood stains the ground;
But Mulan, who survives it all,
 Returns with glory crowned.

Before the throne they bend the knee
 In the palace of Changan,
Full many a knight of high degree,
 But the bravest is Mulan.

"Nay, prince," she cries, "my duty 's done,
 No guerdon I desire;
But let me to my home begone,
 To cheer my aged sire."

She nears the door of her father's home,
 A chief with trumpet's blare;
But when she doffs her waving plume,
 She stands a maiden fair.

THE PRODIGAL EMPEROR WANG-TI

BY ROUNSEVELLE WILDMAN

In the middle of the sixth century ruled one Wang-ti, the most reckless and wildly extravagant emperor that ever occupied the dragon throne. Wang-ti lived a short life and a merry one; no expenditure appalled him, and no sacrifice of blood and treasure deterred him from following to the very end any of his fancies. Even the building of the canal system that has made his name famous was a whim for the gratification of his own pleasures. He wished to visit all the prominent cities of the empire in the most comfortable and luxurious way. He ordered that canals be immediately dug from the river Pien, a branch of the Han, in Hupeh, to the river Sz, a short stream in Shantung; another from Sz to communicate with the river Hwai, and that the existing water-courses be widened. At the same time he ordered built forty thousand "dragon boats" for the accommodation of his three thousand favorites and immediate court. The canals were not mere ditches, but magnificent examples of both engineering and artistic skill — nothing was left unfinished to offend the critical eye of the dandy. They were one hundred and twenty feet wide, lined with cut stone, with paved roads on either side, shaded by full-grown trees. Task-masters drove the laborers day and night, and of the million men employed it is stated that over forty per cent died. In the first royal journey from Lohyang, the capital, to

Nanking, the procession of boats extended for over sixty miles, and eighty thousand soldiers were detailed to drag them. The royal barge was two hundred feet long and forty feet high, with four decks. Every district through which they passed was levied upon for provisions to support this immense host in transit. The magnificent pageant swept through the empire for eight months, the wonder and ruin of all who came within its reach. The vast palaces, gardens, towns, artificial lakes and mountains that Wang-ti the Magnificent built in the short twelve years of his reign were, according to the custom of the times, destroyed by his successor; but the canals remained a blessing to the descendants of the laborers who had died in their construction.

Nebuchadnezzar, the Pharaohs, Nero, and Louis XIV were but feeble imitators of this royal Chinese spendthrift. Cleopatra's barge and Babylon's hanging-gardens were duplicated on a magnificent scale by Wang-ti. He had a godlike genius for spending money. In his palace garden, which was so great that it contained an artificial lake three miles wide and three artificial islands one hundred feet high, the flowering shrubs and trees were kept in perpetual bloom by skilled workmen, who renewed every fallen flower with such exquisite imitation in silk and satin that no one could tell the natural from the artificial at a short distance. After his death, it was discovered that he had used all up the precious metals in the empire, and that money was so scarce that pieces of leather and paper, with their values stamped upon them, had to be used in trade. He took his dethronement with the same gay nonchalance with which he had sat upon the throne. To his queen he said,

"Joy and sorrow both come to every man. Let us, then, bear each as it comes, and make the best of life we can." And of his princely executioners he asked — politely disinterested — "What sin have I committed that you wish to take away my life?" "Sin?" they replied, "why, what sin is there that you have not been guilty of?" "What you say may be true," answered the royal Chesterfield: "hand me the silken cord. I have had more pleasure in my life than you can have at my death."

The house of Tang opened a new era in the history of China, and marked the close of what might be styled "the Middle Ages." It has appropriately been called the Augustan Age of Chinese literature. Each emperor strove to outdo his predecessors in the fostering of scholars and the education of the gentry. Great libraries were established, schools sprang up, poets, essayists, and historians thronged the successive courts. "The Complete Poems of the Tang Dynasty" will be found in the home of every well-to-do Chinaman of to-day. The writings of Confucius were annotated and popularized; and in 740 that deathless teacher was raised to the rank of a prince, and his statue placed above that of the famous Duke of Chow. The sixth emperor of the Tangs founded Han-lin College (A.D. 755), the great post-graduate university of China.

IV
THE AUGUSTAN AGE

HISTORICAL NOTE

The most glorious period of Chinese history is from 618 to 1126 A.D. under the Tang and Sung Dynasties. The boundaries of the empire were extended from the Caspian Sea to the Pacific Ocean. Commerce flourished and embassies were received from nations as far apart as Rome and Japan. Printing from blocks was in use by the Chinese in the ninth century, six hundred years before John Gutenberg set up his press in Germany, and it imparted a powerful stimulus to bookmaking and to the founding of schools and libraries.

TAI-TSUNG THE GOOD

BY REV. WILLIAM SPEER

The Emperor Tai-tsung is celebrated by the Chinese as one of their most illustrious sovereigns; and he appears to have merited the praises bestowed on him for his clemency, wisdom, justice, and general attention to the welfare of the people. Under the auspices of this enlightened prince, learning and the arts flourished as in the ancient times, and all the high offices were again filled by men of letters; while, in order to promote the revival of literature, which had so long been neglected for war, an academy was instituted within the precincts of the palace, where not less than eight thousand students received instruction from the most able professors. Tai-tsung also founded a great school for archery, where he often attended himself for the purpose of practicing that warlike art, in which it was important for the Chinese to excel, as bows and arrows were their principal weapons. The ministers sometimes remonstrated with the emperor on the imprudence of trusting himself among the archers, but the good prince only replied, "Am I not the father of my people? What, then, should I fear from my children?"

The attention of Tai-tsung was constantly directed toward improving the condition of the lower orders, which he effected in a material degree by lessening the taxes and sending commissioners into all the provinces to inquire into the conduct of the magistrates and to see that the poor were not oppressed by them; for he often

expressed the benevolent wish that every poor man should have enough of the common necessaries of life to make him comfortable in his station; which may remind us of the well-known speech of Henry the Fourth of France, that he should not be satisfied till every peasant in the kingdom could afford to have a fowl in his pot on the Sunday. His strict sentiments with regard to the administration of justice induced him to pass a law for the prevention of bribery by making it an offense punishable with death for any magistrate to receive a present as a propitiation in the exercise of his power; and, in order to ascertain whether this law had its proper effect, he employed a person to offer a bribe to a certain magistrate of whose integrity he had some suspicion. The bribe was accepted and the guilty magistrate condemned to death; but his life was saved by the interference of one of the ministers, who were always at liberty to speak freely to the emperors on the subject of their conduct. "Great Prince," said the monitor, "the magistrate is guilty, and therefore deserves to die, according to the law; but are not you, who tempted him to commit the crime, a sharer in his guilt?" The emperor at once admitted that he was so, and pardoned the offender.

During the reign of Tai-tsung, some Christian missionaries of the Nestorian Church first arrived in China, where they were well received by the emperor, who permitted them to build churches and preach Christianity among the people. They were successful in making many converts, one of whom was a minister of state. They gave to the Tartar tribes on the north of China their own Syriac alphabet, and great numbers of those people became Christians. When the first Roman

priests visited China, they found the sign of the cross in use, and other customs which bore evidence of the former influence of the Nestorians. A tablet was discovered at the city of Sin-ngan cut in the Syriac character, which relates the success of their early labors. Their missionary zeal deserves great honor. It conferred lasting benefits upon the nations of eastern Asia.

The Emperor Tai-tsung died, after a reign of twenty-three years, regretted by his subjects, who looked up to him as a pattern of wisdom and virtue, and preserved many of his excellent maxims, which are frequently repeated with great veneration to this day. The successors of Tai-tsung maintained the peace and prosperity which had been established by that great prince; and under their dominion the country was much improved and the people enjoyed a considerable share of comfort and tranquillity.

Among the great national works of the seventh century were several extensive canals for the convenience of inland commerce, with locks of a peculiar construction, or slides placed in embankments, over which their flat-bottomed vessels, without being unloaded, were hauled by ropes attached to large capstans. By means of this inland communication, trade was so much increased that a great number of vessels came every year to the port of Can-fu, which was either Canton or Kanpu, near Hang-chau; and about the year 700 A.D. a regular market was opened there for foreign merchandise, and an imperial commissioner was appointed to receive the customs on all goods imported from other countries, which collectively produced a large revenue to the Government.

THE RULE OF THE EMPRESS WU

BY S. WELLS WILLIAMS

TAI-TSUNG was succeeded by his son Kau-tsung, whose indolent imbecility appears the more despicable after his father's vigor; but his reign fills a large place in Chinese history from the extraordinary career of his empress, "Empress Wu," as she is called, who by her blandishments obtained entire control over him. The character of this woman has, no doubt, suffered much from the bad reputation native historians have given her, but enough can be gathered from their accounts to show that with all her cruelty she understood how to maintain the authority of the crown, and provide for the wants of the people. Introduced to the harem of Tai-tsung at the age of fourteen, she was sent at his death to the retreat where all his women were condemned for the rest of their days to honorable imprisonment. While a member of the palace, Kau-tsung had been charmed with her appearance, and, having seen her at one of the state ceremonies connected with the ancestral worship, brought her back to the palace. As soon as she became empress, Wu began gradually to assume more and more authority, until, long before the emperor's death in 684, she engrossed the whole management of affairs, and at his demise openly assumed the reins of government, which she wielded for twenty-one years with no weak hand. Her generals extended the limits of the empire, and her officers carried into effect

her orders to alleviate the miseries of the people. Her cruelty vented itself in the murder of all who opposed her will, even to her own sons and relatives; and her pride was rather exhibited than gratified by her assuming the titles of Queen of Heaven, Holy and Divine Ruler, Holy Mother, and Divine Sovereign. When she was disabled by age, her son, supported by some of the first men of the land, asserted his claim to the throne, and by a palace conspiracy succeeded in removing her to her own apartments, where she died, aged eighty-one years.

THE FOUNDING OF HAN-LIN COLLEGE

BY REV. WILLIAM SPEER

The sixth emperor of the Tang Dynasty founded the Han-lin College, the leading literary institution of the Chinese Empire, consisting of forty members, from whose number the ministers of state are generally chosen, and from whom all successful candidates for honors receive their degrees. The members of the Han-lin are mentioned in old histories as the learned doctors of the empire, and in fact possessed quite as much knowledge in those days as they do now; for the members of the present day are all educated according to the ancient system, nor have any new branches of learning, until recently, been introduced into the schools of China; yet, when the Han-lin College was founded, the Chinese were far in advance of the Europeans, both in knowledge and refinement, for the modern nations of Europe were then only just emerging from the barbarism into which they had been plunged by the conquests of the Gothic tribes. England was divided among the princes of the Heptarchy, and France was in that rude state which preceded the reign of Charlemagne.

It may be imagined that only a very small proportion of the boys in any school were gifted with such great talents as would entitle them to attain preferment; therefore, of the many who presented themselves as candidates for honors at the hall of their province, where an examination was held once a year, very few

perhaps were chosen; and those had to pass other examinations by doctors of a higher degree before they were eligible to be appointed to offices of state. Still, each aspirant had a chance, and as the object was so important, great pains were taken to instill into the minds of youth a due sense of the value of learning; and many little stories, written with that intent, were read to children as soon as they were of an age to comprehend them. These juvenile tales are mostly very simple, but are not uninteresting as illustrations of the character and manners of the people. The following are specimens of their general style: "There was a boy whose father was so poor that he could not afford to send him to school, but was obliged to make him work all day in the fields to help to maintain his family. The lad was so anxious to learn that he proposed giving up a part of the night to study; but as his mother had not the means of supplying him with a lamp for that purpose, he brought home every evening a glowworm, which, being held in a thin piece of gauze and applied to the lines of a book, gave sufficient light to enable him to read; and thus he acquired so much knowledge that in course of time he became a minister of state, and supported his parents with ease and comfort in their old age."

Another youth, who was rather dull of intellect, found it a very laborious task to apply himself to learning and made such slow progress that he was often rather disheartened; yet he was not idle, and for several years continued to study with unceasing diligence. At length the time arrived for his examination, and he repaired with many others to the hall of the province, where he had the mortification, after all his exertions, of

being dismissed as unqualified to pass. In returning homeward, very much depressed in spirits and thinking it would be better to give up literary pursuits altogether and turn his attention to some other employment, he happened to see an old woman busily employed in rubbing an iron pestle on a whetstone. "What are you doing there, good mother?" said he. "I am grinding down this pestle," replied the old dame, "till it becomes sharp enough to use for working embroidery," and she continued her employment. Li-pi, — such was the name of the student, — struck with the patience and perseverance of the woman, applied her answer to his own case. "She will no doubt succeed at last," said he; "then why should I despair?" So he returned to his studies, and in a few years, on appearing again before the board, he acquitted himself so well that he passed with honor and rose in time to one of the highest offices in the state.

These short and simple tales, of which the Chinese have whole volumes, serve to show the bias they have endeavored to give to the minds of their children, and account for the studious habits of so large a portion of the community.

THE BINDING OF FEET

BY REV. WILLIAM SPEER

It was about this period that the strange custom was first adopted in China of binding the feet of female children to prevent their growth. The origin of this absurd and unnatural practice is unknown, nor is it easy to imagine what could have induced women in the first instance thus to deform themselves; for, although vanity may be a powerful incitement for the continuance of a custom which distinguishes the higher from the lower classes, it hardly accounts for the first introduction of this practice, as any other distinctive mark, less painful and less inconvenient, might have answered the same purpose. The daughters of all people of rank are obliged to submit at an early age to have their feet cramped up and confined with bandages, which are not removed for about three years, when the bones are so far compressed that the feet never assume their natural shape and size. The health of the children generally suffers much from the want of proper exercise during this cruel process; and the enjoyment of after life must be greatly diminished by the difficulty which females find in walking or even standing without support. Yet they are proud of their very helplessness, and would think it excessively vulgar to be able to walk with a firm and dignified step. The lower classes cannot follow a fashion which would disable them from pursuing their daily labors; yet many parents in a very humble station

of life are not free from the vanity of desiring to have one daughter with small feet, the prettiest child being usually selected for that distinction; and such is the force of fashion that the little damsel who is thus tortured and crippled is looked upon as an object of envy rather than of pity.

PRINTING

BY REV. WILLIAM SPEER

It was in the ninth century that printing began to be practiced in China — an event which occurred about five hundred years before that art was known in Europe. The method first adopted in China was to engrave the characters on stone; consequently, when the impression was taken off, the ground of the paper was black and the letters were white. But this mode was shortly superseded by the invention of wooden blocks, cut in such a manner that the letters were raised instead of indented, and thus were impressed in black on a white ground. This mode of printing from wood is still practiced in China, and is well adapted to the written language of the Chinese, as its words are not formed of vowels and consonants, like those of Western languages, but a single character, of which there are many thousands, expresses a whole word. Yet it is necessarily very slow; and for this reason must yield in the end to the use of divisible metal type and of our swift machinery. The superior beauty of the typography of our books already wins the wonder and praise of the Chinese. Before the invention of printing there must have been a vast number of Chinese constantly employed in writing, as they were always a reading people, and even the poorest peasants were able to obtain books in manuscript, while in Europe a book was a thing unknown among the lower classes, and seldom to be met with except in monasteries or the palaces of princes.

V

THE COMING OF THE TARTARS

HISTORICAL NOTE

The Tartars or Mongols are in some respects the most remarkable race that has inhabited the world. Their armies, the mightiest that have ever been gathered together, conquered, and ruled an empire the greatest in population and extent that has ever existed. They bore their ox-hide banners over every state of Europe and Asia, save Spain, England and Japan, and for more than a thousand years terrorized a great part of the human race. The toll of lives taken by Jenghiz Khan alone is reckoned at four and one-half million.

The Tartars had been the torment of China for many ages, and during the tenth and eleventh centuries they had become much more powerful. In 926 the Khitan Tartars helped to overthrow one of the Chinese dynasties; but when the new ruler came to the throne, they claimed their reward, sixteen cities and an annual tribute of three hundred thousand taels of silver (about $280,000) and a great number of pieces of silk. Neither arms nor tribute nor the gift of princesses availed, and early in the twelfth century the Chinese invited the Kin Tartars, the ancestors of the present Manchus, to drive the Khitans from a province that they had seized. The Kin had not the slightest objection to performing this neighborly office. They drove the Khitans out, but they kept the province for themselves. One Chinese ruler tried his best to gain their good will by flattery. When he addressed their chief, he spoke of himself as *Chin*, that is, "*your servant*"; but even this humility did not win them, and they pushed on their conquests to the Yang-tze-kiang River.

THE TARTARS AND THEIR CUSTOMS

BY MARCO POLO

To the north of China lived the Tartars, a wild, savage, wandering tribe. Their custom is to spend the winter in warm plains, where they find good pasture for their cattle, whilst in summer they betake themselves to a cool climate among the mountains and valleys, where water is to be found as well as woods and pastures.

Their houses are circular, and are made of wands covered with felt. These are carried along with them whithersoever they go; for the wands are so strongly bound together and likewise so well combined that the frame can be made very light. Whenever they erect these huts the door is always to the south. They also have wagons covered with black felt so efficaciously that no rain can get in. These are drawn by oxen and camels, and the women and children travel in them. The women do the buying and selling, and whatever is necessary to provide for the husband and household; for the men all lead the life of gentlemen, troubling themselves about nothing but hunting and hawking and looking after their goshawks and falcons, unless it be the practice of warlike exercises.

They live on the milk and meat which their herds supply, and on the produce of the chase; and they eat all kinds of flesh, including that of horses and dogs, and Pharaoh's rats [the jerboa], of which last there are great numbers in burrows on those plains. Their drink is mares' milk.

This is the fashion of their religion: They say there is a Most High God of Heaven, whom they worship daily with thurible and incense; but they pray to him only for health of mind and body. But they have also a certain other god of theirs, called Natigay, and they say he is the god of the earth, who watches over their children, cattle, and crops. They show him great worship and honor, and every man hath a figure of him in his house, made of felt and cloth; and they also make in the same manner images of his wife and children. The wife they put on the left hand and the children in front. And when they eat, they take the fat of the meat and grease the god's mouth withal, as well as the mouths of his wife and children. Then they take of the broth and sprinkle it before the door of the house; and that done, they deem that their god and his family have had their share of the dinner.

The clothes of the wealthy Tartars are for the most part of gold and silk stuffs, lined with costly furs, such as sable and ermine, vair, and fox-skin, in the richest fashion.

All their harness of war is excellent and costly. Their arms are bows and arrows, sword and mace; but above all the bow, for they are capital archers; indeed, the best that are known. On their backs they wear armor of *cuir-bouilli*, prepared from buffalo and other hides, which is very strong. They are excellent soldiers and passing valiant in battle. They are also more capable of hardship than other nations; for many a time, if need be, they will go for a month without any supply of food, living only on the milk of their mares and on such game as their bows may win them. Their horses also will sub-

sist entirely on the grass of the plains, so that there is no need to carry store of barley or straw or oats; and they are very docile to their riders. These, in case of need, will abide on horseback the livelong night, armed at all points, while the horse will be continually grazing.

Of all troops in the world these are they which endure the greatest hardship and fatigue, and which cost the least; and they are the best of all for making wide conquests of country. And this you will perceive from what you have heard and shall hear in this book; and (as a fact) there can be no manner of doubt that now they are the masters of the biggest half of the world. Their troops are admirably ordered in the manner that I shall now relate.

You see, when a Tartar prince goes forth to war, he takes with him, say, one hundred thousand horse. Well, he appoints an officer to every ten men, one to every hundred, one to every thousand, and one to every ten thousand, so that his own orders have to be given to ten persons only, and each of these ten persons has to pass the orders to other ten, and so on; no one having to give orders to more than ten. And every one in turn is responsible only to the officer immediately over him; and the discipline and order that comes of this method is marvelous, for they are a people very obedient to their chiefs. And when the army is on the march, they have always two hundred horsemen, very well mounted, who are sent a distance of two marches in advance to reconnoitre, and these always keep ahead. They have a similar party detached in the rear and on either flank, so that there is a good lookout kept on all sides against a surprise. When they are going on a distant expedition,

they take no gear with them except two leather bottles for milk, a little earthenware pot to cook their meat in, and a little tent to shelter them from rain. And in case of great urgency they will ride ten days on end without lighting a fire or taking a meal. On such an occasion they will sustain themselves on the blood of their horses, opening a vein and letting the blood jet into their mouths, drinking till they have had enough, and then stanching it.

They have also milk dried into a kind of paste to carry with them; and when they need food they put this in water and beat it up till it dissolves, and then drink it. It is prepared in this way: they boil the milk, and when the rich part floats on the top, they skim it into another vessel, and of that they make butter; for the milk will not become solid till this is removed. Then they put the milk in the sun to dry. And when they go on an expedition, every man takes some ten pounds of this dried milk with him. And of a morning he will take a half-pound of it and put it into his leather bottle with as much water as he pleases. So, as he rides along, the milk-paste and the water in the bottle get well churned together into a kind of pap, and that makes his dinner.

When they come to an engagement with the enemy, they will gain the victory in this fashion: They never let themselves get into a regular medley, but keep perpetually riding round and shooting into the enemy. And, as they do not count it any shame to run away in battle, they will sometimes pretend to do so, and in running away they turn in the saddle and shoot hard and strong at the foe, and in this way make great havoc. Their horses are trained so perfectly that they will

double hither and thither, just like a dog, in a way that is quite astonishing. Thus they fight to as good purpose in running away as if they stood and faced the enemy, because of the vast volleys of arrows that they shoot in this way, turning round upon their pursuers, who are fancying that they have won the battle. But when the Tartars see that they have killed and wounded a good many horses and men, they wheel round bodily, and return to the charge in perfect order and with loud cries; and in a very short time the enemy are routed. In truth they are stout and valiant soldiers and inured to war. And you perceive that it is just when the enemy sees them run and imagines that he has gained the battle, that he has in reality lost it; for the Tartars wheel round in a moment when they judge the right time has come. And after this fashion they have won many a fight.

All this that I have been telling you is true of the manners and customs of the genuine Tartars. But I must add that in these days they are greatly degenerated; for those who are settled in Cathay have taken up the practices of the idolaters of the country, and have abandoned their own institutions; whilst those who have settled in the Levant have adopted the customs of the Saracens.

The way they administer justice is this: When any one has committed a petty theft, they give him, under the orders of authority, seven blows of a stick, or seventeen, or twenty-seven, or thirty-seven, or forty-seven, and so forth, always increasing by tens in proportion to the injury done, and running up to one hundred and seven. Of these beatings sometimes they die. But if the offense be horse-stealing or some other great matter,

they cut the thief in two with a sword. Howbeit, if he be able to ransom himself by paying nine times the value of the thing stolen, he is let off. Every lord or other person who possesses beasts has them marked with his peculiar brand, be they horses, mares, camels, oxen, cows, or other great cattle, and then they are sent abroad to graze over the plains without any keeper. They get all mixed together, but eventually every beast is recovered by means of its owner's brand, which is known. For their sheep and goats they have shepherds. All their cattle are remarkably fine, big, and in good condition.

They have another notable custom, which is this: If any man have a daughter who dies before marriage, and another man have had a son also die before marriage, the parents of the two arrange a grand wedding between the dead lad and lass. And marry them they do, making a regular contract! And when the contract papers are made out, they put them into the fire, in order (as they will have it) that the parties in the other world may know the fact, and so look on each other as man and wife. And the parents thenceforth consider themselves sib to each other, just as if their children had lived and married. Whatever may be agreed on between the parties as dowry, those who have to pay it cause to be painted on pieces of paper and then put these into the fire, saying that in that way the dead person will get all the real articles in the other world.

THE CHINESE THEATER

BY ARCHIBALD LITTLE

When traveling in China through the scenes made famous in song and history, I have been astonished at the accurate knowledge of the old wars and dynasties displayed by illiterate boatmen on the river and by our porters on land journeys. They are never tired of pointing out historic sites to the foreign traveler, and expatiating upon the great deeds of former generations. It was a long time before I could learn whence these men derived their knowledge, so far surpassing the acquaintance with history displayed by similar classes in our own country. I at last discovered that they had learned their history in that pleasantest and most impressive of all schools, the theater. Elaborate historical dramas form the bulk of the performances given in the public theater, which almost every village in China possesses, by companies of strolling players who are paid by subscriptions from the more wealthy inhabitants.

These companies are generally hired for a week or a fortnight. The performance commences at noon, and goes on till about nine at night. The extraordinary endurance of the actors, an endurance characteristic of the Chinese in all their avocations, is shown by the long successive hours they spend upon the stage. And as all the important pieces are sung to the accompaniment of the band, how they support the strain upon the voice is almost incomprehensible. They have a large *répertoire*

which they carry in their heads. Many of them have no books of the plays. They are apprenticed as children, and so learn the pieces by rote at an age when the memory is especially vigorous. A mark of attention to a distinguished visitor is to hand him the *répertoire*, and ask him to choose a play out of some hundred pieces contained therein. I have often selected an unpopular and seldom-performed play, and never found the test too much for them, the piece being produced immediately; on the other hand, should a play on the programme happen to contain a character of the same name as that of the visitor, it is at once suppressed. Although there is no scenery, the dresses are extremely handsome, elaborate embroideries being worn by princes and generals, and generally the dressing and get-up are careful and accurate. There is no curtain and no drop-scene. And, curiously enough, there is no interval between successive plays, only a peculiar note is sounded on the cymbals, a signal known to the initiated. This has led Europeans to state that a Chinese play went on forever. It is true that sometimes, when a succession of historical plays is given, the same story may go on for three or four successive days. There is, moreover, one celebrated play which has no less than twenty-four acts; as a rule, however, the lighter Chinese pieces are even shorter than ours.

While theatricals are being performed, the whole village is *en fête*, all in their best clothes, the ladies in the galleries with little tables on which are tea and cakes and other delicacies, while families in the wide area of the open pit sit all day long with their tea and pipes, enjoying themselves in a way that it is a pleasure to see.

In the cities, plays are given in the very handsome theaters attached to the guild-halls, of which every large trading city in China has several. Performances are given on the feast-days of the guilds, when the members are invited to dinners quite as elaborate as those given by our own city companies. The feast, which extends over several hours, is accompanied with much ceremony and ancient ritual observances, while the plays go on uninterruptedly. A common penalty, when disputes are arbitrated by the guilds, is fining the defendant in a theatrical performance, which, if extended over the usual three days, costs about £10, the average number of a company being thirty men, female parts being all taken by men and boys, as in the Middle Ages.

During their long hours of song, the actors are refreshed by means of shabbily dressed coolies, who walk casually on to the stage and hand them tea at intervals, but whom the audience are supposed to regard as invisible. Rough indications of scenery are given in a primitive way. A beleaguered general, sitting on a chair raised on a table, addressing an actor standing on the stage, is supposed to be parleying with the commander of the besieging force. Cavalry are indicated by a whip held in the hand, and when dismounting, or mounting to ride off, they go through the action of bestriding a horse. The actors who take women's parts speak in a high falsetto voice, and in their make-up and get-up are indistinguishable from real women. A table covered with an embroidered cloth may represent a throne, or with plain red cloth a magistrate's yamen.

THE SORROWS OF HAN

[THE Tartars realized how much more civilized the Chinese were than they themselves; and the savage chief who had just overcome a Chinese force in battle was often willing to make peace if a Chinese princess might be sent him for his wife. It is upon this custom that the following play is founded.

With only two actors on the stage of the theater, there is not often an opportunity to bring out in conversation who a man is and what he is seeking; and so the chief characters have to make little speeches and introduce themselves. In the prologue to this play, the khan of the Tartars appears first, declares his greatness and speaks of the custom of wedding a princess of China. Then comes the minister, who is bidden to search out beautiful maidens that the emperor may choose among them. In Act II, the minister declares that he has found the loveliest woman in the world. He admits her to the palace, but, as her father is too poor to give him a bribe, he disfigures her portrait, that she may have no chance of being chosen by the emperor. Behold, the emperor enters and finds her playing on a lute.

The Editor.]

Emperor. Since the beauties were selected to grace our palace, we have not yet discovered a worthy object on whom to fix our preference. Vexed and disappointed, we pass this day of leisure roaming in search of her who may be destined for our imperial choice. [*Hears the lute.*] Is not that some lady's lute?

Attendant. It is. — I hasten to advise her of your Majesty's approach.

Emperor. No, hold! Keeper of the yellow gate, discover to what part of our palace that lady pertains; and

bid her approach our presence; but beware lest you alarm her.

Attendant. [*Approaches in the direction of the sound and speaks.*] What lady plays there? The emperor comes! Approach to meet him. [*Lady advances.*]

Emperor. Keeper of the yellow gate, see that the light burns brightly within your gauze lamp, and hold it nearer to us.

Lady. [*Approaching.*] Had your handmaid but known it was your Majesty, she would have been less tardy; forgive, then, this delay.

Emperor. Truly this is a very perfect beauty! From what quarter come such superior charms?

Lady. My name is Chaouheun. My father cultivates at Chingtoo the fields which he has derived from his family. Born in an humble station, I am ignorant of the manners that befit a palace.

Emperor. But with such uncommon attractions, what chance has kept you from our sight?

Lady. When I was chosen by the minister Maouyenshow, he demanded of my father an amount of treasure which our poverty could not supply; he therefore disfigured my portrait by representing a scar under the eyes, and caused me to be consigned to seclusion and neglect.

Emperor. Keeper of the yellow gate, bring us that picture that we may view it. [*Sees the picture.*] Ah, how has he dimmed the purity of the gem, bright as the waves in autumn. [*To the attendant.*] Transmit our pleasure to the officer of the guard to behead Maouyenshow and report to us his execution.

Lady. My parents, sir, are subject to the tax in our

native district. Let me entreat your Majesty to remit their contributions and extend favor towards them!

Emperor. That shall readily be done. Approach and hear our imperial pleasure. We create you a princess of our palace.

Lady. How unworthy is your handmaid of such gracious distinction! [*Goes through the form of returning thanks.*] Early to-morrow I attend your Majesty's commands in this place. The emperor is gone: let the attendant close the doors. I will retire to rest.

[The false minister contrives to escape to the Tartars. He shows to the Tartar khan a true portrait of the princess and persuades him to demand her hand in marriage. The khan does this with the threat that if the maiden is refused, he will ravage the country. The emperor's councilors insist that for the sake of the empire the princess shall be given up, and at length the emperor yields.

In Act III the princess grieves at leaving the palace and going to the winds and snows and the strange husband of a foreign land. There is a farewell scene between her and the emperor:]

Princess. Alas! when shall I again behold your Majesty? I will take off my robes of distinction and leave them behind me. To-day in the palace of Han — to-morrow I shall be espoused to a stranger. I cease to wear these splendid vestments — they shall no longer adorn my beauty in the eyes of men.

Envoy. Again let us urge you, princess, to depart; we have delayed but too long already!

Emperor. 'T is done! — Princess, when you are gone, let your thoughts forbear to dwell with sorrow and resentment upon us! [*They part.*] And am I the great Monarch of the line of Han?

President of the Council. Let your Majesty cease to dwell with such grief upon this subject!

Emperor. She is gone! In vain have we maintained those armed heroes on the frontier. Mention but swords and spears, and they tremble at their hearts like a young deer. The princess has this day performed what belonged to themselves; and yet they affect the semblance of men!

President of the Council. Your Majesty is entreated to return to the palace. Dwell not so bitterly, sir, on her memory. Allow her to depart!

Emperor. Did I not think of her, I had a heart of iron — a heart of iron! The tears of my grief stream in a thousand channels — this evening shall her likeness be suspended in the palace, where I will sacrifice to it — and tapers with their silver lights shall illuminate her chamber.

President of the Council. Let your Majesty return to the palace — the princess is already far distant!

[The princess is now seen in the camp of the Tartars on the bank of the Amoor River, and in despair she throws herself into the stream. The khan refuses to keep in his domain such a traitor as Maouyenshow, and in Act IV the minister is given over to the emperor, and his head is struck off as an offering to the shades of the princess.]

JENGHIZ KHAN, THE "PERFECT WARRIOR"

BY D. PETIS DE LA CROIX

[Another Tartar force was now coming to the front. Their leader was a remarkable man whose name as a child was Temuchin. His father had been chief of several tribes. He died, leaving the boy of thirteen to take his place. Naturally, some of the tribes promptly revolted; but the mother of Temuchin seized her son's banner and by the aid of those who were still faithful, she brought back half of the rebels. Until the boy had become a man of forty-four years, he had to fight against enemies and be on his guard against traitors.

At length the time came when he felt that his position was secure. He called together his chief men and told them that the fates had promised him the rule of the whole earth. They were enthusiastic, for they had already seen the ability of their leader. He took the name of Jenghiz Khan, or "perfect warrior," and gave his people the name of Mongols, or "the bold." He made laws and had some books translated from foreign languages. One tribe rose against him, but he soon subdued it.

The Editor.]

All things looked now as if he desired to live in repose and taste the sweets of that peaceful estate which by such vast fatigues he had obtained; but the love of arms, the darling passion of his soul, permitted him not to rest, and he thought of nothing else but how to find a pretext to fall out with the Chinese, against whom in particular he had formed some designs.

The present state of affairs, all being now in peace, affording him no means to quarrel, he sought amongst the transactions of past ages for something fit to urge

against them; and calling to mind the injuries the kings of China had heretofore done to his ancestors, nay, to his own father and people, he conferred with his Nævians and other princes of his court, continually entertaining them with discourses of the injuries and wrongs their fathers had suffered by the Chinese. "This was the cause," said he, "that our country was looked upon with so much scorn, and despised by the other nations of Asia." In fine, he excited them to revenge by urging that they had no other way to vindicate their honor and make themselves famous to posterity. Neither did he forget to remind them of the promise God had made to him, to assist and render him victorious over all his enemies.

The Mogul princes and lords failed not to applaud their emperor's design. Whether it was out of complaisance or that they found it agreeable to reason and justice is not the question. A council was called to consult on ways and means how to bring this great enterprise to pass; and it was resolved that first of all an ambassador be sent to Altouncan, King of China, to demand satisfaction for all the damages and injuries done to the Moguls by his predecessors, with orders that in case he refused to comply, war should be declared against him. For this purpose they chose Jafer, an old courtier, a man perfectly skilled in state affairs, and sent him away in the winter season.

Jafer, being arrived at Cambaluc which was the old city of Peking, one of the capital cities of Cathay, had an audience of the king, whom he accidentally found in this city, for he was not used to reside there but only in the summer. This ambassador made a long harangue,

which he began with expostulating on his master's greatness, his elevation to the empire of the Moguls and Tartars, and the choice God had made of him to govern the world. He afterwards demanded reparation of the king for all the damages and injuries which his predecessor had done the Moguls, telling him that, if he refused to comply with these demands, he had orders to declare war against him, and to assure him that Jenghiz Khan, at the head of a most powerful army, would come and drive him out of his kingdom and establish one of his own children on his throne.

Jafer's discourse appeared very surprising to the King of China, who was much astonished that the Mogul Emperor should form such a design, and venture to attack and begin a war against a nation whom he had reason to fear, considering the great damages and losses he himself confessed his nation had sustained by them. The king complained to the ambassador, saying, "Your master treats me as if he thought me a Turk or a Mogul," and with this answer he sent him back, "Go tell Jenghiz Khan that, although I cannot hinder him from making war with me, yet I will meet him with an army that shall make him repent his rashness." Jafer returned with all diligence to Caracorom, and gave his master an account of his negotiations, and the observation he had made pursuant to the orders he had given him.

JENGHIZ KHAN CAPTURES PEKING

BY D. PETIS DE LA CROIX

Although the King of China had put abundance of troops into Peking, the Mongols, instigated by the Chinese rebels that accompanied them, resolved to lay siege to this city. They even tried to take it by assault; but the Prince of China, to whom the king his father had entrusted the management of the first war, defended it so vigorously that all the besiegers' efforts proved in vain. It was impossible to tell how many brave actions were performed on both sides during this siege, by reason that the fate of China seeming to depend on the good or ill fortune of this its capital city, the bravest Chinese and greatest lords of the empire were entered into it to share the honor of the long and brave defense.

The great number of troops that were in this city took away from the besiegers all hope of taking it by open force; therefore they resolved to starve it out; and the famine became so great in Peking that the men chose rather to eat one another than to yield. Notwithstanding, the Chinese bravery availed them nothing, for the city was taken by a stratagem, which being reported to the King of China, he conceived such displeasure that he poisoned himself.

This is the tale of the capture: —

The besiegers suffered so horrible a famine that they were obliged to decimate the men and out of every ten kill one to feed the other nine. The besieged defended

themselves so valiantly with their arrows and engines that when stones came to fail the engineers, they melted down their gold and silver, which were in great abundance in that place, and used it to shoot against their enemies; but at last, the Moguls having received a supply of provisions and finding they were no nearer taking the city than they were the first day, undermined it and made a way underground which reached to the middle of the city, and in the night assailed the Chinese, who, surprised with a stratagem so new and strange, lost all courage and were obliged to surrender the city to the Moguls. The King of China, believing this place impregnable, had shut himself in it, and was killed with his son. The Moguls and Tartars who were entered into the city opened the gates to those without, and gave no quarter to any they met with; and they plundered it of all that was precious or valuable and afterwards divided the booty according to Jenghiz Khan's law.

THE DIRGE OF JENGHIZ KHAN

[JENGHIZ KHAN conquered central Asia from the Caspian Sea and the Indus River to Korea and the Yang-tze-kiang. He was about to attack southern China when he died, in 1227. His body was buried in his own country, and it is said that it was borne to his native land on a two-wheeled wagon, escorted by his enormous number of followers. As they journeyed, they wept and wailed, and one of the old comrades of the dead warrior chanted a dirge which has been handed down to this day.

The Editor.]

WHILOM thou didst swoop like a falcon, a rumbling wagon now trundles thee off,
O my King!
Hast thou in truth, then, forsaken thy wife and thy children and the Diet of thy people,
O my King?
Circling in pride like an eagle whilom thou didst lead us,
O my King!
But now thou hast stumbled and fallen like an unbroken colt,
O my King!

VI

STORIES OF THE GREAT KHAN

HISTORICAL NOTE

Not many years after the death of Jenghiz Khan, Kublai ascended the throne. He overcame what opposition survived and reigned as emperor of all China. Save for Arabia, Hindustan, and some of the western districts of Asia, he ruled from the Pacific to the Dnieper River, and from the Arctic Ocean to the Straits of Malacca.

There was much for these wild Tartars to learn from the Chinese. The Mongols had had no definite laws. For instance, if a man was accused of crime, he was tried before some official, and if he was found guilty, he was punished as the official thought best. Moreover, the Tartars gave nothing in charity. If a poor man begged of one of them, he would receive the reply, "Go, with the curse of God; for if He loved you as He loves me, He would have provided for you." Many of the Tartars now adopted the religion of Buddha. This teaches charity to men and beasts; for who could say but the soul of some one of a man's own relatives was embodied in the beggar who pleaded for alms, or in the hungry dogs whose wistful eyes pleaded for a meal?

THE PALACE OF THE GREAT KHAN IN CAMBALUC (PEKING)

BY MARCO POLO

[Kublai Khan was a good ruler to the Chinese and did well for the country. He was anxious to know more about the rest of the world, and when he was told that two merchants from Venice were in his city, he was delighted and sent for them at once to ask questions about their rulers, how they lived, how they went forth to battle, and in what manner they administered justice. After these two merchants, the Polos, had remained in China for some time, they returned to Italy. Then they journeyed eastward again, and this time they brought with them young Marco, the son of one of them.

The young man put on the Chinese dress and learned the four languages most used in the country. This pleased the khan, but something else pleased him much more. He was hungry to know about the distant lands and the manners and customs of people; but when his officers returned from an embassage, they had nothing to say except to make reports of the business on which they had been sent. "They are fools and dolts," declared the emperor; and to the men themselves he said, "I had far liever hearken about the strange things and manners of the different countries you have seen than merely be told of the business you went upon." It chanced that Marco was once sent away on a business matter. He kept his eyes open, and when he returned, he had a long story to tell of what he had seen. The emperor was delighted. At last he had found a man after his own heart. He sent the young Venetian on most important missions, and listened eagerly to the lively stories that he always had to tell on his return. After the Polos had gone back to their own country, Marco wrote a very interesting

book about his years in China, or Cathay, as it was then called. The following stories are taken from this book.

The Editor.]

You must know that it is the greatest palace that ever was. It is all on the ground floor, only the basement is raised some ten palms above the surrounding soil, and this elevation is retained by a wall of marble raised to the level of the pavement, two paces in width and projecting beyond the base of the palace so as to form a kind of terrace-walk, by which people can pass round the building, and which is exposed to view, whilst on the outer edge of the wall there is a very fine pillared balustrade, and up to this the people are allowed to come. The roof is very lofty, and the walls of the palace are all covered with gold and silver. They are also adorned with representations of dragons, sculptured and gilt, beasts and birds, knights and idols, and sundry other subjects. And on the ceiling, too, you see nothing but gold and silver and painting. On each of the four sides there is a great marble staircase leading to the top of the marble wall and forming the approach to the palace.

The hall of the palace is so large that it could easily dine six thousand people; and it is quite a marvel to see how many rooms there are besides. The building is altogether so vast, so rich, and so beautiful, that no man on earth could design anything superior to it. The outside of the roof also is all colored with vermilion and yellow and green and blue and other hues, which are fixed with a varnish so fine and exquisite that they shine like crystal, and lend a resplendent luster to the palace as seen for a great way round. This roof is made, too, with such strength and solidity that it is fit to last forever.

Between the two walls of the enclosure there are fine parks and beautiful trees bearing a variety of fruits. There are beasts also of sundry kinds, such as white stags and fallow deer, gazelles, and roebucks, and fine squirrels of various sorts, with numbers also of the animal that gives the musk, and all manner of other beautiful creatures, insomuch that the whole place is full of them, and no spot remains void except where there is traffic of people going and coming. The parks are covered with abundant grass; and the roads through them being all paved and raised two cubits above the surface, they never become muddy, nor does the rain lodge on them, but flows off into the meadows, quickening the soil and producing that abundance of herbage.

From that corner of the enclosure which is toward the northwest, there extends a fine lake, containing foison of fish of different kinds which the emperor hath caused to be put in there, so that whenever he desires any, he can have them at his pleasure. A river enters this lake and issues from it, but there is a grating of iron or brass put up so that the fish cannot escape in that way.

Moreover, on the north side of the palace, about a bow-shot off, there is a hill which has been made by art from the earth dug out of the lake; it is a good hundred paces in height and a mile in compass. This hill is entirely covered with trees that never lose their leaves, but remain ever green. And I assure you that wherever a beautiful tree may exist and the emperor gets news of it, he sends for it and has it transported bodily with all its roots and the earth attached to them, and planted on that hill of his. No matter how big the tree may be, he gets it carried by his elephants; and in this way he

has got together the most beautiful collection of trees in all the world. And he has also caused the whole hill to be covered with the ore of azure, which is very green. And thus not only are the trees all green, but the hill itself is all green likewise; and there is nothing to be seen on it that is not green; and hence it is called the Green Mount; and in good sooth 't is named well.

On the top of the hill again there is a fine big palace which is all green inside and out, and thus the hill and the trees and the palace form together a charming spectacle; and it is marvelous to see their uniformity of color! Everybody who sees them is delighted. And the Great Khan had caused this beautiful prospect to be formed for the comfort and solace and delectation of his heart.

HOW THE GREAT KHAN ATE HIS DINNER

BY MARCO POLO

And when the Great Khan sits at table on any great court occasion, it is in this fashion. His table is elevated a good deal above the others, and he sits at the north end of the hall, looking towards the south, with his chief wife beside him on the left. On this right sit his sons and his nephews, and other kinsmen of the blood imperial, but lower, so that their heads are on a level with the emperor's feet. And then the other barons sit at other tables lower still. So also with the women; for all the wives of the lord's sons and of his nephews and other kinsmen sit at the lower table to his right; and below them again the ladies of the other barons and knights, each in the place assigned by the lord's orders. The tables are so disposed that the emperor can see the whole of them from end to end, many as they are. Further, you are not to suppose that everybody sits at table; on the contrary, the greater part of the soldiers and their officers sit at their meal in the hall on the carpets. Outside the hall will be found more than forty thousand people; for there is a great concourse of folk bringing presents to the lord, or come from foreign countries with curiosities.

In a certain part of the hall near where the Great Khan holds his table, there is set a large and very beautiful piece of workmanship in the form of a square coffer, or buffet, about three paces each way, exquisitely wrought with figures of animals, finely carved and gilt.

The middle is hollow, and in it stands a great vessel of pure gold, holding as much as an ordinary butt; and at each corner of the great vessel is one of smaller size, of the capacity of a firkin, and from the former the wine or beverage flavored with fine and costly spices is drawn off into the latter. And on the buffet aforesaid are set all the lord's drinking-vessels, among which are certain pitchers of the finest gold, which are called verniques, and are big enough to hold drink for eight or ten persons. And one of these is put between every two persons, besides a couple of golden cups with handles, so that every man helps himself from the pitcher that stands between him and his neighbor. And the ladies are supplied in the same way. The value of these pitchers and cups is something immense; in fact, the Great Khan has such a quantity of this kind of plate, and of gold and silver in other shapes, as no one ever before saw or heard tell of or could believe.

There are certain barons specially deputed to see that foreigners, who do not know the customs of the court, are provided with places suited to their rank; and these barons are continually moving to and fro in the hall, looking to the wants of the guests at table, and causing the servants to supply them promptly with wine, milk, meat, or whatever they lack. At every door of the hall, or, indeed, wherever the emperor may be, there stand a couple of big men like giants, one on each side, armed with staves. Their business is to see that no one steps upon the threshold in entering; and if this does happen, they strip the offender of his clothes, and he must pay a forfeit to have them back again; or in lieu of taking his clothes, they give him a certain number of blows. If

they are foreigners ignorant of the order, then there are barons appointed to introduce them, and explain it to them. They think, in fact, that it brings bad luck if any one touches the threshold. Howbeit, they are not expected to stick at this in going forth again, for at that time some are like to be the worse for liquor and incapable of looking to their steps.

And you must know that those who wait upon the Great Khan with his dishes and his drink are some of the great barons. They have the mouth and nose muffled with fine napkins of silk and gold, so that no breath nor odor from their persons should taint the dish or the goblet presented to the lord. And when the emperor is going to drink, all the musical instruments, of which he has vast store of every kind, begin to play. And when he takes the cup, all the barons and the rest of the company drop on their knees and make the deepest obeisance before him, and then the emperor doth drink. But each time that he does so the whole ceremony is repeated.

I will say nought about the dishes, as you may easily conceive that there is a great plenty of every possible kind. But you should know that in every case where a baron or knight dines at those tables, their wives also dine there with the other ladies. And when all have dined and the tables have been removed, then come in a great number of players and jugglers, adepts at all sorts of wonderful feats, and perform before the emperor and the rest of the company, creating great diversion and mirth, so that everybody is full of laughter and enjoyment. And when the performance is over, the company breaks up and every one goes to his quarters.

HOW KUBLAI KHAN WENT A-HUNTING

BY MARCO POLO

The Great Khan starts off on the first day of March and travels southward towards the Ocean Sea, a journey of two days. He takes with him full ten thousand falconers and some five hundred gerfalcons, besides peregrines, sakers, and other hawks in great numbers; and goshawks also to fly at the waterfowl. But do not suppose that he keeps all these together by him; they are distributed about, hither and thither, one hundred together, or two hundred at the utmost, as he thinks proper. But they are always fowling as they advance, and the most part of the quarry taken is carried to the emperor. And let me tell you when he goes thus a-fowling with his gerfalcons and other hawks, he is attended by full ten thousand men who are disposed in couples; and these are called *toscaol*, which is as much as to say, "watchers." And the name describes their business. They are posted from spot to spot, always in couples, and thus they cover a great deal of ground. Every man of them is provided with a whistle and hood, so as to be able to call in a hawk and hold it in his hand. And when the emperor makes a cast, there is no need that he follow it up, for those men I speak of keep so good a lookout that they never lose sight of the birds, and if these have need of help, they are ready to render it.

All the emperor's hawks, and those of the barons as

well, have a little label attached to the leg to mark them, on which is written the names of the owner and the keeper of the bird. And in this way the hawk, when caught, is at once identified and handed over to its owner. But if not, the bird is carried to a certain baron, who is styled the *bularguchi*, which is as much as to say, "the keeper of lost property." And I tell you that whatever may be found without a known owner, whether it be a horse, or a sword, or a hawk, or what-not, it is carried to that baron straightway, and he takes charge of it. And if the finder neglects to carry his trover to the baron, the latter punishes him. Likewise the loser of any article goes to the baron, and if the thing be in his hands, it is immediately given up to the owner. Moreover, the said baron always pitches on the highest spot of the camp with his banner displayed, in order that those who have lost or found anything may have no difficulty in finding their way to him. Thus nothing can be lost but it shall be incontinently found and restored.

And so the emperor follows this road that I have mentioned, leading along in the vicinity of the Ocean Sea (which is within two days' journey of his capital city, Cambaluc), and as he goes there is many a fine sight to be seen and plenty of the very best entertainment in hawking; in fact, there is no sport in the world to equal it!

The emperor himself is carried upon four elephants in a fine chamber made of timber, lined inside with plates of beaten gold, and outside with lions' skins, for he always travels in this way on his fowling expeditions because he is troubled with gout. He always keeps

beside him a dozen of his choicest gerfalcons, and is attended by several of his barons, who ride on horseback alongside. And sometimes, as they may be going along and the emperor from his chamber is holding discourse with the barons, one of the latter shall exclaim, "Sire! look out for cranes!" Then the emperor instantly has the top of his chamber thrown open, and having marked the cranes, he casts one of his gerfalcons, whichever he pleases; and often the quarry is struck within his view, so that he has the more exquisite sport and diversion, there as he sits in his chamber or lies on his bed; and all the barons with him get the enjoyment of it likewise. So it is not without reason I tell you that I do not believe there ever existed in the world, or ever will exist, a man with such sport and enjoyment as he has or with such rare opportunities.

And when he has traveled till he reaches a place called Cachar Modun, there he finds his tents pitched, with the tents of his sons, and his barons, and those of his ladies and theirs, so that there shall be full ten thousand tents in all, and all fine and rich ones. And I will tell you how his own quarters are disposed. The tent in which he holds his courts is large enough to give cover easily to a thousand souls. It is pitched with its door to the south, and the barons and knights remain in waiting in it whilst the lord abides in another close to it on the west side. When he wishes to speak with any one, he causes the person to be summoned to that other tent. Immediately behind the great tent there is a fine large chamber where the lord sleeps; and there are also many other tents and chambers, but they are not in contact with the great tent as these are. The two audience tents and

the sleeping-chamber are constructed in this way. Each of the audience tents has three poles, which are of spicewood, and are most artfully covered with lions' skins, striped with black and white and red, so that they do not suffer from any weather. All three apartments are also covered outside with similar skins of striped lions, a substance that lasts forever. And inside they are all lined with ermine and sable, these two being the finest and most costly furs in existence. For a robe of sable, large enough to line a mantle, is worth two thousand bezants of gold, or one thousand, at least, and this kind of skin is called by the Tartars "the king of furs." The beast itself is about the size of a marten. These two furs of which I speak are applied and inlaid so exquisitely that it is really worth seeing. All the tent ropes are of silk. And in short I may say that those tents, to wit, the two audience halls and the sleeping-chamber, are so costly that it is not every king could pay for them.

Roundabout these tents are others, also fine ones and beautifully pitched, in which are the emperor's ladies and the ladies of the other princes and officers. And then there are the tents for the hawks and their keepers, so that altogether the number of tents there on the plain is something wonderful. To see the many people that are thronging to and fro on every side and every day there, you would take the camp for a good big city. For you must reckon the leeches and the astrologers and the falconers and all the other attendants on so great a company; and add that everybody there has his whole family with him, for such is their custom.

The lord remains encamped there until the spring, and all that time he does nothing but go hawking round-

about among the canebrakes along the lakes and rivers that abound in that region, and across fine plains on which are plenty of cranes and swans, and all sorts of other fowl. The other gentry of the camp also are never done with hunting and hawking, and every day they bring home great store of venison and feathered game of all sorts. Indeed, without having witnessed it, you would never believe what quantities of game are taken, and what marvelous sport and diversion they all have whilst they are in camp there.

HOW THE KHAN SENT HIS MESSAGES

BY MARCO POLO

Now you must know that from this city of Cambaluc proceed many roads and highways leading to a variety of provinces, one to one province, another to another; and each road receives the name of the province to which it leads; and it is a very sensible plan. And the messengers of the emperor in traveling from Cambaluc, be the road whichsoever they will, find at every twenty-five miles of the journey a station which they call *yamb*, or, as we should say, the "horse post-house." And at each of those stations used by the messengers, there is a large and handsome building for them to put up at, in which they find all the rooms furnished with fine beds and all other necessary articles in rich silk, and where they are provided with everything they can want. If even a king were to arrive at one of these, he would find himself well lodged.

At some of these stations, moreover, there shall be posted some four hundred horses, standing ready for the use of the messengers; at others there shall be two hundred, according to the requirements, and to what the emperor has established in each case. At every twenty-five miles, as I said, or anyhow at every thirty miles, you find one of these stations, on all the principal highways leading to the different provincial governments; and the same is the case throughout all the chief provinces subject to the Great Khan. Even when the messengers have

to pass through a roadless tract where neither house nor hostel exists, still there the station-houses have been established just the same, excepting that the intervals are somewhat greater, and the day's journey is fixed at thirty-five to forty-five miles, instead of twenty-five to thirty. But they are provided with horses and all the other necessaries just like those we have described, so that the emperor's messengers, come they from what region they may, find everything ready for them.

And in sooth this is a thing done on the greatest scale of magnificence that ever was seen. Never had emperor, king, or lord such wealth as this manifests! For it is a fact that on all these posts taken together there are more than three hundred thousand horses kept up, specially for the use of the messengers. And the great buildings that I have mentioned are more than ten thousand in number, all richly furnished, as I told you. The thing is on a scale so wonderful and costly that it is hard to bring one's self to describe it.

But now I will tell you another thing that I had forgotten, but which ought to be told whilst I am on this subject. You must know that by the Great Khan's orders there has been established between those post-houses, at every interval of three miles, a little fort with some forty houses roundabout it, in which dwell the people who act as the emperor's foot-runners. Every one of those runners wears a great wide belt, set all over with bells, so that as they run the three miles from post to post their bells are heard jingling a long way off. And thus on reaching the post the runner finds another man similarly equipped, and all ready to take his place, who instantly takes over whatsoever he has in charge,

and with it receives a slip of paper from the clerk, who is always at hand for the purpose; and so the new man sets off and runs his three miles. At the next station he finds his relief ready in like manner; and so the post proceeds, with a change every three miles. And in this way the emperor, who has an immense number of these runners, receives dispatches with news from places ten days' journey off in one day and night; or, if need be, news from a hundred days off in ten days and nights; and that is no small matter! (In fact, in the fruit season many a time fruit shall be gathered one morning in Cambaluc, and the evening of the next day it shall reach the Great Khan at Chandu, a distance of ten days' journey. The clerk at each of the posts notes the time of each courier's arrival and departure; and there are often other officers whose business it is to make monthly visitations of all the posts, and to punish those runners who have been slack in their work.) The emperor exempts these men from all tribute and pays them besides.

Moreover, there are also at those stations other men equipped similarly with girdles hung with bells, who are employed for expresses when there is a call for great haste in sending dispatches to any governor of a province, or to give news when any baron has revolted, or in other such emergencies; and these men travel a good two hundred or two hundred and fifty miles in the day and as much more in the night. I'll tell you how it stands. They take a horse from those at the station which are standing ready saddled, all fresh and in wind, and mount and go at full speed as hard as they can ride, in fact. And when those at the next post hear the bells,

they get ready another horse and a man equipped in the same way, and he takes over the letter or whatever it be, and is off full speed to the third station, where again a fresh horse is found all ready; and so the dispatch speeds along from post to post, always at full gallop with regular change of horses. And the speed at which they go is marvelous. By night, however, they cannot go so fast as by day, because they have to be accompanied by footmen with torches, who could not keep up with them at full speed.

Those men are highly prized; and they could never do it, did they not bind hard the stomach, chest, and head with strong bands. And each of them carries with him a gerfalcon tablet, in sign that he is bound on an urgent express; so that if perchance his horse break down or he meet with other mishap, whomsoever he may fall in with on the road, he is empowered to make dismount and give up his horse. Nobody dares refuse in such a case; so that the courier hath always a good fresh nag to carry him.

Now all these numbers of post-horses cost the emperor nothing at all; and I will tell you the how and the why. Every city or village or hamlet that stands near one of those post-stations has a fixed demand made on it for as many horses as it can supply, and these it must furnish to the post. And in this way are provided all the posts of the cities, as well as the towns and villages roundabout them; only in uninhabited tracts the horses are furnished at the expense of the emperor himself.

Nor do the cities maintain the full number, say of four hundred horses, always at their station, but month by month two hundred shall be kept at the station, and

the other two hundred at grass, coming in their turn to relieve the first two hundred. And if there chance to be some river or lake to be passed by the runners and horse-posts, the neighboring cities are bound to keep three or four boats in constant readiness for the purpose.

THE KING'S MESSENGER

BY CHUANG TZU, FOURTH CENTURY B.C.

BRILLIANT bright the blossoms glow
On the level heights and the marshlands low.

The Royal Messenger am I!
At the King's command I can swiftly fly.

Equipped with all that man may need,
Alert, determined to succeed.

Three teams of horses, young and strong,
I have, to whirl my car along.

My steeds are white, or gray, or pied;
Well skilled am I each team to guide.

We gallop till the sweat-flakes stain
With large wet spots each glossy rein.

Each man I meet without delay
Must tell me all he has to say.

The realm I traverse till I bring
The counsel sought for by the King.

THE POLOS TEACH THE KHAN HOW TO CAPTURE A CITY

BY MARCO POLO

Now you must know that this city [Saianfu] held out against the Great Khan for three years after the rest of Manzi [southern China] had surrendered. The Great Khan's troops made incessant attempts to take it, but they could not succeed because of the great and deep waters that were roundabout it, so that they could approach from one side only, which was the north. And I tell you they never would have taken it but for a circumstance that I am going to relate.

You must know that when the Great Khan's host had lain three years before the city without being able to take it, they were greatly chafed thereat. Then Messer Nicolo Polo and Messer Maffeo and Messer Marco said: "We could find you a way of forcing the city to surrender speedily"; whereupon those of the army replied that they would be right glad to know how that should be. All this talk took place in the presence of the Great Khan. For messengers had been dispatched from the camp to tell him that there was no taking the city by blockade, for it continually received supplies of victuals from those sides which they were unable to invest; and the Great Khan had sent back word that take it they must, and find a way how. Then spoke up the two brothers and Messer Marco the son, and said: "Great Prince, we have with us among our followers

men who are able to construct mangonels which shall cast such great stones that the garrison will never be able to stand them, but will surrender incontinently, as soon as the mangonels or trebuchets shall have shot into the town."

The Khan bade them with all his heart have such mangonels made as speedily as possible. Now Messer Nicolo and his brother and his son immediately caused timber to be brought, as much as they desired, and fit for the work in hand. And they had two men among their followers, a German and a Nestorian Christian, who were masters of that business, and these they directed to construct two or three mangonels capable of casting stones of three hundred pounds' weight. Accordingly they made three fine mangonels, each of which cast stones of three hundred pounds' weight and more. And when they were complete and ready for use, the emperor and the others were greatly pleased to see them, and caused several stones to be shot in their presence; whereat they marveled greatly and greatly praised the work. And the Khan ordered that the engines should be carried to his army which was at the leaguer of Saianfu.

And when the engines were got to the camp, they were forthwith set up, to the great admiration of the Tartars. And what shall I tell you? When the engines were set up and put in gear, a stone was shot from each of them into the town. These took effect among the buildings, crashing and smashing through everything with huge din and commotion. And when the townspeople witnessed this new and strange visitation, they were so astonished and dismayed that they knew not

what to do or say. They took counsel together, but no counsel could be suggested how to escape from these engines, for the thing seemed to them to be done by sorcery. They declared that they were all dead men if they yielded not, so they determined to surrender on such conditions as they could get. Wherefore they straightway sent word to the commander of the army that they were ready to surrender on the same terms as the other cities of the province had done, and to become the subjects of the Great Khan; and to this the captain of the host consented.

So the men of the city surrendered, and were received to terms; and this all came about through the exertions of Messer Nicolo and Messer Maffeo and Messer Marco; and it was no small matter. For this city and province is one of the best that the Great Khan possesses, and brings him in great revenues.

A CHINESE CITY AT THE END OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY

BY MARCO POLO

When you have left the city of Changan and have traveled for three days through a splendid country, passing a number of towns and villages, you arrive at the most noble city of Kinsay [Hang-chau], a name which is as much as to say in our tongue, "The City of Heaven."

And since we have got thither I will enter into particulars about its magnificence; and these are well worth the telling, for the city is beyond dispute the finest and the noblest in the world. In this we shall speak according to the written statement which the queen of this realm sent to Bayan, the conqueror of the country, for transmission to the Great Khan, in order that he might be aware of the surpassing grandeur of the city and might be moved to save it from destruction or injury. I will tell you all the truth as it was set down in that document. For truth it was, as the said Messer Marco Polo at a later date was able to witness with his own eyes. And now we shall rehearse these particulars.

First and foremost, then, the document stated the city of Kinsay to be so great that it hath an hundred miles of compass. And there are in it twelve thousand bridges of stone, for the most part so lofty that a great fleet could pass beneath them. And let no man marvel that

there are so many bridges, for you see the whole city stands as it were in the water and surrounded by water, so that a great many bridges are required to give free passage about it. And though the bridges be so high, the approaches are so well contrived that carts and horses do cross them.

The document aforesaid also went on to state that there were in this city twelve guilds of the different crafts, and that each guild had twelve thousand houses in the occupation of its workmen. Each of these houses contains at least twelve men, whilst some contain twenty and some forty, — not that these are all masters, but inclusive of the journeymen who work under the masters. And yet all these craftsmen had full occupation, for many other cities of the kingdom are supplied from this city with what they require.

The document aforesaid also stated that the number and wealth of the merchants, and the amount of goods that passed through their hands, was so enormous that no man could form a just estimate thereof. And I should have told you with regard to those masters of the different crafts who are at the head of such houses as I have mentioned, that neither they nor their wives ever touch a piece of work with their own hands, but live as nicely and delicately as if they were kings and queens. The wives, indeed, are most dainty and angelic creatures! Moreover, it was an ordinance laid down by the king that every man should follow his father's business and no other, no matter if he possessed one hundred thousand bezants.

Inside of the city there is a lake which has a compass of some thirty miles: and all round it are erected beau-

tiful palaces and mansions, of the richest and most exquisite structure that you can imagine, belonging to the nobles of the city. There are also on its shores many abbeys and churches of the idolaters. In the middle of the lake are two islands, on each of which stands a rich, beautiful, and spacious edifice, furnished in such style as to seem fit for the palace of an emperor. And when any one of the citizens desired to hold a marriage feast or to give any other entertainment, it used to be done at one of these palaces. And everything would be found there ready to order, such as silver-plate, trenchers, and dishes, napkins, and tablecloths, and whatever else was needful. The king made this provision for the gratification of his people, and the place was open to every one who desired to give an entertainment. Sometimes there would be at these palaces a hundred different parties; some holding a banquet, others celebrating a wedding; and yet all would find good accommodation in the different apartments and pavilions, and that in so well ordered a manner that one party was never in the way of another.

The houses of the city are provided with lofty towers of stone in which articles of value are stored for fear of fire; for most of the houses themselves are of timber, and fires are very frequent in the city.

The people are idolaters; and since they were conquered by the Great Khan they use paper money. Both men and women are fair and comely, and for the most part clothe themselves in silk, so vast is the supply of that material, both from the whole district of Kinsay and from the imports by traders from other provinces. And you must know they eat every kind of flesh, even that of

dogs and other unclean beasts, which nothing would induce a Christian to eat.

Since the Great Khan occupied the city, he has ordained that each of the twelve thousand bridges should be provided with a guard of ten men, in case of any disturbance, or of any being so rash as to plot treason or insurrection against him. Each guard is provided with a hollow instrument of wood and with a metal basin, and with a timekeeper to enable them to know the hour of the day or night. And so when one hour of the night is past, the sentry strikes one on the wooden instrument and on the basin, so that the whole quarter of the city is made aware that one hour of the night is gone. At the second hour, he gives two strokes, and so on, keeping always wide awake and on the lookout. In the morning again from the sunrise, they begin to count anew, and strike one hour as they did in the night, and so on hour after hour.

Part of the watch patrols the quarter, to see if any light or fire is burning after the lawful hours; if they find any, they mark the door, and in the morning the owner is summoned before the magistrates, and unless he can plead a good excuse he is punished. Also if they find any one going about the streets at unlawful hours, they arrest him, and in the morning they bring him before the magistrates. Likewise if in the daytime they find any poor cripple unable to work for his livelihood, they take him to one of the hospitals, of which there are many, founded by the ancient kings and endowed with great revenues. Or if he be capable of work, they oblige him to take up some trade. If they sèe that any house has caught fire, they immediately beat upon that

wooden instrument to give the alarm; and this brings together the watchmen from the other bridges to help to extinguish it and to save the goods of the merchants or others, either by removing them to the towers above mentioned or by putting them in boats and transporting them to the islands in the lake. For no citizen dares leave his house at night or to come near the fire, only those who own the property, and those watchmen who flock to help, of whom there shall come one or two thousand at the least.

Moreover, within the city there is an eminence on which stands a tower, and at the top of the tower is hung a slab of wood. Whenever fire or any other alarm breaks out in the city, a man who stands there with a mallet in his hand beats upon the slab, making a noise that is heard to a great distance. So when the blows upon this slab are heard, everybody is aware that fire has broken out or that there is some cause of alarm.

All the streets of the city are paved with stone or brick, as indeed are all the highways throughout Manzi, so that you ride and travel in every direction without inconvenience. Were it not for this pavement, you could not do so, for the country is very low and flat, and after rain it is deep in mire and water. But as the Great Khan's couriers could not gallop their horses over the pavement, the side of the road is left unpaved for their convenience. The pavement of the main street of the city also is laid out in two parallel ways of ten paces in width on either side, leaving a space in the middle laid with fine gravel, under which are vaulted drains which convey the rain water into the canals; and thus the road is kept ever dry.

You must know also that the city of Kinsay has some three thousand baths, the water of which is supplied by springs. They are hot baths, and the people take great delight in them, frequenting them several times a month, for they are very cleanly in their persons. They are the finest and largest baths in the world; large enough for one hundred persons to bathe together. . . .

When any one dies, the friends and relations make a great mourning for the deceased, and clothe themselves in hempen garments, and follow the corpse, playing on a variety of instruments and singing hymns to their idols. And when they come to the burning-place, they take representations of things cut out of parchment, such as caparisoned horses, male and female slaves, camels, armor, suits of cloth of gold, and money in great quantities, and these things they put on the fire along with the corpse, so that they are all burnt with it. And they tell you that the dead man shall have all these slaves and animals of which the effigies are burnt, alive in flesh and blood, and the money in gold, at his disposal in the next world; and that the instruments which they have caused to be played at his funeral and the idol hymns that have been chanted shall also be produced again to welcome him in the next world; and that the idols themselves will come to do him honor.

Furthermore, there exists in this city the palace of the king who fled, him who was emperor of Manzi, and that is the greatest palace in the world, as I shall tell you more particularly. For you must know its demesne hath a compass of ten miles, all enclosed with lofty battlemented walls; and inside the walls are the finest and most delectable gardens upon earth and filled with

the finest fruits. There are numerous fountains in it also, and lakes full of fish. In the middle is the palace itself, a great and splendid building. It contains twenty great and handsome halls, one of which is more spacious than the rest and affords room for a vast multitude to dine. It is all painted in gold, with many histories and representations of beasts and birds, of knights and dames, and many marvelous things. It forms a really magnificent spectacle, for over all the walls and all the ceiling you see nothing but paintings in gold. And besides these halls the palace contains one thousand large and handsome chambers, all painted in gold and divers colors. . . . There is one church only, belonging to the Nestorian Christians.

There is another thing I must tell you. It is the custom for every burgess of this city, and in fact for every description of person in it, to write over his door his own name, the name of his wife, and those of his children, his slaves, and all the inmates of his house, and also the number of animals that he keeps. And if any one dies in the house, then the name of that person is erased, and if any child is born, its name is added. So in this way the sovereign is able to know exactly the population of the city. And this is the practice also throughout all Manzi and Cathay.

And I must tell you that every hosteler who keeps an hostel for travelers is bound to register their names and surnames, as well as the day and month of their arrival and departure. And thus the sovereign hath the means of knowing, whenever it pleases him, who come and go throughout his dominions. And certes this is a wise order and a provident.

THE PEKING OBSERVATORY

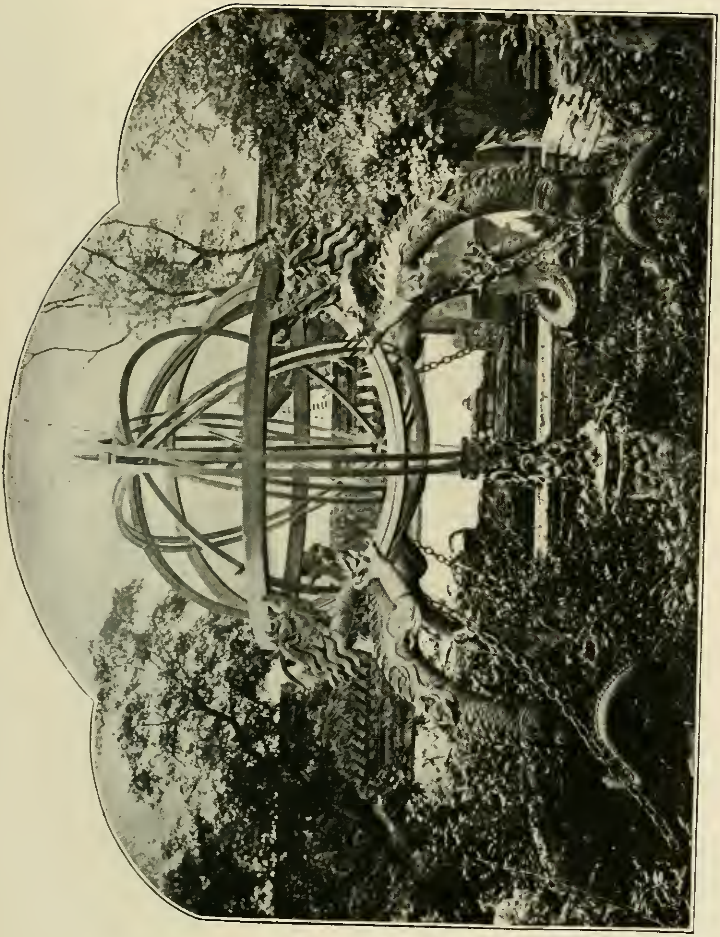
THE PEKING OBSERVATORY

In the thirteenth century, three hundred years before the birth of Galileo, and at a time when Europe was just emerging from the Dark Ages, this astronomical observatory was erected by the Mongol emperors.

The instrument shown in this picture is made of solid bronze. It is of huge dimensions, and the beautiful workmanship shows that even in that early age the art of casting had been carried to perfection by the Chinese. The outer framework is a heavy metal horizon, divided into twelve equal parts for the twelve hours into which the Chinese divide their day and night, and also marked to designate the points of the compass. The inside of the ring bears the names of the twelve states into which China was anciently divided; every part of the empire being supposed to be under the influence of a particular quarter of the heavens.

Within this is a complicated arrangement of circles and elliptics, illustrating the various movements of the earth and planets, and divided into portions representing the constellations, and the months and days of the year. In the center is a revolving tube for taking sights, and at the four corners are miniature rocks of bronze marked "Northwest Mountain," "Southwest Mountain," "Southeast Mountain," "Northeast Mountain."

An interesting touch of superstition is given by the four dragons which uphold the instrument and are chained to the earth to prevent their flying away.



VII
CHINESE FABLES AND TALES

HISTORICAL NOTE

Chinese literature is richest in histories, commentaries on the classics, and poetry. One of its most striking features is the colossal scale on which works have been compiled. An official history, completed in 1633, comprised 3706 books, a collection of the Chinese classics with their commentaries begun by the Emperor Kien-long is said to have numbered 180,000 volumes, and an anthology published in 1707 contained nearly 50,000 poems arranged in 900 volumes. Most remarkable of all is an encyclopædia of history, philosophy, and literature ordered by the third Emperor of the Ming Dynasty. More than two thousand writers labored on this for five years and the result was a work of 917,480 pages, the equivalent of about 489,226,000 English words. This extraordinary work was never published owing to lack of money, but three copies were made by hand, all of which have since perished.

However, as with us, while the classics are respected and studied in school, the great mass of people depend on stories for their reading.

THE BOY PHILOSOPHER

There was a wealthy man of Chi, named T'ien Tsu, who daily fed a thousand people in his own mansion. Among them was one who reverently presented his host with a fish and a goose. T'ien Tsu looked at the offering and sighed. "How bountiful," he exclaimed, "is Heaven to man! It gives us the nutritious grain for food, and produces birds and fishes for our use." All the guests applauded this pious sentiment to the echo, except the young son of a certain Mr. Pao, a lad of twelve years old, who, leaving his back seat and running forward, said:—

"You would be nearer the truth, sir, if you said that Heaven, Earth, and everything else belonged to the same category, and that, therefore, nothing in that category is superior to the rest. The only difference which exists is a matter of size, intelligence, and strength, by virtue of which all these things act and prey upon each other; so it is quite a mistake to say that one is created *for the sake* of the others. Whatever a man can get to eat, he eats; how can it be that Heaven originally intended it for the use of man, and therefore created it? Besides, we all know that gnats and mosquitoes suck our skins, and tigers and wolves devour our flesh; so that, according to your theory, we were ourselves created by Heaven for the special benefit of gnats, mosquitoes, tigers, and wolves! Do you believe that, pray?"

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE

Once upon a time it was reported that there was a person who professed to have the secret of immortality. The King of Yen, therefore, sent messengers to inquire about it; but they dawdled on the road, and before they had arrived at their destination, the man was already dead. Then the king was very angry, and sought to slay the messengers; but his favorite minister expostulated with him, saying, "There is nothing which causes greater sorrow to men than death; there is nothing they value more highly than life. Now, the very man who said he possessed the secret of immortality is dead himself. How, then, could he have prevented Your Majesty from dying?" So the men's lives were spared.

THE TIGER AND THE MONKEY

A TIGER having clapped his paw on an unlucky monkey, the latter begged to be released on the score of his insignificance, and promised to show the tiger where he might find more valuable prey. The tiger complied, and the monkey conducted him to a hillside where an ass was feeding — an animal which the tiger, till then, had never seen.

"My good brother," said the ass to the monkey, "hitherto you have always brought me two tigers, how is it that you have only brought me one to-day?"

Hearing these words, the tiger fled for his life. Thus ready wit may often ward off great dangers.

WAS HE THE ONLY CHEAT?

At Hangchow there lived a costermonger who understood how to keep oranges a whole year without letting them spoil. His fruit was always fresh-looking, firm as jade, and of a beautiful golden hue; but inside — dry as an old cocoon.

One day I asked him, saying, "Are your oranges for altar or sacrificial purposes, or for show at banquets? Or do you make this outside display merely to cheat the foolish? — as cheat them, you most outrageously do." "Sir," replied the orangeman, "I have carried on this trade now for many years. It is my source of livelihood. I sell: the world buys. And I have yet to learn that you are the only honest man about, and that I am the only cheat. Perhaps it never struck you in this light. The baton-bearers of to-day, seated on their tiger skins, pose as the martial guardians of the state; but what are they compared with the captains of old? The broad-brimmed, long-robed ministers of to-day pose as pillars of the constitution; but have they the wisdom of our ancient counselors? Evil doers arise, and none can subdue them. The people are in misery, and none can relieve them. Clerks are corrupt, and none can restrain them. Laws decay, and none can renew them. Our officials eat the bread of the State, and know no shame. They sit in lofty halls, ride fine steeds, drink themselves drunk with wine, and batten on the richest fare. Which of them but puts on an awe-inspiring look, a dignified mien? — all gold and gems without, but dry cocoons

within. You pay, sir, no heed to these things, while you are very particular about my oranges."

I had no answer to make. I retired to ponder over this costermonger's wit. Was he really out of conceit with the age, or only quizzing me in defense of his fruit?

THE APPEAL OF LADY CHANG

May it please Your Majesty,

My husband was a Censor attached to the Board of Rites. For his folly in recklessly advising Your Majesty, he deserved, indeed, a thousand deaths; yet, under the Imperial clemency, he was doomed only to await his sentence in prison.

Since then, fourteen years have passed away. His aged parents are still alive, but there are no children in his hall, and the wretched man has none on whom he can rely. I alone remain — a lodger at an inn, working day and night at my needle to provide the necessaries of life; encompassed on all sides by difficulties; to whom every day seems a year.

My father-in-law is eighty-seven years of age. He trembles on the brink of the grave. He is like a candle in the wind. I have naught wherewith to nourish him alive, or to honor him when dead. I am a lone woman. If I tend the one, I lose the other. If I return to my father-in-law, my husband will die of starvation. If I remain to feed him, my father-in-law may die at any hour. My husband is a criminal bound in jail. He dares give no thought to his home. Yet can it be that when all living things are rejoicing in life under the wise and generous rule of to-day, we alone should taste the cup of poverty and distress, and find ourselves beyond the pale of universal peace?

Oft, as I think of these things, the desire to die comes upon me; but I swallow my grief and live on, trusting

in providence for some happy termination, some moistening with the dew of Imperial grace. And now that my father-in-law is face to face with death; now that my husband can hardly expect to live — I venture to offer this body as a hostage, to be bound in prison, while my husband returns to watch over the last hours of his father. Then, when all is over, he will resume his place and await Your Majesty's pleasure. Thus, my husband will greet his father once again, and the feelings of father and child will be in some measure relieved. Thus, I shall give to my father-in-law the comfort of his son, and the duty of a wife towards her husband will be fulfilled.

[Lady Chang won her petition and her husband was released.]

THE SOUL OF THE GREAT BELL

BY LAFCADIO HEARN

THE water-clock marks the hour in the *Ta-chung sz'*, — in the Tower of the Great Bell: now the mallet is lifted to smite the lips of the metal monster, — the vast lips inscribed with Buddhist texts from the sacred "Fa-hwa-King," from the chapters of the holy "Ling-yen-King"! Hear the great bell responding! — how mighty her voice, though tongueless! — KO-NGAI! All the little dragons on the high-tilted eaves of the green roofs shiver to the tips of their gilded tails under that deep wave of sound; all the porcelain gargoyles tremble on their carven perches; all the hundred little bells of the pagodas quiver with desire to speak. KO-NGAI! — all the green-and-gold tiles of the temple are vibrating; the wooden gold-fish above them are writhing against the sky; the uplifted finger of Fo shakes high over the heads of the worshipers through the blue fog of incense! KO-NGAI! — What a thunder tone was that! All the lacquered goblins on the palace cornices wriggle their fire-colored tongues! And after each huge shock, how wondrous the multiple echo and the great golden moan and, at last, the sudden sibilant sobbing in the ears when the immense tone faints away in broken whispers of silver, — as though a woman should whisper, "*Hiai!*" Even so the great bell hath sounded every day for well-nigh five hundred years — *Ko-Ngai:* first with stupendous clang, then with immeasurable

moan of gold, then with silver murmuring of "*Hiai!*" And there is not a child in all the many-colored ways of the old Chinese city who does not know the story of the great bell, — who cannot tell you why the great bell says *Ko-Ngai* and *Hiai!*

. . .

Now, this is the story of the great bell in the Ta-chung sz', as the same is related in the "Pe-Hiao-Tou-Choue," written by the learned Yu-Pao-Tchen, of the city of Kwang-tchau-fu.

Nearly five hundred years ago the Celestially August, the Son of Heaven, Yong-Lo, of the "Illustrious," or Ming, Dynasty, commanded the worthy official Kouan Yu that he should have a bell made of such size that the sound thereof might be heard for one hundred *li*. And he further ordained that the voice of the bell should be strengthened with brass, and deepened with gold, and sweetened with silver; and that the face and the great lips of it should be graven with blessed sayings from the sacred books, and that it should be suspended in the center of the imperial capital, to sound through all the many-colored ways of the city of Pe-king.

Therefore the worthy mandarin Kouan-Yu assembled the master-moulders and the renowned bellsmiths of the empire, and all men of great repute and cunning in foundry work; and they measured the materials for the alloy, and treated them skillfully, and prepared the moulds, the fires, the instruments, and the monstrous melting-pot for fusing the metal. And they labored exceedingly, like giants, — neglecting only rest and

sleep and the comforts of life; toiling both night and day in obedience to Kouan-Yu, and striving in all things to do the behest of the Son of Heaven.

But when the metal had been cast, and the earthen mould separated from the glowing casting, it was discovered that, despite their great labor and ceaseless care, the result was void of worth; for the metals had rebelled one against the other, — the gold had scorned alliance with the brass, the silver would not mingle with the molten iron. Therefore the moulds had to be once more prepared, and the fires rekindled, and the metal remelted, and all the work tediously and toilsomely repeated. The Son of Heaven heard, and was angry, but spake nothing.

A second time the bell was cast, and the result was even worse. Still the metals obstinately refused to blend one with the other; and there was no uniformity in the bell, and the sides of it were cracked and fissured, and the lips of it were slagged and split asunder; so that all the labor had to be repeated even a third time, to the great dismay of Kouan-Yu. And when the Son of Heaven heard these things, he was angrier than before; and sent his messenger to Kouan-Yu with a letter, written upon lemon-colored silk, and sealed with the seal of the Dragon, containing these words: —

From the Mighty Yong-Lo, the Sublime Tait-Sung, the Celestial and August, — whose reign is called "Ming," — to Kouan-Yu the Fuh-yin: Twice thou hast betrayed the trust we have deigned graciously to place in thee; if thou fail a third time in fulfilling our command, thy head shall be severed from thy neck. Tremble and obey!

. . .

Now, Kouan-Yu had a daughter of dazzling loveliness, whose name — Ko-Ngai — was ever in the mouths of poets, and whose heart was even more beautiful than her face. Ko-Ngai loved her father with such love that she had refused a hundred worthy suitors rather than make his home desolate by her absence; and when she had seen the awful yellow missive, sealed with the Dragon-Seal, she fainted away with fear for her father's sake. And when her senses and her strength returned to her, she could not rest or sleep for thinking of her parent's danger, until she had secretly sold some of her jewels, and with the money so obtained had hastened to an astrologer, and paid him a great price to advise her by what means her father might be saved from the peril impending over him. So the astrologer made observations of the heavens, and marked the aspect of the Silver Stream (which we call the Milky Way), and examined the signs of the Zodiac, — the *Hwang-tao*, or Yellow Road, — and consulted the table of the Five *Hin*, or Principles of the Universe, and the mystical books of the alchemists. And after a long silence, he made answer to her, saying, "Gold and brass will never meet in wedlock, silver and iron never will embrace, until the flesh of a maiden be melted in the crucible; until the blood of a virgin be mixed with the metals in their fusion." So Ko-Ngai returned home sorrowful at heart, but she kept secret all that she had heard, and told no one what she had done.

. . .

At last came the awful day when the third and last effort to cast the great bell was to be made; and Ko-

Ngai, together with her waiting-woman, accompanied her father to the foundry, and they took their places upon a platform overlooking the toiling of the moulders and the lava of liquefied metal. All the workmen wrought their tasks in silence; there was no sound heard but the muttering of the fires. And the muttering deepened into a roar like the roar of typhoons approaching, and the blood-red lake of metal slowly brightened like the vermilion of a sunrise, and the vermilion was transmuted into a radiant glow of gold, and the gold whitened blindingly, like the silver face of a full moon. Then the workers ceased to feed the raving flame, and all fixed their eyes upon the eyes of Kouan-Yu; and Kouan-Yu prepared to give the signal to cast.

But ere ever he lifted his finger, a cry caused him to turn his head and all heard the voice of Ko-Ngai sounding sharply sweet as a bird's song above the great thunder of the fires, — "For thy sake, O my father!" And even as she cried, she leaped into the white flood of metal; and the lava of the furnace roared to receive her, and spattered monstrous flakes of flame to the roof, and burst over the verge of the earthen crater, and cast up a whirling fountain of many-colored fires, and subsided quakingly with lightnings and with thunders and with mutterings.

Then the father of Ko-Ngai, wild with his grief, would have leaped after her, but that strong men held him back and kept firm grasp upon him until he had fainted dead away and they could bear him like one dead to his home. And the serving-woman of Ko-Ngai, dizzy and speechless for pain, stood before the furnace, still holding in her hands a shoe, a tiny, dainty shoe, with embroidery

of pearls and flowers, — the shoe of her beautiful mistress that was. For she had sought to grasp Ko-Ngai by the foot as she leaped, but had only been able to clutch the shoe, and the pretty shoe came off in her hand; and she continued to stare at it like one gone mad.

. . . .

But in spite of all these things, the command of the Celestial and August had to be obeyed, and the work of the moulders to be finished, hopeless as the result might be. Yet the glow of the metal seemed purer and whiter than before; and there was no sign of the beautiful body that had been entombed therein. So the ponderous casting was made; and lo! when the metal had become cool, it was found that the bell was beautiful to look upon, and perfect in form, and wonderful in color above all other bells. Nor was there any trace found of the body of Ko-Ngai; for it had been totally absorbed by the precious alloy, and blended with the well-blended brass and gold, with the intermingling of the silver and the iron. And when they sounded the bell, its tones were found to be deeper and mellower and mightier than the tones of any other bell, — reaching even beyond the distance of one hundred *li*, like a pealing of summer thunder; and yet also like some vast voice uttering a name, a woman's name, — the name of Ko-Ngai!

. . .

And still, between each mighty stroke, there is a long low moaning heard; and ever the moaning ends with a sound of sobbing and of complaining, as though a

weeping woman should murmur "*Hiai!*" And still, when the people hear that great golden moan they keep silence; but when the sharp, sweet shuddering comes in the air, and the sobbing of "*Hiai!*" then, indeed, do all the Chinese mothers in all the many-colored ways of Pe-king whisper to their little ones: "*Listen! that is Ko-Ngai crying for her shoe! That is Ko-Ngai calling for her shoe!*"

VIII

THE COMING OF THE MISSIONARIES

HISTORICAL NOTE

Just when Christianity first made its way to China is not known. There is a tradition that St. Thomas traveled far to the east, but the first Christian preaching that is recorded took place in the seventh century. The missionaries were of the sect known as Nestorians. No one has ever found any of their books or writings in China; but a thousand years after they are said to have come to the country, some workmen in northwestern China who were digging a trench came upon a slab of stone on which was writing, partly in Chinese and partly in the Syriac letters used by the Nestorians. This told of the work of the Nestorians, of the building of churches, and of the emperors who favored the faith.

In the thirteenth century a few Franciscan missionaries braved the perilous journey and made many converts, but, with the fall of the Mongol dynasty, Christianity for a second time vanished and was not again preached in China until the sixteenth century, this time by Jesuits. At first their teaching met with success, but with the coming of the Dominicans and Franciscans, disputes arose which greatly discredited the new religion among the Chinese, for they could not understand why teachers of the same faith should quarrel among themselves. At last the emperor's patience was exhausted and he ordered all friars, except those needed for his imperial observatory, to be killed. The first Protestant missionary arrived in China in 1807.

AN ENTERPRISING MISSIONARY

[In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the Franciscans made their way to the East. One of them, the John of Corvino who gives the following account of his efforts, worked entirely alone for eleven years.

The Editor.]

I, Brother John, of Monte Corvino, of the order of Minor Friars, made my way to Cathay, the realm of the emperor of the Tartars, who is called the Grand Khan. To him I presented the letter of our lord the Pope, and invited him to adopt the Catholic faith of our Lord Jesus Christ; but he had grown too old in idolatry. However, he bestows many kindnesses upon the Christians, and these two years past I am abiding with him. I have built a church in the city of Peking, in which the king has his chief residence. This I completed six years ago; and I have built a bell-tower to it and put three bells in it. I have baptized there, as well as I can estimate, up to this time some six thousand persons.

Also, I have gradually bought one hundred and fifty boys, the children of pagan parents, and of ages varying from seven to eleven, who had never learned any religion. These boys I have baptized, and I have taught them Greek and Latin after our manner. Also I have written out Psalters for them, with thirty Hymnaries and two Breviaries. By help of these, eleven of the boys already know our service, and form a choir, and take their weekly turn of duty as they do in convents, whether I am there or not. Many of the boys are also employed

in writing out Psalters and other things suitable. His Majesty the Emperor moreover delights much to hear them chanting. I have the bells rung at all the canonical hours, and with my congregation of babes and sucklings, I perform divine service, and the chanting we do by ear because I have no service book with the notes.

I beg the Minister General of our Order to supply me with the Antiphonarium, with the legends of the saints, a Gradual, and a Psalter with the musical notes as a copy; for I have nothing but a pocket Breviary with the short lessons and a little missal. If I had one for a copy, the boys of whom I have spoken could transcribe others from it. Just now I am building a church with the view of distributing the boys in more places than one.

I have myself grown old and gray, more with toil and trouble than with years, for I am not more than fifty-eight. I have got a competent knowledge of the language and character which is most generally used by the Tartars. And I have already translated into that language and character the New Testament and the Psalter, and have caused them to be written out in the fairest penmanship they have; and so by writing, reading, and preaching I bear open and public testimony to the Law of Christ.

THE WOMAN WITH THE CROSS

BY MENDEZ PINTO

CHAINED together as we were, we went up and down the streets craving of alms, which were very liberally given us by the inhabitants, who, wondering to see such men as we, demanded of us what kind of people we were, of what kingdom, and how our country was called. Hereunto we answered conformably to what we had said before, namely, that we were natives of the kingdom of Siam, that going from Liampoo to Nanquin we had lost all our goods by shipwreck, and that, although they beheld us then in so poor a case, yet we had formerly been very rich; whereupon a woman who was come thither among the rest to see us: "It is very likely," said she, speaking to them about her, "that what these poor strangers have related is most true, for daily experience doth shew how those that trade by sea do oftentimes make it their grave, wherefore it is best and surest to travel upon the earth and to esteem of it as of that whereof it has pleased God to frame us." Saying so, she gave us two mazes, which amounts to about sixteen pence of our money, advising us to make no more such long voyages since our lives were so short.

Hereupon she unbuttoned one of the sleeves of a red satin gown she had on, and baring her left arm, she showed us a cross imprinted upon it like the mark of a slave. "Do any of you know this sign, which amongst those that follow the way of truth is called a cross? or have any of you heard it named?" To this, falling down

on our knees, we answered with tears in our eyes that we knew exceeding well. Then, lifting up her hands, she cried out, "Our Father, which art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name," speaking these words in the Portugal tongue; and because she could speak no more of our language, she very earnestly desired us in Chinese to tell her whether we were Christians. We replied that we were, and for proof thereof, after we had kissed that arm whereon the cross was, we repeated all the rest of the Lord's Prayer which she had left unsaid; wherewith being assured that we were Christians indeed, she drew aside from the rest there present and weeping said to us, "Come along, Christians of the other end of the world, with her that is your true sister in the faith of Jesus Christ, or peradventure a kinswoman to one of you, by his side that begot me in this miserable exile"; and so going to carry us to her house, the *hupes* which guarded us would not suffer her, saying, that if we would not continue our craving of alms they would return us back to the ship; but this they spake in regard of their own interest, for that they were to have the moiety of what was given us, and accordingly they made as though they would have led us thither again, which the woman perceiving, "I understand your meaning," said she, "and indeed it is but reason you should make the best of your places, for thereby you live"; so opening her purse, she gave them two taeis in silver, wherewith they were very well satisfied; whereupon she carried us home to her house, and there kept us all the while we remained in that place, making much of us and using us very charitably.

Here she showed us an oratory, wherein she had a

cross of wood gilt, as also candlesticks and a lamp of silver. Furthermore she told us that she was named Inez de Leyria, and her father Tome Pirez, who had been great ambassador from Portugal to the king of China, and that in regard of an insurrection with a Portuguese captain made at Canton, the Chineses taking him for a spy and not for an ambassador, as he termed himself, clapped him and all his followers up in prison, where by order of justice five of them were put to torture, receiving so many and such cruel stripes on their bodies as they died instantly, and the rest were all banished into several parts, together with her father into this place, where he married with her mother, that had some means, and how he made her a Christian, living so seven and twenty years together, and converting many Gentiles to the faith of Christ, whereof there were above three hundred then abiding in that town; which every Sunday assembled in her house to say the catechism: whereupon demanding of her what were their accustomed prayers, she answered that she used no other but these, which on their knees, with their eyes and hands lift up to Heaven, they pronounced in this manner: — "O Lord Jesus Christ, as it is most true that thou art the very Son of God, conceived by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary for the salvation of sinners, so thou wilt be pleased to forgive us our offenses, that thereby we may become worthy to behold thy face in the glory of thy kingdom, where thou art sitting at the right hand of the Almighty. Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name. In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, Amen." And so all of them, kissing the cross, embraced one another, and

thereupon every one returned to his own home. Moreover, she told us that her father had left her many other prayers, which the Chineses had stolen from her, so that she had none left but those before recited; whereunto we replied that those we had heard from her were very good, but before we went away we would leave her divers other good and wholesome prayers. "Do so, then," answered she, "for the respect you owe to so good a God as yours is, and that hath done such things for you, for me, and all in general."

Then causing the cloth to be laid, she gave us a very good and plentiful dinner, and treated us in like sort every meal during the five days we continued in her house, which was permitted by the Chifuu in regard of a present that this good woman sent his wife, whom she earnestly entreated so to deal with her husband as we might be well entreated, for that we were men of whom God had a particular care; as the Chifuu's wife promised her to do, with many thanks to her for the present she had received. In the mean space, during the five days we remained in her house, we read the catechism seven times to the Christians; wherewithal they were very much edified; beside, Christophoro Borbalho made them a little book in the Chinese tongue, containing the Paternoster, the Creed, the Ten Commandments, and many other good prayers. After these things we took our leaves of Inez de Leyria and the Christians, who gave us fifty taeis in silver, which stood us since in good stead; and withal Inez de Leyria gave us secretly fifty taeis more, humbly desiring us to remember her in our prayers to God.

THE WORSHIP OF ANCESTORS

BY W. A. P. MARTIN

[ONE of the greatest difficulties met by the missionaries in trying to convert the Chinese was that if they became Christians, they would be obliged to give up worshiping their ancestors and offering up prayers to them. This was a most important matter. One Wu Wang, who founded the famous Chow Dynasty in which Confucius lived, declared that it was right to rebel against the former emperor because with all his other misdeeds he had even neglected to offer up the proper sacrifices at the tombs of his ancestors.

The Editor.]

EVERY household has somewhere within its doors a small shrine, in which are deposited the tablets of ancestors, and of all deceased members of the family who have passed the age of infancy.

Each clan has its ancestral temple, which forms a rallying point for all who belong to the common stock. In such temples, as in the smaller shrines of the household, the objects of reverence are not images, but tablets, — slips of wood inscribed with the name of the deceased, together with the dates of birth and death. In these tablets, according to popular belief, dwell the spirits of the dead. Before them ascends the smoke of daily incense; and, twice in the month, offerings of fruits and other eatables are presented, accompanied by solemn prostrations.

In some cases, particularly during a period of mourning, the members of the family salute the dead, morn-

ing and evening, as they do the living; and on special occasions, such as a marriage or a funeral, there are religious services of a more elaborate character, accompanied sometimes by feasts and theatrical shows.

Besides worship in presence of the representative tablet, periodical rites are performed at the family cemetery. In spring and autumn, when the mildness of the air is such as to invite excursions, city families are wont to choose a day for visiting the resting places of their dead. Clearing away the grass, and covering the tombs with a layer of fresh earth, they present offerings and perform acts of worship. This done, they pass the rest of the day in enjoying the scenery of the country.

TEACHING SCIENCE TO THE EMPEROR

BY PÈRE DU HALDE

[In the sixteenth century, Ricci, a Jesuit missionary, came to China, and was followed by others of the same order. They showed a great amount of tact in dealing with the natives. The following account explains one method by which they made their way.

The Editor.]

This nation, naturally proud, looked upon themselves as the most learned in the world, and they enjoyed this reputation without disturbance because they were acquainted with no other people more knowing than themselves; but they were undeceived by the ingenuity of the missionaries who appeared at court. The proof which they gave of their capacity served greatly to authorize their ministry and to gain esteem for the religion which they preached.

The late emperor, Cang hi, whose chief delight was to acquire knowledge, was never weary of seeing or hearing them. On the other hand, the Jesuits, perceiving how necessary the protection of this great prince was to the progress of the Gospel, omitted nothing that might excite his curiosity and satisfy this natural relish for the sciences.

They gave him an insight into optics by making him a present of a semi-cylinder of a light kind of wood. In the middle of its axis was placed a convex glass, which, being turned toward any object, painted the image within the tube to a great nicety.

The emperor was greatly pleased with so unusual a sight, and desired to have a machine made in his garden at Peking, wherein, without being seen himself, he might see everything that passed in the streets and neighboring places. They prepared for this purpose an object-glass of much greater diameter, and made in the thickest garden wall a great window in the shape of a pyramid, the basis of which was towards the garden, and the point toward the street. At the point they fixed the glass eye over against the place where there was the greatest concourse of people; at the basis was made a large closet, shut up close on all sides and very dark. It was there the emperor came with his queens to observe the lively images of everything that passed in the street; and this sight pleased him extremely; but it charmed the princesses a great deal more, who could not otherwise behold this spectacle, the custom of China not allowing them to go out of the palace.

Père Grimaldi gave another wonderful spectacle by his skill in optics in the Jesuits' Garden at Peking, which greatly astonished the grandees of the emperor. They made upon the four walls four human figures, every one being of the same length as the wall, which was fifty feet. As he had perfectly observed the optic rules, there was nothing seen on the front but mountains, forests, chases, and other things of this nature; but at a certain point they perceived the figure of a man well made and well proportioned. The emperor honored the Jesuits' house with his presence, and beheld these figures a long time with admiration. The grandees and principal mandarins, who came in crowds, were equally surprised; but that which struck them most was to see the figures so regular

and so exact upon irregular walls that in several places had large windows and doors.

It would be too tedious to mention all the figures that seemed in confusion, and yet were seen distinctly at a certain point, or were put in order with conic, cylindric, pyramidal mirrors, and the many other wonders in optics that Père Grimaldi discovered to the finest geniuses in China and which raised their surprise and wonder.

In catoptrics they presented the emperor with all sorts of telescopes, as well for astronomical observations as for taking great and small distances upon the earth; and likewise glasses for diminishing, magnifying, and multiplying. Among other things, they presented him with a tube made like a prism having eight sides, which being placed parallel with the horizon, presented eight different scenes so lifelike that they might be mistaken for the objects themselves; this being joined to the variety of painting entertained the emperor a long time.

They likewise presented another tube wherein was a polygon glass, which by its different facets collected into one image several parts of different objects, insomuch that instead of a landscape, woods, flocks, and a hundred other things represented in a picture, there was seen distinctly a human face or some other figure very exact.

There was also another machine which contained a lighted lamp, the light of which came through a tube, at the end whereof was a convex glass, near which several small pieces of glass painted with divers figures were made to slide. These figures were seen upon the opposite wall of a size proportioned to the size of the wall. This spectacle in the nighttime or in a very dark place frightened those who were ignorant of the artifice as

much as it pleased those who were acquainted with it. On this account they have given it the name of the magic lantern.

Nor was perspective forgotten. Père Bruglio gave the emperor three drafts wherein the rules were exactly kept. He showed three copies of the same in the Jesuits' Garden at Peking. The mandarins, who flock to this city from all parts, came to see them out of curiosity, and were all equally struck with the sight. They could not conceive how it was possible on a plain cloth to represent halls, galleries, porticoes, roads, and alleys that seemed to reach as far as the eye could see, and all this so naturally that at the first sight they were deceived by it.

Statics likewise had its turn. They offered the emperor a machine the principal parts of which were only four notched wheels and an iron grapple. With the help of this machine, a child raised several thousand weight without difficulty, and stood firm against the efforts of twenty strong men.

With respect to hydrostatics, they made for the emperor pumps, canals, siphons, wheels, and several other machines proper to raise water above the level of the spring; and among others, a machine which they made use of to raise water out of the river, called the ten thousand springs, and to carry it into the ground belonging to the emperor's demesnes, as he had desired.

Père Grimaldi also made a present to the emperor of a hydraulic machine of a new type. There appeared in it a ceaseless *jet d'eau*, or cascade, a clock that went very true, the motions of the heavens, and an accurate alarm.

The pneumatic machines also did no less excite the

emperor's curiosity. They caused a wagon to be made of light wood about two feet long. In the middle of it they placed a brazen vessel full of live coals, and upon that an æolipile, the wind of which came through a little pipe upon a sort of wheel made like the sails of a windmill. This little wheel turned another with an axletree, and by that means set the wagon in motion for two hours together; but lest room should be wanting to proceed constantly forward, it was contrived to move circularly in the following manner: To the axletree of the two hind wheels was fixed a small beam, and at the end of this beam another axletree, which went through the center of another wheel somewhat larger than the rest; and according as this wheel was nearer or farther from the wagon, it described a greater or lesser circle. The same contrivance was likewise fixed to a little ship with four wheels. The æolipile was hid in the middle of the ship, and the wind proceeding out of two small pipes filled the little sails and made it wheel about a long while. The artifice being concealed, there was nothing heard but a noise like a blast of wind or like that which water makes about a vessel.

I have already spoken of the organ which was presented to the emperor; but as this was defective in many things, Père Pereira made a larger one, and placed it in the Jesuits' church at Peking. The novelty of this harmony charmed the Chinese; but that which astonished them most was that this organ played of itself Chinese as well as European airs, and sometimes both together.

It was well known, as I have elsewhere mentioned, that what gave Père Ricci a favorable admission into the emperor's court was a clock and a striking watch of

which he made him a present. This prince was so much charmed with it that he built a magnificent tower purposely to place it in, and because the queen-mother had a desire for a striking watch, the emperor had recourse to a stratagem to disappoint her by ordering the watch to be shown her without calling her attention to the striking part, so that she, not finding it according to her fancy, sent it back.

They did not fail afterwards to comply with the emperor's taste, for great quantities of curious things were sent out of Europe by Christian princes, who had the conversion of this great empire at heart, insomuch that the emperor's cabinet was soon filled with various rarities, especially clocks of the most recently invented type and most curious workmanship.

Père Pereira, who had singular talent for music, placed a large and magnificent clock on the top of the Jesuits' church. He had made a great number of small bells in a musical proportion and placed them in a tower appointed for that purpose. Every hammer was fastened to an iron wire which raised it and immediately let it fall upon the bell. Within the tower was a large barrel upon which Christian airs were marked with small spikes. Immediately before the hour the barrel was disengaged from the teeth of a wheel, by which it was suspended and stopped. It then was instantly set in motion by a great weight, the string of which was wound about the barrel. The spikes raised the wires of the hammers, according to the order of the tune, so that by this means the finest airs of the country were heard.

This was a diversion entirely new both for the court and city, and crowds of all sorts came constantly to hear

it; the church, though large, was not sufficient for the throng that incessantly went backward and forward.

Whenever any extraordinary phenomena, such as a parhelion, rainbows, etc., appeared in the heavens, the emperor immediately sent for the missionaries to explain their causes. They composed several books concerning these natural appearances, and to support their explanations in the most sensible manner they contrived a machine to represent the effects of nature in the heavens.

It was a drum made very close and whitened on the inside. The inward surface represented the heavens, the light of the sun entering through a little hole passed through a triangular prism of glass and fell upon a polished cylinder. From this cylinder it was reflected upon the concavity of the drum and exactly painted the color of the rainbow. From a part of the cylinder a little flattened was reflected the image of the sun; and by other refractions and reflections were shown the halos about sun and moon, and all the rest of the phenomena relating to celestial colors, according as the prism was more or less inclined towards the cylinder.

They also presented the emperor with thermometers to show the several degrees of heat and cold, to which was added a very nice hygrometer to discover the several degrees of moisture and dryness. It was a barrel of a large diameter, suspended by a thick string made of catgut of a proper length and parallel to the horizon. The least change in the air contracts or relaxes the string, and causes the barrel to turn sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left, and stretches or loosens to the right or left upon the circumference of the barrel a

small string which draws a little pendulum and marks the several degrees of humidity on one, and on the other those of dryness.

All these different inventions of human wit, till then unknown to the Chinese, abated something of their natural pride and taught them not to have too contemptible an opinion of foreigners; nay, it so far altered their way of thinking that they began to look upon Europeans as their masters.

THE EMPEROR AND THE MUSICIAN

BY PÈRE DU HALDE

THE Chinese like the European music well enough, provided that there is but one voice to accompany the sound of several instruments. But as for the contrast of different voices, of grave and acute sounds, they are not at all agreeable to their taste, for they look upon them as no better than disagreeable confusion.

They have no musical notes, nor any sign to denote the diversity of tones, the rising or falling of the voice, and the rest of the variations that constitute harmony. The airs which they sing or play upon their instruments are got only by rote and are learned by the ear. Nevertheless, they make new ones from time to time.

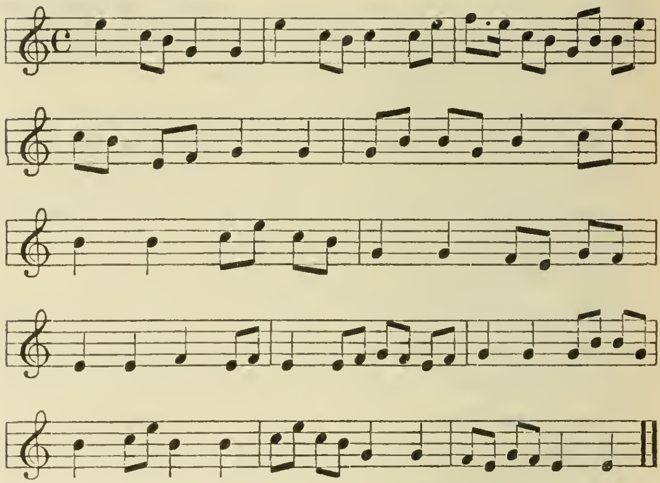
The ease wherewith we retain an air after the first hearing, by the assistance of notes, extremely surprised the late emperor. In the year 1679, he sent for Père Grimaldi and Père Pereira to play upon an organ and a harpsichord that they had formerly presented him. He liked our European airs and seemed to take great pleasure in them. Then he ordered his musicians to play a Chinese air upon their instruments, and played likewise himself in a very graceful manner.

Père Pereira took his pocketbook and pricked down all the tune while the musicians were playing, and when they had finished, repeated it without missing a note, which the emperor could scarcely believe, his surprise was so great that the father had learned in so short a time an air which had been so troublesome to him and

his musicians, and that by the assistance of the characters he could recollect it at any time with pleasure.

To be more certain of this, he put him to trial several times, and sang several different airs, which the father took down in his book, and then repeated exactly with the greatest accuracy. "It must be owned," cried the

CHINESE MUSIC



emperor, "European music is incomparable, and this father has not his equal in all the empire." This prince afterwards established an academy of music, and made the most skillful persons in that science members of it, and committed it to the care of his third son, a man of letters and who had read much.

They began by examining all the authors that had written upon the subject, they caused all sorts of instruments to be made after the ancient manner and accord-

ing to the size proposed. The faults of these instruments were discovered and corrected, after which they composed a book in four tomes with the title, "The True Doctrine of Li lu, written by the Order of the Emperor." To these four tomes they added a fifth concerning the "Elements of European Music, made by P. Pereira."

THE MAN WHO WAS AFRAID OF BECOMING A HORSE

BY PÈRE DU HALDE

[ALTHOUGH these stories were written by Père du Halde, they were made up from letters and reports of a number of Jesuit missionaries.

The Editor.]

THEY called me one day to baptize a sick person, who was an old man of seventy, and lived upon a small pension given him by the emperor. When I entered his room, he said, "I am obliged to you, my father, that you are going to deliver me from a heavy punishment."

"That is not all," replied I, "baptism not only delivers persons from hell, but conducts them to a life of blessedness."

"I do not comprehend," replied the sick person, "what it is you say, and perhaps I have not sufficiently explained myself. You know that for some time I have lived on the emperor's benevolence, and the bonzes [Buddhist priests], who are well instructed in what passes in the next world, have assured me that out of gratitude I should be obliged to serve him after death, and that my soul would infallibly pass into a post horse to carry dispatches out of the provinces to court. For this reason they exhort me to perform my duty well, when I shall have assumed my new being, and to take care not to stumble, nor wince, nor bite, nor hurt anybody. Besides, they direct me to travel well, to eat little, to be

patient, and by that means move the compassion of the deities, who often convert a good beast into a man of quality, and make him a considerable mandarin. I own, father, that this thought makes me shudder, and I cannot think on it without trembling. I dream of it every night, and sometimes when I am asleep, I think myself harnessed and ready to set out at the first stroke of the rider. I then wake in a sweat and under great concern, not being able to determine whether I am a man or a horse; but, alas, what will become of me when I shall be a horse in reality? This, then, my father, is the resolution that I am come to: They say that those of your religion are not subject to these miseries, that men continue to be men and shall be the same in the next world as they are in this. I beseech you to receive me among you. I know that your religion is hard to be observed, but if it was still more difficult, I am ready to embrace it; and whatever it cost me, I should rather be a Christian than become a beast."

This discourse and the present condition of the sick person excited my compassion; but reflecting afterwards that God makes use of simplicity and ignorance to lead men to the truth, I took occasion to undeceive him in his errors and to direct him in the way of salvation. I gave him instructions a long time, and at length he believed, and I had the consolation to see him die not only with the most rational sentiments, but with all the marks of a good Christian.

HOW THE BONZES GOT THE DUCKS

BY PÈRE LE COMTE

[THERE was no end to the deceits that these bonzes practiced upon the Chinese. The following tale of their trickery is a favorite among the more intelligent Chinamen.

The Editor.]

Two of these bonzes, one day perceiving in the court of a rich peasant two or three large ducks, prostrated themselves before the door and began to sigh and weep bitterly. The good woman, who perceived them from her chamber, came out to learn the reason of their grief.

"We know," said they, "that the souls of our fathers have passed into the bodies of these creatures, and the fear we are under that you should kill them will certainly make us die with grief."

"I own," said the woman, "that we were determined to sell them; but since they are your parents, I promise to keep them."

This was not what the bonzes wanted, and therefore they added, —

"Perhaps your husband will not be so charitable as yourself, and you may rest assured that it will be fatal to us if any accident happens to them."

In short, after a great deal of discourse, the good woman was so moved with their seeming grief that she gave them the ducks to take care of; which they took very respectfully after several protestations, and the selfsame evening made a feast of them for their little society.

A VISIT TO A LAMA

BY PÈRE GERBILLON

[AMONG the Tartars the priests of Buddha are all called lamas, but are of greatly differing rank.

The Editor.]

OUR ambassadors, upon their coming into the town, went directly to the chief pagoda, several lamas coming to receive them and to conduct them across the square court, quite large and well paved with square tiles, to the pagoda, where was one of their chiefs. He was one of those whom the impostors say never die. They affirm that when his soul is separated from his body, it immediately enters into that of a newborn child. The veneration which the Tartars have for these impostors is incredible, even worshiping them as gods upon earth. I was witness of this respect which our ambassador and a part of his retinue, particularly the Mongols, paid him. The person who then pretended to be thus brought again into life was a young man about twenty-five years old. His face was very long and rather flat. He was seated under a canopy at the farther end of the pagoda upon two cushions, one of brocade and the other of yellow satin. A large mantle of the finest Chinese yellow damask covered his body from head to foot, so that nothing of him could be seen but his head, which was quite bare. His hair was curled, his gown edged with a sort of particolored silk lace, four or five fingers broad, much as our

church copes are, and which the mantle of this lama was not much unlike. All the civility which he showed the ambassadors was to rise from his seat when they appeared in the pagoda and to continue standing the whole time he received their compliments, or rather adoration. The ceremonial was as follows: The ambassadors, when they were five or six paces distant from the lama, first veiled their bonnets to the very ground, then prostrated themselves thrice, striking the ground with their foreheads. After this adoration, they went one after the other to kneel at his feet. The lama put his hands upon their heads and made them touch his bead-roll, or string of beads. After this, the ambassadors retired and made the same adoration a second time; then they went to sit down under canopies got ready on each side. The counterfeit god being first seated, the ambassadors took their places, one on his right hand, and the other on his left, some of the most considerable mandarins seating themselves next to them. When they had sat down, the people of their retinue came also to pay their adoration, to receive the imposition of hands, and to touch the bead-roll; but there were not many there who had this respect shown them.

In the mean time there was Tartarian tea brought in in large silver pots, with a special one for this pretended immortal carried by a lama, who poured it out for him into a fine china cup, which he reached himself from a silver stand that was placed near him. The motion he at that time used opened his mantle, and I observed that his arms were naked up to the shoulders, and that he had no other clothes under his mantle but red and yellow scarfs, which were wrapped round his body. He was

always served first. The ambassadors saluted him by bowing the head both before and after drinking tea, according to the custom of the Tartars; but he did not make the least motion in return to their civility.

A little after, a collation was served up, a table being first set before this living idol; then one was set before each of the ambassadors, and the mandarin who attended them. Père Pereira and I had also the same honor done us. There were upon these tables dishes of certain wretched dried fruits and a sort of long thin cakes made of flour and oil, which had a very strong smell. After this collation, which I had no inclination to taste of, but with which our Tartars and their attendants were very well entertained, tea was brought a second time. A little after, the same tables were brought in covered with meat and rice. There was upon each table a large dish of beef and mutton half dressed, a china dish full of rice, very white and clean, and another of broth, and some salt dissolved in water and vinegar. The same sort of meat was set before the attendants of the ambassadors who sat behind us. What surprised me was to see the Great Mandarin devour this meat, which was half dressed, cold, and so hard that, having put a piece into my mouth only to taste it, I was forced to turn it out again.

But there was none played their part so well as two Kalkas Tartars who came in whilst we were at table. Having paid the adoration to and received the imposition of hands from the living idol, they fell upon one of these dishes of meat with a surprising appetite, each of them taking a piece of flesh in one hand and his knife in the other, and cutting unusually large slices, after

which they dipped them in the salt and water, and swallowed them down.

All being taken away, tea was brought once more, after which there was quite a long conversation, the living idol keeping his countenance very well. I don't think that during the whole time we were there he spoke more than five or six words, and that very low and only in answer to some questions which the ambassadors asked him. He kept continually turning his eyes around and staring very earnestly on each side, and sometimes smiling. There was another lama seated near one of the ambassadors who kept up the conversation, probably because he was the superior, for all the other lamas, who waited at table as well as the servants, received orders from him.

After a short conversation, the ambassadors arose and went about the pagoda to take a view of the paintings, which are very coarse after the manner of the Chinese. There is not a statue in it as in other pagodas, only figures of the deities painted on the walls. At the bottom of the pagoda there is a throne, or sort of altar, upon which the living idol is placed, having over his head a canopy of yellow silk; and here he receives the adoration of the people. On the sides there are several lamps, though we saw but one lighted. Going out of the pagoda, we went upstairs, where we found a wretched gallery, with chambers on all sides of it. In one of them there was a child of seven or eight years old, dressed and seated as a living idol, with a lamp burning by him. It was probable this child was designed one time or other to succeed the present idol, for these deceivers have always one ready to substitute in the place of another in case of

death, and feed the stupidity of the Tartars with this extravagant notion that the idol comes to life and appears again in the body of a young man into whom his soul passed. This is the reason for their so great veneration for the lamas, whom they not only implicitly obey in all their commands, but make them an offering of the best of everything they have; and therefore some of the Mongols of the ambassadors' retinue paid the same adoration to this child as they had done to the other lama. This child did not make the least motion nor speak one single word. We found also in another chamber a lama singing his prayers, written upon leaves of coarse brown paper.

When our curiosity was satisfied, our ambassadors took leave of this impostor, who neither stirred from his seat nor paid them the least civility, after which they went to another pagoda to visit another living idol, who came to meet them the day before; but Père Pereira and I returned to the camp.

IX

THE FIRST TWO CENTURIES OF MANCHU RULE

HISTORICAL NOTE

By the fourteenth century the kingdom founded by Kublai Khan had fallen to pieces and China was once again ruled by native sovereigns. The Tartars still harassed the frontiers, however, and in 1644 the warlike Manchus were called in to defend the kingdom against them. They entered it as conquerors and established a Manchu dynasty that ruled until the revolution of 1912.

Meanwhile, several nations were seeking commercial privileges. Portugal, Holland, Russia, and England were all eager to extend their trade. Russia met with favor, but England's attempt to make the country into a market for her Indian opium aroused the just wrath of the Chinese. They seized some twenty million dollars' worth of the drug and destroyed it. War followed. By the treaty which closed the war, five ports were thrown open to all nations. One year later, in 1844, the United States signed a treaty with China; but the hatred of the Chinese for foreigners made the privileges that the Americans had won of comparatively small value.

The Chinese had never been content under their Manchu rulers, and in 1850 a formidable revolt broke out against them in southern China. The Tai-ping Rebellion, as it was called, lasted for fourteen years, but was finally suppressed by General Gordon who was given command of the Imperial army. In 1873 the Chinese Emperor for the first time gave a personal audience to foreign envoys without obliging them to kow-tow, or pay him homage, thus admitting the equality of other nations and putting an end to the old policy of isolation.

THE COMING OF THE KALMUCKS

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY

[1771 A. D.]

[In 1616, a Tartar tribe, the Torgotes, or Kalmucks, left China and went to the shores of the Caspian Sea. The Russian rule, however, finally became so unbearable that in 1771 the descendants of these people determined to return to China. There were six hundred thousand of them, men, women, and children. Their flight began in the winter. For thousands of miles they waded through deep snow, they crossed rivers, they fought hostile tribes who pursued them like demons, they suffered from famine and from cold and heat. Of the six hundred thousand, one hundred and forty thousand had died when at last they drew near to the Great Wall. The following extract describes their approach.

The Editor.]

On a fine morning of early autumn of the year 1771, Kien Long, the Emperor of China, was pursuing his amusements in a wild frontier district lying on the outside of the Great Wall. For many hundred square leagues the country was desolate of inhabitants, but rich in woods of ancient growth and overrun with game of every description. In a central spot of this solitary region the emperor had built a gorgeous hunting-lodge, to which he resorted annually for recreation and relief from the cares of government.

Led onwards in pursuit of game, he had rambled to a distance of two hundred miles or more from his lodge,

followed at a little distance by a sufficient military escort, and every night pitching his tent in a different situation, until at length he had arrived on the very margin of the vast central deserts of Asia.

Here he was standing by accident, at an opening of his pavilion, enjoying the morning sunshine, when suddenly to the westward there arose a vast, cloudy vapor, which by degrees expanded, mounted, and seemed to be slowly diffusing itself over the whole face of the heavens. By and by this vast sheet of mist began to thicken toward the horizon and to roll forward in billowy volumes.

The emperor's suite assembled from all quarters; the silver trumpets were sounded in the rear; and from all the glades and forest avenues began to trot forwards towards the pavilion the yagers — half cavalry, half huntsmen — who composed the imperial escort. Conjecture was on the stretch to divine the cause of this phenomenon; and the interest continually increased in proportion as simple curiosity gradually deepened into the anxiety of uncertain danger.

At first it had been imagined that some vast troops of deer or other wild animals of the chase had been disturbed in their forest haunts by the emperor's movements, or possibly by wild beasts prowling for prey, and might be fetching a compass by way of reëntering the forest grounds at some remoter points, secure from molestation. But this conjecture was dissipated by the slow increase of the cloud and the steadiness of its motion. In the course of two hours the vast phenomenon had advanced to a point which was judged to be within five miles of the spectators, though all calculations of distance were

difficult, and often fallacious, when applied to the endless expanses of the Tartar deserts.

Through the next hour, during which the gentle morning breeze had a little freshened, the dusty vapor had developed itself far and wide into the appearance of huge aërial draperies, hanging in mighty volumes from the sky to the earth; and at particular points where the eddies of the breeze acted upon the pendulous skirts of these aërial curtains, rents were perceived, sometimes taking the form of regular arches, portals, and windows, through which began dimly to gleam the heads of camels "indorsed" with human beings, and at intervals the moving of men and horses in tumultuous array, and then through other openings, or vistas, at far-distant points, the flashing of polished arms.

But sometimes, as the wind slackened or died away, all those openings, of whatever form, in the cloudy pall, would slowly close, and for a time the whole pageant was shut up from view; although the growing din, the clamors, the shrieks, and groans ascending from infuriated myriads, reported, in a language not to be misunderstood, what was going on behind the cloudy screen.

[These were the Kalmucks, pursued by their savage enemies. The emperor had known that they were coming, but he had no reason to expect them for at least three months. By the clangor of weapons and the cries of agony, he knew what was happening. He summoned the cavalry and artillery that always guarded him, and the wretched wanderers were soon free from their foes. Food and clothes and money and land and cattle and agricultural implements were already provided for them.

On the margin of the desert great columns of granite and brass were afterwards reared with the following inscription, telling the story of this flight.

The Editor.]

By the Will of God
Here, upon the Brink of these Deserts,
Which from this point begin and stretch away,
Pathless, treeless, waterless,
For thousands of miles, and along the margins of many mighty Nations,
Rested from their labors and from great afflictions
Under the shadow of the Chinese Wall,
And by the favor of KIEN LONG, God's Lieutenant upon Earth,
The ancient Children of the Wilderness — the Torgote Tartars —
Flying before the wrath of the Grecian Czar,
Wandering Sheep who had strayed away from the Celestial Empire in the year 1616,
But are now mercifully gathered again, after infinite sorrow,
Into the fold of their forgiving Shepherd.
Hallowed be the spot forever,
and
Hallowed be the day — September 8, 1771!
Amen.

CHINESE PUNISHMENTS

BY PÈRE DU HALDE

No crimes pass unpunished in China. The bastinado is the common punishment for slight faults, and the number of blows is proportionable to the nature of the fault. This is the punishment which the officers of war immediately inflict upon the soldiers who, being placed as sentinels in the night time in the streets and public places of great cities, are found asleep.

When the number of blows does not exceed twenty, it is accounted a fatherly correction, and not an infamous. The emperor himself sometimes commands it to be inflicted on great persons, and afterwards sees them and treats them as usual.

A very small matter will incur this correction; as having taken a trifle, said opprobrious things, given a few blows with the fist. If these things reach the mandarin's ears, he immediately sets the battoon at work. After the correction is over, they are to kneel before the judge, bow their bodies three times to the earth, and thank him for the care he takes of their education.

The instrument wherewith he inflicts the bastinado is a thick cane, cloven in two, and several feet long. The lower part is as broad as one's hand, and the upper is smooth and small, that it may more easily be managed. It is made of the bamboo, which is a wood that is hard, strong, and heavy.

When the mandarin sits in judgment, he is placed before a table upon which is a case full of small staves about

half a foot long and two fingers broad, and he is surrounded with tall footmen with battoons in their hands. At a certain sign that he gives by taking out and throwing down these staves, they seize the criminal and lay him down with his face towards the ground, and as many small staves as the mandarin draws out of the case and throws on the ground, so many footmen succeed each other, every one giving five blows with a battoon on the guilty person's bare skin.

However, it is observable that four blows are always reckoned as five, which they call the grace of the emperor, who as a father has compassion on the people, always subtracting something from the punishment. There is another method of mitigating the punishment, which is to bribe those that apply it, for they have the art of managing in such a manner that the blows shall fall very lightly and the punishment become almost insensible.

It is not only in his tribunal that the mandarin has power to give the bastinado; it is the same thing in whatever place he is, even out of his district, for which reason when he goes abroad he has always officers of justice in his train who carry the battoon.

As for one of the vulgar, it is sufficient not to have alighted if he was on horseback when the mandarin passed by, or to have crossed the street in his presence, to receive five or six blows by his order. The performance of it is so quick that it is often done before those who are present perceive anything of the matter. Masters use the same correction to their scholars, fathers to their children, and noblemen to punish their domestics, with this difference that the battoon is every way less.

Another punishment, less painful, but more infamous, is the wooden collar which the Portuguese have called *cangue*. This cangue is composed of two pieces of wood, hollowed in the middle to place the neck of the criminal in. When he has been condemned by the mandarin, they take these two pieces of wood, lay them on his shoulders, and join them together in such a manner that there is room only for the neck. By this means, the person can neither see his feet nor put his hand to his mouth, but is obliged to be fed by some other person. He carries night and day this disagreeable load, which is heavier or lighter according to the nature of the fault. Some cangues weigh two hundred pounds, and are so troublesome to criminals that out of shame, confusion, pain, want of nourishment and sleep, they die under them. Some are three feet square and five or six inches thick; the common sort weigh fifty or sixty pounds.

The criminals find different ways to mitigate the punishment. Some walk in company with their relations and friends, who support the four corners of the cangue that it may not gall their shoulders. Others rest it on a table or on a bench; others have a chair made proper to support the four corners, and so sit tolerably easy.

When, in the presence of the mandarin, they have joined the two pieces of wood about the neck of the criminal, they paste on each side two long slips of paper about four fingers broad, on which they fix a seal, that the two pieces which compose the cangue may not be separated without its being perceived. Then they write in large characters the crime for which this punishment is inflicted and the time that it ought to last; for instance,

if it be a thief or seditious person or a disturber of the peace of families, a gamester, etc., he must wear the cangue for three months in a particular place. The place where they are exposed is generally at the gate of a temple which is much frequented, or where two streets cross, or at the gate of the city, or in a public square, or even at the principal gate of the mandarin's tribunal.

When the time of punishment is expired, the officers of the tribunal bring back the criminal to the mandarin, who, after having exhorted him to amend his conduct, frees him from the cangue, and to take his leave of him orders him twenty strokes of the battoon, for it is the common custom of the Chinese justices not to inflict any punishment unless it be a pecuniary one, which is not preceded and succeeded by the bastinado, inasmuch that it may be said that the Chinese Government subsists by the exercise of the battoon.

Besides the punishment of the cangue, there are still others which are inflicted for slight faults. A missionary entering into a tribunal found young people upon their knees. Some bore on their heads a stone weighing seven or eight pounds; others held a book in their hand and seemed to read diligently. Among these was a young married man about thirty years old who loved gaming to excess. He had lost one part of the money with which his father had furnished him to carry on his business; exhortations, reprimands, threatenings, proved ineffectual to root out this passion, so that his father, being still desirous to cure him of this disease, conducted him to the mandarin's tribunal. The mandarin, who was a man of honor and probity, hearing the father's complaint, caused the young man to draw near, and

after a severe reprimand and proper advice, he was going to have him bastinadoed, when his mother entered all of a sudden, and throwing herself at the mandarin's feet, with tears in her eyes besought him to pardon her son.

The mandarin granted her petition, and ordered a book to be brought, composed by the emperor for the instruction of the empire, and opening it chose the article which related to filial obedience. "You promise me," he said to the young man, "to renounce play and to listen to your father's directions. I therefore pardon you this time; but go and kneel in the gallery on the side of the hall of audience, and learn by heart this article of filial obedience. You shall not depart from the tribunal till you repeat it and promise to observe it the remainder of your life." This order was exactly put in execution. The young man remained three days in the gallery, learned the article, and was dismissed.

There are some crimes for which the criminals are marked on the cheek, and the mark which is impressed is a Chinese character signifying their crime. There are others for which they are condemned to banishment or to draw the royal barques. This servitude lasts no longer than three years. As for banishment, it is often perpetual, especially if Tartary is the place of exile; but before they depart, they are sure to be bastinadoed; and the number of blows is proportionable to their crime.

Unless in some extraordinary cases, which are mentioned in the body of the Chinese laws, or for which the emperor permits immediate execution upon the spot, no mandarin or superior tribunal can pronounce

definitively the sentence of death. The judgments of all crimes worthy of death are to be examined, decided, and subscribed by the emperor. The mandarins send to court the account of the trials and their decision, mentioning the particular law on which their sentence is founded; for instance, "Such a one is guilty of a crime, and the law declares that those who are convicted of it shall be strangled, for which reason I have condemned him to be strangled."

These informations being come to court, the superior tribunal of criminal affairs examines the fact, the circumstances, and the decision. If the fact is not clearly proved or the tribunal has need of fresh information, it presents a memorial to the emperor containing the proof of the crime and the sentence of the inferior mandarin, and it adds, "To give a just judgment it seems necessary that we should be informed of such a circumstance; therefore we think it requisite to refer the matter to such a mandarin that he may clear up the difficulty that lies in our way." The emperor gives what order he pleases; but his clemency always inclines him to do what is desired, that a man's life may not be taken away for a slight cause and without sufficient proof. When the superior has received the information that it required, it presents a second time the deliberation to the emperor. Then the emperor either confirms the sentence or diminishes the rigor of the punishment. Sometimes he sends back the memorial, writing these words with his own hand, "Let the tribunal deliberate further upon this matter and make their report to me." Every part of the judicature is extremely scrupulous when a man's life is concerned.

THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN, PEKING

THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN, PEKING

It has been rather unkindly declared that China has no architecture. However that may be, she has certainly some extremely interesting buildings. The most peculiar of these are the pagodas, or *taas*, as the Chinese call them. These are high, tapering towers, built in stories, each story with a projecting roof. Generally these roofs have an appearance of sagging like an awning or a tent. Light bells are hung upon them, which tinkle in the breeze. The towers are made of brick, covered with either marble or glazed tiles. Some of these structures are thirteen stories in height.

The temples are built on this same general plan, but have pavilions for idols, rooms for priests, and inclosures for animals to be used in sacrifice. The Temple of Heaven at Peking, with its triple roof and deep-blue porcelain tiles, is the most imposing of all Confucian temples. Here the Emperor of China was wont to offer sacrifice every twenty-second of December, and also whenever drought or famine called for the special favor of the god Shang-ti.

The dwellings of the Chinese must by law correspond to the rank of the owners. A common plan is to make the house about four times as deep as it is wide, with a broad passage from the front to the dining-room, which runs across the house in the rear. The kitchen is behind this. The larger rooms may at a moment's notice be divided by movable partitions, which are always kept ready. The Chinese begin a building by first making a roof supported by wooden posts. As the walls are built, these posts are removed.

WHY THE CHINAMAN WEARS A QUEUE

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

THE mark of nationality among these northeastern Tartars [the Manchus] was the queue. They shaved the whole front of the scalp and then let their hair grow behind into a long tail. A young Manchu warrior was as proud of his tail of hair as a Mohawk or Pawnee Indian was of his scalp-lock.

Before this time, the Chinese wore their hair as the Koreans do, that is, done up in a sort of knot or chignon at the back of the head. Thus it happens that Chinese, on first coming to Korea, are amused at seeing the fashion of topknots prevalent, just as it was among their ancestors of the Ming period. If short by nature, the queue was lengthened out, by means of black silk or false hair, so as to reach below the knees. In China this queue became the solemn mark of loyalty to the Manchu sovereign. Millions of natives were slaughtered before they would submit their heads to the razor. Although Chinese males wash their own clothes, being laundrymen by habit, they do not shave themselves, but pay for their tonsure. To the Manchus the barbers of China are very grateful.

Until our twentieth century, in China, not to wear the queue, or to cut it off, was a sign of disloyalty to the emperor. Some of the anti-dynastic secret societies showed their enmity to the Peking rulers by secretly snipping off the queues of prominent citizens, or men high in office, thus bringing disgrace and shame upon them.

Nevertheless the Chinese are not peculiar in priding themselves on their hair tails, for it was the fashion with Europeans and Americans in the eighteenth century to wear them. Most of the Continental soldiers and sailors in the Revolution had pigtails which they larded, powdered, or wore in eelskins, looking just as funny as do the Chinese. In every country in the world there is a language of hair. The fashions of hair and head-gear serve as signs of nationality, sex, marital promise or condition. The Japanese, however, cut off their topknots in 1870, the Koreans two decades later, and the Chinese are now slowly following the example of the world at large. In China, whether with or without hair tails, the men follow a uniform fashion, but there is an amazing variety among the women in arranging their tresses.

When the Manchus appeared before the oft-besieged and many times captured city of Liao-yang, the people submitted to their new masters, giving signs of their sincerity by shaving the front part of their scalps and waiting for their queues to grow.

HOW THE CHINESE RECEIVED THE FIRST ENGLISH AMBASSADOR

BY CHARLES GÜTZLAFF

[1792 A.D.]

[For many centuries China had little intercourse with other countries. Various European nations tried to form commercial relations with her, and there was buying and selling between them, but it was most unsatisfactory. The rules made by the Chinese were as fickle as the wind. Often the merchants, or "foreign devils," as the Chinese called them, were in danger of their lives. Several nations had sent representatives to China, and in 1792 England decided to send Lord Macartney as an ambassador to the emperor in the hope of establishing safe and reasonable relations of trade.

Even before the ambassador landed, the tricky Chinamen contrived to run up a flag on the vessel that bore him up the Peiho, whereon was written "Tribute-bearer from England." This was quite in accordance with the Chinese custom of claiming all gifts as tribute. Another custom of theirs was that whoever approached the throne of the emperor must perform the *kotow*, that is, must kneel three times, and at each kneeling must bow three times till his head touched the floor. This was the way in which the greater idols were approached and signified that the emperor was a god. Lord Macartney told the Chinese legate that he would not perform the *kotow* unless a high officer of state would *kotow* before a picture of the King of England. The emperor finally agreed to admit the ambassador, who bent his knee, as he would have done before his own sovereign.

The Editor.]

On the day of audience the ambassadors were ushered into the garden of Jeho. Tents had been pitched; the

imperial one had nothing magnificent, but was distinguished from all the others by its yellow color. The imperial family, as well as mandarins of the first rank, had all collected. Shortly after daylight the sound of musical instruments announced the approach of the emperor. He was seated in an open chair, borne by sixteen men, and seen emerging from a grove in the background. Clad in a plain dark silk with a velvet bonnet and a pearl in front of it, he wore no other distinguishing mark of his high rank. As soon as the monarch was seated upon his throne, the master of the ceremonies led the ambassador toward the steps. The latter approached, bent his knee, and handed, in a casket set with diamonds, the letter addressed to His Imperial Majesty by the King of England. The emperor assured him of the satisfaction he felt at the testimony which His Britannic Majesty gave him of his esteem and good will in sending him an embassy with a letter and rare presents; that he on his part entertained sentiments of the same kind toward the sovereign of Great Britain, and hoped that harmony would always be maintained between their respective subjects. He then presented to the ambassador a stone scepter, whilst he graciously received the private presents of the principal personages of the embassy. He was perfectly good-humored, and especially pleased with the son of Sir G. Staunton, who talked a little Chinese, and received as a token of imperial favor a yellow plain tobacco pouch with the figure of the five-clawed dragon embroidered upon it. Afterward the ambassadors from Burmah and little Bukharia were introduced and performed the nine prostrations. A sumptuous banquet was then served up, and

after their departure they had presents sent to them consisting of silks, porcelain, and teas. Upon an application made to the prime minister, respecting a merchant ship which had accompanied the ambassador's frigate, they received the most flattering answer, and every request was fully granted to them. Having accompanied the embassy, the ship was to pay no duty. After their return to Peking, it was intimated to them that His Majesty, on his way to Yuen-ming-yuen, would be delighted if the ambassador came to meet him on the road. When the emperor observed him, he stopped short and graciously addressed him. He was carried in a chair and followed by a clumsy cart, which could not be distinguished from other vehicles if it had not been for the yellow cloth over it. On his arrival at Yuen-ming-yuen, he viewed with great delight the various presents which the ambassador had brought with him. A model of the "Royal Sovereign," a ship of war of a hundred and ten guns, attracted much of his notice.

In consequence of this embassy, His Imperial Majesty called together a council to deliberate what answer ought to be given to the letter. The result of this conference was that the ambassador was given to understand that, as the winter approached, he ought to be thinking about his departure. At an interview with the minister of state, to which he was invited in the palace, he found the emperor's answer contained in a large roll covered with yellow silk and placed in a chair of state. From thence it was sent into the ambassador's hotel, accompanied by several presents. News which arrived from Canton, stating the probability of a rupture between England and the French Republic, hastened

the departure of the ambassador. He had been very anxious to obtain some privileges for the British trade, but the prime minister was as anxious to evade all conversation upon business. The splendid embassy was only viewed as a congratulatory mission and treated as such. The Chinese were certainly not wanting in politeness, nor did the emperor even treat them rudely; but empty compliments were not the object of this expensive expedition.

[The next English ambassador, Lord Amherst, who came in 1817, refused to *kotow*, was told that he was a rude man who did not know how to behave, and was bidden to go home at once.

The Editor.]

OPIUM-EATERS

BY WILLIAM SPEER

[The Chinese were certainly the most exasperating of mortals, but trade with them was growing more and more valuable, especially to the English, for in British India there were vast fields of the poppy from which opium is obtained. The Chinese were fast becoming a nation of opium-users. The emperor forbade the introduction of the drug into China; but it was easy to bribe the Chinese officials, and the quantity sold increased every year. This is the way its effects are described by a man who lived in the country for many years.

The Editor.]

The face becomes pale and haggard, the eyes moist and vacant, the whole expression miserable and idiotic. The body wastes to a skeleton, the joints are tortured with pain. The sensation of gnawing in the stomach when deprived of the drug is described by those addicted to its use to be like the tearing of its tender coats by the claws of an animal of prey, while a return to it fills the brain with horrid and tormenting visions like the mania of delirium tremens. I have seen strong men, when unable to obtain their accustomed dose, crazy with the suffering, the face crimsoned in some cases, and the perspiration streaming down in a shower. Few individuals of those whom it possesses are able to find a sufficient antidote. The subject lingers a few years, and a dreary and unpitied death ends the scene.

A "BOSTON TEA-PARTY" IN CHINA

BY WILLIAM SPEER

[SOME of the Chinese officials urged the emperor to allow the sale of opium. The traders would pay him a large tax, they said, and thus an immense revenue would come to the Government. The emperor positively refused. "I will not receive a revenue," he declared, "from a thing that will destroy the lives and happiness of my people."

The Editor.]

IN January, 1839, the Government sent the police to search the native houses of Canton and seize opium wherever found. This led to a curious scene, highly characteristic of the democratic character of the Chinese institutions and the independence of the people. The people would not allow the search to begin until they had first searched the policemen, who were generally known as the greatest opium-smokers in the city. A few days after this, the Canton authorities caused a native opium-smuggler to be executed in front of the factories, whereupon all the foreign flags were immediately struck. The governor took no notice of a remonstrance addressed to him by Captain Eliot, the British superintendent of trade.

A week after these occurrences the celebrated Commissioner Lin arrived from court, vested with the most absolute powers that were ever delegated by the emperor. When he arrived at Canton, there were several British ships in the river, having not less than twenty thousand chests of opium on board. These he demanded should be

given up without delay, to be destroyed. He blockaded the factories, and even threatened to put the occupants to death; on which the British superintendent — Captain Eliot — deemed it advisable to agree to the surrender of the opium, in order to secure the safety of his countrymen. Several weeks were occupied in the landing of the forfeited drug, during which the merchants were still detained in the factories; but as soon as it was ascertained that all the chests had been brought on shore, the troops were withdrawn and the captives left at liberty to depart.

In the mean time the commissioner had sent to Peking for instructions how to dispose of the property he had seized, and received the following order, in the name of the emperor: "Lin and his colleagues are to assemble the civil and military officers and destroy the opium before their eyes; thus manifesting to the natives dwelling on the seacoast and the foreigners of the outside nations an awful warning. Respect this. Obey respectfully." In obedience to this command, on the 3d of June, 1839, the high commissioner, accompanied by all the officers, proceeded to Chan-hau, near the mouth of the river, where large trenches had been dug, into which the opium was thrown, with a quantity of quicklime, salt, and water, so that it was decomposed, and the mixture ran into the sea. The operations for destroying the drug continued about twenty days, and were witnessed on the 16th by several English merchants, who had an interview with Commissioner Lin. The market value of the property at the time was about twelve millions of Spanish dollars.

[Great Britain demanded that China should pay this twelve millions of Spanish dollars. China had no idea of

doing any such thing, and therefore war was declared. The Chinese firmly believed that they were the best soldiers in the world and had the best weapons. When they were confronted by English troops and English artillery, and especially when they found that these foreigners had so little regard for their notions of military etiquette as to attack a fort from the rear, and, what was almost as bad, actually to capture it, they were horrified. Of course, such a war could have but one ending. The Chinese were obliged to pay twenty-one millions of dollars, to open the ports of Canton, Amoy, Foo-chow, Ningpo, and Shanghai to foreign trade with a definite tariff, and to allow foreigners to reside in these cities. The island of Hong-Kong was to be given to England; British prisoners were to be released, and all Chinese who had been in the service of the English were to be pardoned. It was agreed that intercourse between the rulers of the two nations should be on terms of perfect equality.

The Editor.]

WHAT THE CHINESE THOUGHT ABOUT THE ENGLISH

(From a paper that was agreed to at a great public meeting in Canton)

BEHOLD that vile English nation! Its ruler is at one time a woman, then a man, and then perhaps a woman again; its people are at one time like vultures, and then they are like wild beasts, with dispositions more fierce and furious than the tiger or wolf, and natures more greedy than anacondas or swine. These people have long steadily devoured all the western barbarians, and like demons of the night, they now suddenly exalt themselves here. During the reigns of the emperors Kien-lung and Kia-king these English barbarians humbly besought an entrance and permission to deliver tribute and presents; they afterwards presumptuously asked to have Chusan; but our sovereigns, clearly perceiving their traitorous designs, gave them a determined refusal. From that time, linking themselves with traitorous Chinese traders, they have carried on a large trade and poisoned our brave people with opium. Verily, the English barbarians murder all of us that they can. They are dogs, whose desires can never be satisfied. Therefore we need not inquire whether the peace they have now made be real or pretended. Let us all rise, arm, unite, and go against them. We do here bind ourselves to vengeance, and express these our sincere intentions in order to exhibit our high principles and patriotism. The gods from on high now look down on us; let us not lose our just and firm resolution.

HOW THE "ARROW WAR" BEGAN

BY W. A. P. MARTIN

[In 1850 what has been called an "old-fashioned rebellion" broke out in China. The leader was one Hung Sew-tseuen. He called himself a Christian, and made his camp into a sort of Sunday School, though some of the doctrines taught there were anything but Christian. His followers called their leader Tai-ping Wang, that is, "Prince of Peace," because they believed that his victory would drive the Tartar rule from the country and would give the throne to Chinese sovereigns forever. There were neither telegraphs nor railroads in the land. A leader "could collect about him a few thousand malcontents, swoop down on a city, add it to his force, and continue without much opposition until one or more provinces and an army of two hundred thousand men stood at his back, before the imperial ears at Peking had received a hint as to the disturbance."[1] For some years Hung Sew-tseuen met with much success. In 1853 he captured Nanking and proclaimed himself emperor.

This was trouble sufficient for an empire; but while this rebellion was still going on, the "Arrow War" broke out.

The Editor.]

In the autumn of 1856 a chance spark at Canton produced an explosion that shook the empire and opened wider the breach already made in the wall of exclusiveness. The occurrence was on this wise. The lorcha Arrow, a Chinese vessel flying the British flag, — a privilege for which she had, in conformity with a vicious system then in vogue, paid a small fee to the Government of Hong-Kong, — was seized by the Chinese authorities,

[1] Rounsevelle Wildman.

and her crew thrown into prison on a charge of piracy. The British Consul lodged a protest claiming jurisdiction on the ground that the lorcha was registered in a British colony, and demanding, not merely that the prisoners be restored to the deck of their vessel, but that the British flag be hoisted at the masthead, in expiation of the affront offered in hauling it down.

The viceroy, who was notoriously proud and obstinate, yielded so far as to send the captives under guard to the consulate. It takes two to make a quarrel, but no two could be better fitted to produce one and to nurse it into a war than the two who were parties in this dispute. Had prompt release of the captives been accepted as sufficient amends, there would have been no war — at least, no "Arrow War"; but the consul, young, hot-headed, and inexperienced, unwilling to abate a jot of his demands, refused to receive the captives. They were carried back to the viceroy, who, in a fit of anger, ordered them to be beheaded. He was a truculent wretch, who boasted of the thousands he had decapitated for complicity in rebellion; no wonder, therefore, that he was hasty in cutting off the heads of a dozen boatmen.

At this stage the consul referred the matter to the Governor of Hong-Kong, and the viceroy proving obdurate to all attempts to extract an apology, the governor placed the affair in the hands of Admiral Seymour. That brave officer, having lost an eye by the explosion of a Russian torpedo in the Baltic, could see only one way to negotiate. Appearing before the city, he invited the viceroy to meet him outside the gates. The stubborn old mandarin declining the interview, he announced his intention of calling at the vice-regal palace. This he did

at the hour named, though he had to blow up one of the city gates in order to keep his engagement. He, however, reckoned without his host; the viceroy was not at home; and the little squad of marines, only three hundred, withdrew to their ships, their daring feat having had no other effect than to fan a firebrand into a conflagration. Scarcely had they retired when the foreign quarter was set on fire by an infuriated populace. The foreigners took refuge on the shipping, and the shipping dropped down the river to Hong-Kong.

The little settlement at Hong-Kong was in no small peril, its chief danger being a possible rising of the Chinese. But overwhelming as were their numbers, they refrained from open action, trusting, perhaps, to the effect of poison, which Alum, the city baker, mixed with his dough. The mixture was too strong and defeated its object; only two or three died, though many suffered; and it was agreed on all hands that for once there was too much alum in the bread.

This rupture was recognized as the beginning of a war, and troops were dispatched to the scene.

RECEIVING THE YELLOW JACKET

BY A. EGMONT HAKE

[The treaty which closed the war was signed in 1860. The Manchus were then free to suppress Hung Sew-tseuen — if they could. By this time they had learned that the Chinese army was not the mightiest force in the world, and they appealed to their former foes. Major Gordon, afterwards General Gordon, took command, and now the fortunes of the rebels changed. In 1864 they were completely suppressed.

The greatest honor that could be shown to Major Gordon was to bestow upon him the order of the Yellow Jacket. Of course this, like all Chinese proceedings, was carried on with a vast amount of ceremony.

The Editor.]

The Emperor of China had granted to Gordon for his eminent services the distinguished order of the Yellow Jacket. The number of the recipients of this order is, I believe, limited to twelve, and these twelve constitute His Imperial Majesty's bodyguard. Gordon had received during our absence from the camp of instruction a notification that the distinguished Chinese officials who were deputed to invest him with his order had arrived from Peking, and were awaiting his pleasure to settle when the ceremony of investiture should take place. A very large force of Imperial Chinese troops arrived and stockaded themselves about three miles from us, gunboats conveying and escorting the Chinese dignitaries arrived, and an enormous amount of gunpowder was burnt in the way of salutes to them. It was decided that the ceremony should take place at the camp of instruc-

tion, and two very large marquee tents were pitched for the ceremony.

The day arrived. All the Chinese officials wore their gorgeous robes. The air smelt of the villainous powder that they burnt in the countless salutes and crackers let off to do honor to the occasion, and countless banners and flags of all hues were flying. Altogether it was a very bright and animated scene. For some two or three hours Gordon did nothing but put on one suit of clothes, take them off and put on another, and to onlookers it became rather monotonous. The donning of the yellow jacket with all its paraphernalia was the climax of this interesting scene. More guns fired, crackers fizzed and burst, gongs were clashed, and huge brass horns brayed. The Chinese officials went down on their knees and appeared as if seized with a sudden desire to find out which was the softer, their heads or the ground. After trying conclusions with the ground three times all got up, looking very solemn, bewildered, and marching about the place with spectacles and hats in very dissipated positions on their faces and heads, and garments very much disarranged. All the time that this was going on, Gordon's face bore a sort of half-amused, half-satirical smile, and, though he hated the whole ceremony and fuss, still, he entered into the whole affair with interest, asked about the various garments, and made comical allusions to his appearance in them. Altogether the ceremony lasted close on five hours. This over, the Chinese dignitaries left in the same ostentatious and noisy way as they had arrived.

The paraphernalia connected with the order of the Yellow Jacket is very considerable, and the outfit must have cost a very large sum of money, as it comprises silk

dresses, robes, jackets, hats, caps, boots, shoes, fans, girdles, thumb rings of jade, and necklaces for all seasons and occasions. The outfit sent down by the emperor was in fair-sized wood boxes covered with white parchment, and the device of the Imperial dragon in red painted on them. Each box contained a complete suit appertaining to the order; how many there were altogether I forget, but there were a great number.

X

LANGUAGE, SCHOOLS, AND EXAMINATIONS

HISTORICAL NOTE

A NATIONAL system of education has been one of the strongest forces in holding together the different races that make up the Chinese nation. For seventeen centuries all Government offices have been filled by civil service examinations and consequently education is eagerly sought after by all classes.

The Chinese language is extremely difficult to master. Words have but one syllable, and the same word may be a noun, adjective, verb or adverb, masculine or feminine, singular or plural. The Chinese write in vertical columns using brushes dipped in ink. Writing is an art with them and fine specimens are as much admired as paintings are with us.

THE MANDARIN LANGUAGE

BY PÈRE DU HALDE

THE Chinese have two sorts of languages; the first vulgar, which is spoken by the common people and varies according to the different provinces; the other is called the Mandarin language and is like the Latin in Europe among the learned. This latter appears poor, for it has not above three hundred and thirty words, which are all monosyllables and indeclinable, and almost all end with a vowel or the consonant *n* or *ng*.

Yet this small number of words is sufficient to express oneself upon all subjects, because without multiplying words the sense is varied almost to infinity by the variety of the accents, inflexions, tones, aspirations, and other changes of the voice; and this variety of pronunciation is the reason that those who do not well understand the language frequently mistake one word for another.

This will be explained by an example. The word *Tchu*, pronounced slowly, drawing out the *u* and raising the voice, signifies *lord* or *master;* if it is pronounced with an even tone lengthening the *u*, it signifies a *hog;* when it is pronounced quickly and lightly, it means a *kitchen;* if it be pronounced in a strong and masculine tone, growing weaker towards the end, it signifies a *column*.

Further, the same word joined to various others signifies many different things. *Mou*, for instance, when it is alone, signifies *a tree, a wood;* but when it is com-

pounded, it has many other significations. *Mou leao* signifies *wood prepared for building; mou lan* is *bars* or *wooden grates; mou hia, a box; mou siang, a chest of drawers; mou tsiang, a carpenter; mou eul, a mushroom; mou nu, a sort of small orange; mou sing, the planet Jupiter; mou mien, cotton*, etc.

Thus the Chinese by differently compounding their monosyllables can make regular discourses and express themselves very clearly and with much gracefulness almost in the same manner as we form all our words by the different combinations of the twenty-four letters of our alphabet.

The art of joining these monosyllables together is very difficult, especially in writing, and requires a great deal of study. As the Chinese have only figures to express their thoughts and have no accents in writing to vary the pronunciation, they are obliged to have as many different figures or characters as there are different tones which give so many various meanings to the same word. The characters of Cochin China, of Tongking, of Japan, are the same as the Chinese, and signify the same things, though these nations in speaking do not express themselves alike; so that notwithstanding the languages are very different and they cannot understand each other's speech, yet they understand each other's writing and all their books are common. Their characters are in this respect like the figures of arithmetic. They are used by several nations with different names, but their meaning is everywhere the same.

For this reason the learned must not only be acquainted with the characters that are used in the common affairs of life, but they must also know their various combina-

tions and the various dispositions which of several simple strokes make the compound characters; and as the number of characters amounts to eighty thousand, he who knows the greatest number is also the most learned, and can read and understand the greatest number of books, by which one may judge how many years must be employed to learn such a vast multitude of characters, to distinguish them when they are compounded, and to remember their shape and meaning.

HOW CHINESE CHILDREN LEARN TO READ

BY PÈRE DU HALDE

FROM the age of five or six, according to the children's capacities and the care that parents take of their education, the young Chinese begin to study letters; but as the number of the letters is so great and without any order as in Europe, this study would be very unpleasant if they had not found a way to make it a sort of play and amusement.

For this purpose about a hundred characters are chosen which express the most common things and which are most familiar to the senses; as, the sky, sun, moon, and man, some plants, animals, a house, and the most common utensils. All these things are engraved in a rude manner, and the Chinese characters set underneath. Though these figures are very awkwardly represented, yet they quicken the apprehension of the children, fix their fancies, and help their memories.

There is this inconvenience in the method, that the children imbibe an infinite number of chimerical notions in their most tender years; for the sun is represented by a cock in a hoop, the moon by a rabbit pounding rice in a mortar. A sort of demon who holds lightning in his hand, nearly like the ancient representations of Jupiter, stands for thunder; so that in a manner the poor children suck in with their milk these strange whimsies; though I am informed that this method is but little in use at present.

The next book they learn is called the "San tsee

king," containing duties of children, and the method of teaching them. It consists of several short sentences of three characters in rhyme to help the memory of the children. There is likewise another, the sentences of which are of four characters; as likewise a catechism made for the Christian children, the phrases of which are but of four letters, and which for this reason is called "Ssee tsee king ver."

After this, the children must learn by degrees all the characters, as the European children learn our alphabet, with this difference that we have but four-and-twenty letters, and they many thousand. At first they oblige a young Chinese to learn four, five, or six in a day, which he must repeat to his master twice a day, and if he often makes mistakes in his lessons, he is chastised. The punishment is in this manner: They make him get upon a narrow bench, on which he lies down flat on his face, when they give him eight or ten blows with a stick something like a lath. During the time of their studies they keep them so close to their learning that they have very seldom any vacation, except a month at the beginning of the year and five or six days about the middle of it.

As soon as they can read the "Ssee chu," the four books which contain the doctrine of Confucius and Mencius, they are not suffered to read any other till they have got these by heart without missing a letter; and what is more difficult and less pleasing is that they must learn these books understanding almost nothing of them, it being the custom not to explain to them the sense of the characters till they know them perfectly.

At the same time that they learn these letters, they teach them to use the pencil. At first they give them

great sheets, written or printed in large red characters. The children do nothing but cover with their pencils the red strokes with black to teach them to make the strokes.

When they have learned to make them in this manner, they give them others which are black and smaller; and laying upon these sheets other white sheets which are transparent, they draw the letters upon this paper in the shape of those which are underneath; but they oftener use a board varnished white and divided into little squares, which make different lines, on which they write their characters, and which they rub out with water when they have done, to save paper.

Finally, they take great care to improve their handwriting, for it is a great advantage to the learned to write well. It is accounted a great qualification, and in the examination which is made every three years for the degrees, they commonly reject those that write ill, especially if their writing is not exact, unless they give great proofs of their ability in other respects, either in the language or in composing good discourses.

When they know characters enough for composing, they must learn the rules of the "Ven tchang," which is a composition not much unlike the theses which the European scholars make before they enter upon rhetoric; but "Ven tchang" must be more difficult, because the sense is more confined and the style of it is peculiar. They give for a subject but one sentence, taken out of the classic authors.

In order to ascertain if the children improve, the following method is practiced in many places: Twenty or thirty families who are all of the same name and in con-

sequence have one common hall of their ancestors, agree to send their children together twice a month into this hall to compose. Every head of a family by turns gives the thesis and provides at his own expense the dinner for that day, and takes care that it be brought into the hall. Likewise it is he who judges of the compositions and who determines who has composed the best, and if any of this little society is absent on the day of composing, without a sufficient cause, his parents are obliged to pay about twenty shillings, which is a sure means to prevent his being absent.

Besides this diligence which is of a private nature and their own choice, all the scholars are obliged to compose together before the inferior mandarin of letters, which is done at least twice a year, once in the spring and once in the winter, throughout the whole empire. I say "at least," for besides these two general examinations, the mandarin of letters examines them pretty frequently to see what progress they have made in their studies and to keep them in exercise.

WHEN I WENT TO SCHOOL IN CHINA

BY YAN PHOU LEE

Schools in China are generally kept by private gentlemen. The Government provides for advanced scholars only. But since the one qualification for office is education, and the avenue to literary distinction and public honors lies through competitive examinations, the encouragement that the Government extends to education and learning can be estimated only by that eager pursuit of knowledge which is common to all classes, and by the veneration in which scholars and scholarships are held.

Therefore it is not strange that schools are to be found everywhere, in small hamlets as in large towns, although the Government appropriates no funds for the establishment of common schools; and although no such thing is known as "compulsory education," there is a general desire, even among the poorer classes, to give their children "a little schooling." Schools of the lower grades never boast more than one teacher each. The combination system of a head master and several assistants does not work well in China. The schoolmaster in China must be absolute. He is monarch of all he surveys; in his sphere there is none to dispute his rights. You can always point him out among a thousand by the scholar's long gown, by his stern look, by his bent form, by his shoulders rounded by assiduous study. He is usually near-sighted, so that an immense pair of spectacles also marks him as a trainer of the mind. He generally is a gentleman who

depends on his teaching to make both ends meet; — his school is his own private enterprise, — for no such thing exists in China as a "school-board," — and if he be an elegant penman, he increases the weight of his purse by writing scrolls; if he be an artist, he paints pictures on fans. If he has not taken a degree, he is a perennial candidate for academic honors, which the Government only has a right to confer.

A tuition fee in China varies according to the ability and reputation of the teacher, from two dollars to twenty dollars a year. It varies also according to the age and advancement of the pupil. The older he be, the more he has to pay. The larger sum I have named is paid to private tutors. A private tutor is also usually invited to take his abode in the house of the wealthy pupil; and he is also permitted to admit a few outsiders. During festivals and on great occasions, the teacher receives presents of money as well as of eatables from his pupils. And always he is treated with great honor by all, and especially by the parents of the pupils. For the future career of their children may, in one sense, be said to be in his hands.

One who teaches thirty or forty boys at an average tuition fee of four dollars is doing tolerably well in China; for with the same amount he can buy five or six times as much of provisions or clothing as can be bought in America.

Schools usually open about three weeks after the New Year's Day, and continue till the middle of the twelfth month with but a few holidays sprinkled in. However, if the teacher be a candidate for a literary degree, usually a vacation of about six weeks is enjoyed by the pupils

in summer. During the New Year festival, a month is given over to fun and relaxation. Unlike the boys and girls of America, Chinese pupils have no Saturdays as holidays, no Sundays as rest days. School is in session daily from 6 to 10 A.M., at which time all go home to breakfast. At 11 A.M., all assemble again. At 1 P.M., a recess of about an hour is granted to the pupils to get lunch. From 2 P.M. to 4 is held the afternoon session. This of course is only approximate, as no teacher is bound to a fixed regularity. He is at liberty to regulate his hours as he chooses. At 4 P.M., the school closes for the day.

Schools are held either in a private house or in the hall of a temple. The ancestral temples which contain the tablets of deceased ancestors are usually selected for schools, because they are of no other use and because they are more or less secluded and are generally spacious. In a large hall, open on one side towards a court, and having high ceilings supported by lofty pillars besides the brick walls, you may see in the upper right-hand corner a square wooden table, behind which is the wooden chair; this is the throne of his majesty — the school-master. On this table are placed the writing materials, consisting of brushes, India ink, and ink-wells made of slate. After pouring a little water in one of these wells, the cake of ink is rubbed in it until it reaches a certain thickness, when the ink is ready to be used. The brushes are held as a painter's brushes are.

In conspicuous view are the articles for inflicting punishment; a wooden ruler to be applied to the head of the offender and sometimes to the hands, also a rattan stick for the body. Flogging with this stick is the heaviest punishment allowed; for slight offenses the ruler is

used upon the palms, and for reciting poorly, upon the head.

The room at large is occupied by the tables and stools of the pupils, chairs being reserved for superiors. The pupils sit either facing the teacher or at right angles to him. Their tables are oblong in form and if much used will show the carving habits and talents of their occupants. Usually the pupils are all of one sex, for girls seldom attend other schools than those kept in the family, and then only up to eleven or twelve years of age. They are taught the same lessons as their brothers.

The boys range all the way from six or seven up to sixteen or seventeen years of age, in an ordinary school; for there is no such thing as organizing them into classes and divisions; each one is studying for himself. Still there are schools in which all the pupils are advanced; and there are others which have none but beginners. But they are rare.

I began to go to school at six. I studied first the three primers: the "Trimetrical Classic," the "Thousand-words Classic," and the "Incentive to Study." They were in rhyme and meter, and you might think they were easy on that account. But no! they were hard. There being no alphabet in the Chinese language, each word had to be learned by itself. At first all that was required of me was to learn the name of the character and to recognize it again. Writing was learned by copying from a form written by the teacher; the form being laid under the thin paper on which the copying was to be done. The thing I had to do was to make all the strokes exactly as the teacher had made them. It was a very tedious operation.

I finished the three primers in about a year, not knowing what I really was studying. The spoken language of China has outgrown the written; that is, we no longer speak as we write. The difference is like that between the English of to-day and that of Chaucer's time.

I then took up the "Great Learning," written by a disciple of Confucius, and then the "Doctrine of the Mean," by the grandson of Confucius. These textbooks are rather hard to understand sometimes, even in the hands of older folks; for they are treatises on learning and philosophy. I then passed on to the "Life and Sayings of Confucius," known as the "Confucian Analects" to the American scholars. These books were to be followed by the "Life and Sayings of Mencius," and the "Five Kings" — five classics, consisting of books of history, divination, universal etiquette, odes and the "Spring and Autumn," "a brief and abstract chronicle of the times" by Confucius.

I had to learn all my lessons by rote; commit them to memory for recitation the day following. We read from the top right-hand corner downwards, and then begin at the top with the next line, and so on. Moreover, we begin to read from what seems to you the end of the book. All studying must be done aloud. The louder you speak or shriek, the more credit you get as a student. It is the only way by which Chinese teachers make sure that their pupils are not thinking of something else or are not playing under the desks.

Now let me take you into the school where I struggled with the Chinese written language for three years. Oh! those hard characters which refused to yield their mean-

ing to me. But I gradually learned to make and to recognize their forms as well as their names. This school was in the ancestral hall of my clan and was like the one I have described. There were about a dozen of us youngsters placed for the time being under the absolute sway of an old gentleman of threescore-and-six. He had all the outward marks of a scholar; and in addition, he was cross-eyed, which fact threw an element of uncertainty into our schemes of fun. For we used to like to "get ahead" of the old gentleman, and there were a few of us always ready for any lark.

It is 6 A.M. All the boys are shouting at the top of their voices, at the fullest stretch of their lungs. Occasionally, one stops and talks to some one sitting near him. Two of the most careless ones are guessing pennies; and anon a dispute arises as to which of the two disputants writes a better hand. Here is one who thinks he knows his lesson and, having given his book to another, repeats it for a trial. All at once the talking, the playing, the shouting ceases. A bent form slowly comes up through the open court. The pupils rise to their feet. A simultaneous salutation issues from a dozen pairs of lips. All cry out, "Lao Se" (venerable teacher)! As he sits down, all follow his example. There is no roll-call. Then one takes his book up to the teacher's desk, turns his back to him and recites. But see, he soon hesitates; the teacher prompts him, with which he goes on smoothly to the last and returns to his seat with a look of satisfaction. A second one goes up, but, poor fellow, he forgets three times; the teacher is out of patience with the third stumble, and down comes the ruler, whack! whack! upon the head. With one hand feeling the aching spot and the

other carrying back his book, the discomfited youngster returns to his desk to re-con his lesson.

This continues until all have recited. As each one gets back to his seat, he takes his writing lesson. He must hold his brush in a certain position, vertically, and the tighter he holds it the more strength will appear in his handwriting. The schoolmaster makes a tour of inspection and sees that each writes correctly; writing is as great an art in China as painting and drawing are in other countries, and good specimens of fine writing are valued as good paintings are here.

After the writing lesson it is time to dismiss school for breakfast. On reassembling, the lesson for the day is explained to each one separately. The teacher reads it over, and the pupil repeats it after him several times until he gets the majority of the words learned. He then returns to his desk and shouts anew to get the lesson fixed in his memory. The more advanced scholars are then favored with the expounding of Confucius's "Analects" or some literary essay. After the teacher concludes, each is given a passage of the text to explain. In this way, the meaning of words and sentences is learned and made familiar. The afternoon session is passed by the older pupils in writing compositions in prose or in verse, and by the younger in learning the next day's task.

This is the regular routine, the order of exercises, in Chinese schools.

Grammar, as a science, is not taught, nor are the mathematics. Language and literature occupy the child's attention, as I have shown, for the first five or six years; afterwards essay-writing and poetry are added. For excellence in these two branches, public prizes are awarded

by the resident literary sub-chancellor. But public exhibitions and declamations are unknown, though Chinese fathers sometimes visit the schools. The relations of the sexes are such that a Chinese mother never has the presumption to appear at the door of a schoolroom in order to acquaint herself with the progress of her child's education.

Parents furnish the textbooks as a rule. They are bound into volumes and printed usually with immovable type.

The pupils usually behave well. If not, the rattan stick comes promptly into use. Chinese teachers have a peculiar method of meting out punishment. I remember an episode in my school-life which illustrates this. One afternoon, when the old schoolmaster happened to be away longer than his wont after the noon recess, some of the boys began to "cut up." The fun reached its height in the explosion of some fire-crackers. As they went off, making the hall ring with the noise, the teacher came in, indignant, you may be sure. His defective eyes darted about and dived around to fix upon the culprit; but as he did not happen to be in the line of their vision, the guilty boy stole back to his seat undetected. The old gentleman then seized the rattan and in a loud voice demanded who it was that had let off the crackers. And when nobody answered, what do you suppose he did? He flogged the whole crowd of us, saying that he was sure to get hold of the right one and that the rest deserved a whipping for not making the real offender known. Truly, the paths of Chinese learning in my day were beset with thorns and briers!

A CHILD'S FIRST LESSONS

I

Men at their birth are by nature radically good;
In this all approximate, but in practice widely diverge.
If not educated, the natural character is changed;
A course of education is made valuable by close attention.
That boys should not learn is an improper thing;
For if they do not learn in youth, what will they do when old?

II

Formerly Confucius had the young Hiang Toh for his teacher;
And Chau, too, though high in office, studied assiduously.
One copied lessons on reeds, another on slips of bamboo;
To conquer sleep one suspended his head by the hair from a beam.
One read by the light of glow-worms, another by reflection from the snow;
These, though their families were poor, did not omit to study.
Yung, when only eight years old, could recite the Odes;
And Pi, at the age of seven, understood the game of chess.
The silkworm spins silk, the bee gathers honey;
If men neglect to learn, they are inferior to brutes.
He who learns in youth, and acts when of mature age,
Extends his influence to the prince, benefits the people,
Makes his name renowned, renders illustrious his parents,
Reflects glory on his ancestors, and enriches posterity.
Diligence has merit; play yields no profit;
Be ever on your guard! Rouse all your energies!

CIVIL-SERVICE EXAMINATIONS IN CHINA

BY W. A. P. MARTIN

SCHOLARSHIP is a very different thing now from what it was in those ruder ages, when books were few, and the harp, the bow, and the saddle divided the student's time with the oral instructions of some famous master. Each century has added to the weight of his burden; and to the "heir of all the ages" each passing generation has bequeathed a legacy of toil. Doomed to live among the deposits of a buried world, and contending with millions of competitors, he can hardly hope for success without devoting himself to a life of unremitting study. True, he is not called upon to extend his researches beyond the limits of his own national literature; but that is all but infinite. It costs him at the outset years of labor to get possession of the key that unlocks it; for the learned language is totally different from his vernacular dialect, and justly regarded as the most difficult of the languages of man. Then he must commit to memory the whole circle of the recognized classics, and make himself familiar with the best writers of every age of a country which is no less prolific in books than in men. No doubt his course of study is too purely literary and too exclusively Chinese, but it is not superficial. In a popular "Student's Guide" we lately met with a course of reading drawn up for thirty years! We proposed putting it into the hands of a young American residing in China, who had asked advice as to what he should read. "Send it," he replied, "but don't tell my mother."

But it is time to take a closer view of these examinations as they are actually conducted. The candidates for office — those who are acknowledged as such in consequence of sustaining the initial trial — are divided into the three grades of *siu-ts'ai*, *chü-jin*, and *tsin-shi* — "budding geniuses," "promoted scholars," and those who are "ready for office." The trials for the first are held in the chief city of each district or *hien*, a territorial division which corresponds to our county or to an English shire. They are conducted by a chancellor, whose jurisdiction extends over an entire province, containing, it may be, sixty or seventy such districts, each of which he is required to visit once a year, and each of which is provided with a resident sub-chancellor, whose duty it is to examine the scholars in the interval, and to have them in readiness on the chancellor's arrival.

About two thousand competitors enter the lists, ranging in age from the precocious youth just entering his teens up to the venerable grandsire of seventy winters. Shut up for a night and a day, each in his narrow cell, they produce each a poem and one or two essays on themes assigned by the chancellor, and then return to their homes to await the bulletin announcing their place in the scale of merit. The chancellor, assisted by his clerks, occupies several days in sifting the heap of manuscripts, from which he picks out some twenty or more that are distinguished by beauty of penmanship and grace of diction. The authors of these are honored with the degree of "Budding Genius," and are entitled to wear the decorations of the lowest grade in the corporation of mandarins.

The successful student wins no purse of gold and ob-

tains no office, but he has gained a prize which he deems a sufficient compensation for years of patient toil. He is the best of a hundred scholars, exempted from liability to corporal punishment, and raised above the vulgar herd. The social consideration to which he is now entitled makes it a grand day for him and his family.

Once in three years these "Budding Geniuses," these picked men of the districts, repair to the provincial capital to engage in competition for the second degree — that of *chü-jin*, or "Promoted Scholar." The number of competitors amounts to ten thousand, more or less, and of these only one in every hundred can be admitted to the coveted degree. The trial is conducted by special examiners sent down from Peking; and this examination takes a wider range than the preceding. No fewer than three sessions of nearly three days each are occupied, instead of the single day for the first degree. Compositions in prose and verse are required, and themes are assigned with a special view to testing the extent of reading and depth of scholarship of the candidates. Penmanship is left out of the account — each production, marked with a cipher, being copied by an official scribe, that the examiners may have no clew to its author and no temptation to render a biased judgment.

The victor still receives neither office nor emolument; but the honor he achieves is scarcely less than that which is won by the victors in the Olympic games. Again, he is one of a hundred, each of whom was a picked man; and as a result of this second victory he goes forth an acknowledged superior among ten thousand contending scholars. He adorns his cap with the gilded button of a higher grade, erects a pair of lofty flag-staves

before the door of his family residence, and places a tablet over his door to inform those who pass by that this is the abode of a literary prize-man. But our "Promoted Scholar" is not yet a mandarin in the proper sense of the term. The distinction already attained only stimulates his desire for higher honors — honors, which bring at last the solid recompense of an income.

In the spring of the following year he proceeds to Peking to seek the next higher degree, attainment of which will prove a passport to office. The contest is still with his peers; that is, with other "Promoted Scholars," who, like himself, have come up from all the provinces of the empire. But the chances are this time more in his favor, as the number of prizes is now tripled; and if the gods are propitious, his fortune is made.

Though ordinarily not very devout, he now shows himself peculiarly solicitous to secure the favor of the divinities. He burns incense and gives alms. If he sees a fish floundering on the hook, he pays its price and restores it to its native element. He picks struggling ants out of the rivulet made by a recent shower, distributes moral tracts, or, better still, rescues chance bits of printed paper from being trodden in the mire of the streets. If his name appears among the favored few, he not only wins himself a place in the front ranks of the lettered, but he plants his foot securely on the rounds of the official ladder by which, without the prestige of birth or the support of friends, it is possible to rise to a seat in the Grand Council of State or a place in the Imperial Cabinet. All this advancement presents itself in the distant prospect, while the office upon which he immediately enters is one of respectability, and it may

be of profit. It is generally that of mayor or sub-mayor of a district city, or sub-chancellor in the district examinations — the vacant posts being distributed by lot, and therefore impartially, among those who have proved themselves to be "ready for office."

Before the drawing of lots, however, for the post of a magistrate among the people, our ambitious student has a chance of winning the more distinguished honor of a place in the Imperial Academy. With this view, the two or three hundred survivors of so many contests appear in the palace, where themes are assigned them by the emperor himself, and the highest honor is paid to the pursuit of letters by the exercises being presided over by His Majesty in person. Penmanship reappears as an element in determining the result, and a score or more of those whose style is the most finished, whose scholarship the ripest, and whose handwriting the most elegant, are drafted into the college of Han-lin, the "forest of pencils," a kind of Imperial Institute the members of which are recognized as standing at the head of the literary profession. These are constituted poets and historians to the Celestial Court, or deputed to act as chancellors and examiners in the several provinces.

But the diminishing series in this ascending scale has not yet reached its final term. The long succession of contests culminates in the designation by the emperor of some individual whom he regards as the *chuang-yuen*, or model scholar of the Empire — the bright consummate flower of the season. This is not a common annual like the senior wranglership of Cambridge, not the product of a private garden like the valedictory orator of our American colleges. It blooms but once in three

years, and the whole empire yields but a single blossom — a blossom that is culled by the hand of Majesty and esteemed among the brightest ornaments of his dominion. Talk of academic honors such as are bestowed by Western nations in comparison with those which this Oriental Empire heaps on her scholar laureate! Provinces contend for the shining prize, and the town that gives this victor birth becomes noted forever. Swift heralds bear the tidings of his triumph, and the hearts of the people leap at their approach. We have seen them enter a humble cottage, and amidst the flaunting of banners and the blare of trumpets announce to its startled inmates that one of their relations has been crowned by the emperor as the laureate of the year. And so high was the estimation in which the people held the success of their fellow-townsman that his wife was requested to visit the six gates of the city, and to scatter before each a handful of rice, that the whole population might share in the good-fortune of her household. A popular tale, "La Bleue et la Blanche," translated from the Chinese by M. Julien, represents a goddess as descending from heaven, that she might give birth to the scholar laureate of the empire.

All this has, we confess, an air of Oriental display and exaggeration. It suggests rather the dust and sweat of the great national games of antiquity than the mental toil and intellectual triumphs of the modern world. But it is obvious that a competition which excites so profoundly the interest of a whole nation must be productive of very decided results. That it leads to the selection of the best talent for the service of the public we have already seen; but beyond this — its primary

object — it exercises a profound influence upon the education of the people and the stability of the Government. It is all, in fact, that China has to show in the way of an educational system. She has few colleges and no universities in our Western sense, and no national system of common schools; yet it may be confidently asserted that China gives to learning a more effective patronage than she could have done if each of her emperors had been an Augustus and every premier a Mæcenas. She says to all her sons, "Prosecute your studies by such means as you may be able to command, whether in public or in private; and, when you are prepared, present yourselves in the examination-hall. The Government will judge of your proficiency and reward your attainments."

Nothing can exceed the ardor which this standing offer infuses into the minds of all who have the remotest prospect of sharing in the prizes. They study not merely while they have teachers to incite them to diligence, but continue their studies with unabated zeal long after they have left the schools; they study in solitude and poverty; they study amidst the cares of a family and the turmoil of business; and the shining goal is kept steadily in view until the eye grows dim. Some of the aspirants impose on themselves the task of writing a fresh essay every day; and they do not hesitate to enter the lists as often as the public examinations recur, resolved, if they fail, to continue trying, believing that perseverance has power to command success, and encouraged by the legend of the man who, needing a sewing-needle, made one by grinding a crowbar on a piece of granite.

We have met an old mandarin who related with evident pride how, on gaining the second degree, he had removed with his whole family to Peking, from the distant Province of Yunnan, to compete for the third; and how at each triennial contest he had failed, until, after more than twenty years of patient waiting, at the seventh trial, and at the mature age of threescore, he bore off the coveted prize. He had worn his honors for seven years, and was then mayor of the city of Tientsin. In a list now on our table of ninety-nine successful competitors for the second degree, sixteen are over forty years of age, one sixty-two, and one eighty-three. The average age of the whole number is above thirty; and for the third degree the average is of course proportionally higher.

So powerful are the motives addressed to them that the whole body of scholars who once enter the examination-hall are devoted to study as a life-long occupation. We thus have a class of men, numbering in the aggregate some millions, who keep their faculties bright by constant exercise, and whom it would be difficult to parallel in any Western country for readiness with the pen and retentiveness of memory. If these men are not highly educated, it is the fault, not of the competitive system, which proves its power to stimulate them to such prodigious exertions, but of the false standard of intellectual merit established in China.

QUESTIONS FROM A CIVIL-SERVICE EXAMINATION

1. How do the rival schools of Wang and Ching differ in respect to the exposition of the meaning and the criticism of the text of the "Book of Changes"?

2. The great historian Sze-ma-ts'ien prides himself upon having gathered up much material that was neglected by other writers. What are the sources from which he derived his information?

3. From the earliest times great attention has been given to the improvement of agriculture. Will you indicate the arrangements adopted for that purpose by the several dynasties.

4. The art of war arose under Hwangte, forty-four hundred years ago. Different dynasties have since that time adopted different regulations in regard to the use of militia or standing armies, the mode of raising supplies for the army, etc. Can you state these briefly?

5. Give an account of the circulating medium under different dynasties, and state how the currency of the Sung Dynasty corresponded with our use of paper money at the present day.

XI
IN RECENT YEARS

HISTORICAL NOTE

The war with Japan in 1894 showed for the first time the weakness of the Chinese Empire. Foreign nations were not slow to take advantage of this weakness, and within the next few years Russia, England, Germany, and France obtained important concessions and grants of territory. Resentment at these proceedings resulted in the formation in 1900 of a society, known as the "Boxers" or "Fist of Righteous Harmony," for the destruction of all foreigners. Secretly aided by the Dowager Empress, who had recently deposed the Emperor for favoring the reformers, the Boxers grew rapidly in strength and besieged the legations in Peking. The siege was raised in August by an allied army of Japanese, Russians, British, Americans, and French; the uprising was suppressed, and a huge indemnity exacted from the Chinese Government.

A leaven of progress, which had been for some time at work beneath the crust of national conservatism, broke forth at last in a demand for a constitution. The councilors of the boy emperor promised and evaded after the traditional Chinese fashion, and the sacred precincts of the Imperial Palace became a maze of plots and intrigues. The demand, however, had grown too strong to be resisted, and on February 12, 1912, the Manchu Dynasty came to an end. By the Abdication Edicts of that date, it was declared that the constitution should thereafter be republican. Two days later, Yuan Shih-kai was elected, by the Nanking Council, Provisional President of the Republic of China. In April 1913, the first Chinese Congress met. Throughout the land the day was celebrated with holiday rejoicings.

WAR BETWEEN CHINA AND JAPAN

BY W. A. P. MARTIN

"ONCE upon a time," says a Japanese Æsop, "the fish of the sea were thrown into consternation by the appearance of a new enemy — a man with a net and drag. Calling a council to provide for their safety, one proposed this, another that. The clam said that for himself he had no fear; he had only to close his shell to keep out all enemies. *Splash!* came the drag; the fish scattered, and he lay snug until all was quiet. Then, cautiously peeping out, he saw scrawled on an opposite wall: 'This clam, two cents,' and he knew that he was *sold*."

At the epoch of the Opium War, the attitude of China and Japan toward the outside world was identical. From that point, or, to be exact, from 1854, the date of our first treaty with Japan, their policies diverged. Compelled to abandon her old exclusiveness, China has yielded as little as possible. Japan renounced hers without waiting for the application of force.

Every step in Japan's progress has intensified the old animosity. China hates her as a traitor to Asiatic traditions, and she despises China as a laggard in the race. The first aggressions came from the side of Japan, as might have been expected from her awakened energies.

She began with the absorption of Liuchiu, which China regarded as her vassal, though the little kingdom, for its own purposes, had maintained a divided allegiance. Her next move was a descent on Formosa, ostensibly to

punish the savages of the eastern coast for murdering the crew of a Liuchiuan junk; in reality with the intention of occupying a part, if not the whole, of that island. Their right to do so the Japanese defended by specious arguments drawn from text-writers on international law. These batteries the Chinese easily silenced, as I can testify, having had something to do with the loading of their guns. The contest would not have ended without drawing blood if the British Minister, Sir Thomas Wade, had not come forward as peacemaker, and persuaded the invaders to withdraw on the payment of a small indemnity, which, to save the "face" of China, was considered as compensation for war material left on the island.

A third storm center was Corea. Confessedly a vassal of China, the Hermit Kingdom had been unwisely permitted to send embassies and enter into direct treaty relations with foreign courts, making the Corean capital a nest of intrigue.

In 1878 the destruction of the Japanese Consulate at Seoul came very near embroiling the two empires. In the dispute which followed, the Japanese won a diplomatic victory; China weakly consented to something like a dual control, which naturally had the effect of making the peninsula more than ever a bone of contention.

A petty rebellion breaking out in 1894, the king appealed to China, not to Japan, for succor. The insurgents, who called themselves *Tunkhak* ("champions of Eastern learning"), in opposition to Western innovations, dispersed on the appearance of Chinese troops, and the troops intrenched themselves on the seacoast.

The Japanese were notified, and exercised their right of sending a force; but instead of camping on the coast, they pushed on to the capital for the better protection of king and court. Both parties, perceiving the real issue, pushed forward their troops as fast as their ships could carry them. Their ostensible object was to annihilate the Tunghaks, their real aim to settle at once and forever the question of Chinese supremacy. They kept up the forms of friendship until the 25th of July, when two collisions in one day compelled them to throw off the mask. Then came the shock of war, as unforeseen as an earthquake, and infinitely more destructive.

In the earlier battles the Chinese fought well, but they soon came to expect defeat as a matter of course, a constant succession of victories telling as much for the organizing talent of Japan at headquarters as for the courage and discipline of her forces in the field. In possession of king and capital, the Japanese enjoyed a great advantage. The poor king, as helpless as Montezuma, bound himself by treaty to furnish supplies for their troops until the independence of Corea should be secured, and allowed himself to be persuaded into insulting his liege lord by assuming the title of emperor. How great their advantage will not be apparent unless we suppose the situation reversed. With a Chinese army in Seoul commanding the resources of the kingdom, who can say that the issue of the conflict might not have been otherwise? In that first bold stroke the palm of strategy belongs to Japan.

An incidental advantage, not to be overlooked, was the glamour of chivalry which it gave her as the defender of the oppressed, enabling her to inscribe on her ban-

ners a noble object. Whatever *arrière pensée* she may have indulged, politically this was shrewd, but knight-errantry of that sort is out of date. Japan's action in taking the initiative is to be justified, if at all, on the ground that the disguised hostility of the Chinese made war inevitable sooner or later, and it was wise for her to strike when she was ready. Before spring the Chinese had been driven out of Corea, and the Manchurian seaboard occupied by the Japanese. The two great naval fortresses had fallen into their hands, and the Chinese navy was annihilated. To save her capital China sued for peace, and Japan stood revealed as a power no longer to be disregarded by the cabinets of Europe.

THE ADVENTURES OF YAO CHEN-YUAN

ONE OF THE FOUR SUCCESSFUL MESSENGERS TO AND FROM TIENTSIN DURING THE BOXER WAR

[THE Boxers were a secret society whose aim was to drive out the foreigners. In 1900 they massacred both missionaries and their converts. The great European Powers made a formal protest to the Chinese Government. The Government was ready to promise anything, but secretly aided the Boxers. The nations then sent forces to protect their citizens and property. War ensued. The most horrible tortures of the foreigners and the most ghastly massacres took place, encouraged by the Empress Wu.

Ambassadors and ministers and other foreigners were shut up, together with Christian natives, in the British Legation in Peking. It was of the utmost importance that messages be sent to Tientsin. The following is an account of the adventures of one of the messengers.

The Editor.]

WHEN the letters of the various ministers had been committed to my care, I returned to Su Wang Fu, saying to myself, "How shall I ever be able to take these letters to Tientsin?"

I breathed a simple prayer to God to give me some method by which I might reach my destination in safety.

The words had scarcely left my lips when I noticed on the wall a large straw hat, such as is commonly used by coolies in the summer-time, and as it was composed of two layers of straw, I wet it, ripped it apart, and concealed my letters between the two sections, after which

I carefully sewed it together as before, with the prayer upon my lips, "Lord, when do you wish me to start?"

When I left the Legation, I crossed the bridge and climbed over a wall of barricades into Su Wang Fu, where two Japanese soldiers said to me, —

"What are you doing here?"

"I am going to Tientsin with letters," I replied.

"What is your name?" inquired one of them.

When I told him, he said in a kind but warning tone, —

"You must be careful or you will be killed before you are well started on your way."

He took me to a small lane at the outskirts of the barricades, where he left me to go on alone; but I had not gone far when I discovered that a Boxer watchman was stationed at the other end of the street and my heart almost stood still. I had gone too far, however, to turn back, so I put on a bold front, prayed the Lord for guidance, and walked boldly onward.

"Give me ten cents, and I will let you pass," was all he said, which I was quite ready to do.

My way through the East Gate was without incident; but when halfway to Tung Chou I overtook some three hundred of Tung Fuhsiang's soldiers to whom I joined myself and continued on my way. The canal had overflowed its banks at the Eight Li Bridge, and at their suggestion we had our dinner, for which they paid, after which one of them offered to swim across with me on his back, which kindness I was glad to accept, as I saw no other way of getting to the opposite side. I continued with the soldiers, stopping with them that night at a Mohammedan inn, the proprietor of which was very kind to me. He refused to accept payment for my enter-

tainment and asked me to take vows of friendship before I left.

During the night, a crowd passed by, led by a woman Boxer, — a member of the Society of the Red Lantern, — who asked me my name, my business, and where I was going. As I seemed to satisfy them with my answer, they went about their business, which was the destruction of a Catholic village, and the murder of the Christians.

The next morning I continued on my way, being early joined by a Boxer who invited me to dine with him, after which we separated.

That night I heard the keeper of the inn at which I stopped say to a Boxer, "We have no Christians here," and I spent the night in peace. The following day a child warned me not to go through a certain village, saying that the Boxers were taking every one they suspected, and I saw the fire kindled at which they burnt twenty Christians, while I at the same time thanked the Lord for putting it into the mind of a child to warn me, and thus save me, and perhaps the people of the Legation, from a like horrible fate.

The country was flooded. I was compelled to wade through water the depth of which I knew nothing about, and I was wet and discouraged. I had just emerged from the water when a man with a gun on his shoulder called out to me in a loud voice, —

"Where are you going?"

"I am going to Tientsin," I answered.

"What for?"

"To find the head of a flower establishment in which I was employed before this trouble broke out."

The readiness of my answer seemed to satisfy him, and he allowed me to continue on my way. [It ought to be said in Mr. Yao's defense that he had been connected with such a business, the head of which lived in Tientsin, so that his answer was not wholly fiction.]

At the next village a shoemaker informed me that the road was dangerous, being crowded with Chinese troops; a thing which I soon found to be true by being made prisoner and having my money taken from me. My money being all they wanted, the soldiers at once set me free, and I in turn complained to the officer that I had been robbed by his troops.

"Wait," said he, "until I see who did it."

"No, no," said I, "do not let me trouble you to that extent; the day is far spent, and I should like to spend the night in your camp."

"With pleasure," said he. So I spent the night in the protection of my enemies.

"Please search me," said I in the morning, "to see that I have taken nothing, and I will proceed on my way."

He returned my money, warning me not to go on the Great Road lest I fall into the hands of the foreign troops and suffer at their hands.

"I understand," said I, with a meaning which he did not comprehend, and I left.

When I came to the river, I noticed a boatman and accosted him as follows: —

"Will you take me to the Red Bridge in Tientsin?"

"We do not dare to go as far as the Red Bridge," he answered; "the Japanese soldiers are there, and they will shoot us."

"You need not be afraid," said I, "I can protect you from Japanese soldiers."

On hearing this he readily consented, but he put me off some distance from the bridge. I saw the soldiers in the distance, but waved my handkerchief as a token that I was a messenger, and thus encountered no danger.

They escorted me to the Foreign Settlement and then left me to go alone, but the Russians refused to allow me to pass and I was compelled to return to the Red Bridge. I took one of the letters out of the hat and showed it to three Japanese officers who happened to be passing.

"Where do you come from?" they asked.

"From Peking."

"Were you not afraid of the Boxers?"

"No."

"You are a good man; wait till I give you a pass."

While he was writing, it began to rain, and they took me to their headquarters, where I saw a high official, dined with him, and related all my adventures by the way as well as the condition of affairs in Peking; all of which, he wrote down, and then sent four of his soldiers to accompany me to the British and American Consulates. When I saw the American Consul, I burst into tears and told him of all that the people in Peking were suffering; how the Boxers were firing on them from all sides and trying to burn them out; how each man was limited to a small cup of grain a day, while at the same time they were compelled to labor like coolies, under a burning sun, in employments to which they were not accustomed, and I urged him to send soldiers at once to relieve them.

He sent a man to take me to my room, and I found among the servants one of my old acquaintances, with whom I spent a pleasant evening, and then had a good night's rest. The following day I went to the Methodist Mission, where I met those who had passed through a siege similar to the one I had left. When Dr. Benn saw how sore my feet were, she washed and bandaged them with her own hands.

After a rest of two days I secured the letters of the various consuls, together with others from friends of some of the besieged, and started on my return journey, depending upon the Lord for his protection. I had not gone a mile from the city when I was arrested by two foreign soldiers, robbed of all my money, and taken to the tent of their officer, who, when he saw my pass, recognized it as that of a messenger from Peking and restored both my money and my liberty. Two miles from the city I came to a stream I was unable to cross, and found myself compelled to return and leave by way of the North Gate of the city.

Seven miles from the city I fell into a nest of Boxers, the head of whom asked me, —

"Where have you been?"

"To Tientsin," I replied.

"What for?"

"To see the head of the flower establishment with which I was connected before this trouble broke out," I answered.

"How old is he?"

"Seventy-six years," I replied, without hesitation.

He said no more, and I asked if I could dine with them.

After dinner I said to the head Boxer, —

"I wish to go to Peking; can you tell me the safest route for me to take?"

He told me, and after wishing him good-bye I left, taking the direction he suggested. The following day, when passing a melon-patch watched by Boxers, I walked up to them and asked them to give me a melon, thinking that they would be less likely to disturb me if I first addressed them.

"Where are you going?" they asked.

"To Peking," I answered; "can you tell me which road it would be safest for me to take?"

They told me, and, as in the former case, I followed their directions, reaching the city without further adventure other than that of avoiding several crowds of Boxers and Chinese soldiers.

Outside the East Gate I ate two bowls of vermicelli, while I watched the soldiers and Boxers on top of the city wall. I went west to the Ssu P'ai Lou, thence south to the Tan P'ai Lou, where I turned west toward the British Legation.

All the way through the city I was compelled to saunter slowly, as though I was merely looking about and not going anywhere, so that it took me from noon till evening to go from the East Gate to the Legation. The soldiers in the lines between the Chinese and foreign quarters were gambling as I passed and paid no attention to me. In the Austrian Legation grounds I noticed a Chinese soldier digging as though for treasure. Walking up to him I addressed him thus: —

"Hello! Captain. What are you doing?"

"What are *you* doing here?" said he, staring at me and speaking in a loud voice.

"Please do not speak so loud," said I in an undertone, as though to enter into a secret alliance with him; "I was originally a coolie in this place. My home is in the country, and I have just been to see if my family were killed, and finding them safe, I have returned to get some treasure I have in the Su Wang Fu."

"How much have you?" he inquired.

"About one thousand dollars."

"What is your name?" he inquired further.

"Yao Chen-yuan. What is your honorable name?"

"Wu Lien-t'ai," he replied; "now you go and get your silver and we two will open an opium shop."

"Very well," I replied.

"Have you any silver with you?" he asked.

"Only about four or five ounces."

"Well, you give that to me. Not that I want the silver, but it will cement our friendship, and I will return it to you when you come back."

"Very well," said I, giving him what silver I had.

While we were talking, an officer with forty or fifty soldiers came up and wanted to have me killed.

"Do not kill him," said the soldier to whom I had been talking; "he is an old friend of mine from the country, here to make money out of the foreigners."

"If he is a friend of yours, what is his name?"

"Yao Chen-yuan," he replied.

"What is this soldier's name?" asked the officer, turning to me.

"Wu Lien-t'ai," I answered without hesitation.

"Quite right," he said, and passed on to the Great Street.

Just then a crowd of Boxers came up, and the leader asked, —

"What is this fellow doing here?"

"Do not meddle with my affairs," said the soldier, "he is my friend." And with this they passed on, leaving us alone.

"Now you go into Su Wang Fu," said the soldier, "and get your money; and if you cannot come out to-morrow, stand behind the wall and hold your hand aloft that I may know you are safe."

"Very well," I replied, "but how am I to get in?"

"I will take you to the end of that alley, where you will be safe," he said, at which place I bade him good-afternoon. In a few moments the Japanese soldiers, who had observed and recognized me, pulled me up over the wall, and I was once more safe.

I was at once taken to the officer and met Mr. Squiers, to whom I delivered the letters. When he saw me ripping open the hat and taking them out, one after another until I had given him eleven, he could not refrain from laughing.

He took me with him to the American Legation, where as we entered he held aloft the letters. The people clapped their hands and cheered, and many of them wanted to talk with me, but I was led out through the Russian into the British Legation. Here I met Mr. King, who after a short conversation asked me for my hat.

"It is all ripped apart," I replied.

"I can sew it together again," he answered.

"What do you want to do with it?" I inquired.

"Take it back to America as a relic of your trip," said he.

While we were talking, some one came to say that Lady MacDonald wanted to see me and hear about my trip, to whom I told it much as I have told it to you, not even concealing the deceit I was sometimes compelled to practice, in order, as I then supposed, to accomplish my ends.

WHEN THE ALLIES ENTERED PEKIN

BY "PIERRE LOTI" (LOUIS MARIE JULIEN VIAUD)

HERE we are at the gates, the double triple gates, deep as tunnels, and formed of the most powerful masonry, — gates surmounted by deadly dungeons, each one five stories high, with strange curved roofs, — extravagant dungeons, colossal black things above a black inclosing wall.

Our horses' hoofs sink deeper and deeper, disappear, in fact, in the coal-black dust, which is blinding and all-pervading, in the atmosphere as well as on the ground, in spite of the light rain and the snowflakes which make our faces tingle.

Noiselessly, as though we were stepping upon wadding or felt, we pass under the enormous vaults and enter the land of ruin and ashes.

A few slatternly beggars shivering in corners in their blue rags, and that is all. Silence and solitude within as well as without these walls. Nothing but rubbish and ruin, ruin.

The land of rubbish and ashes, and little gray bricks, — little bricks all alike, scattered in countless myriads upon the sites of houses that have been destroyed, or upon the pavement of what once were streets.

Little gray bricks, — this is the sole material of which Pekin was built; a city of small, low houses decorated with a lacework of gilded wood; a city of which only a mass of curious débris is left, after fire and shell have crumbled away its flimsy materials.

We have come into the city at one of the corners where there was the fiercest fighting, — the Tartar quarter, which contained the European legations.

Long straight streets may still be traced in this infinite labyrinth of ruins; ahead of us all is gray or black; to the somber gray of the fallen brick is added the monotonous tone which follows a fire, — the gloom of ashes and the gloom of coal.

Sometimes in crossing the road they form obstacles, — these tiresome little bricks; these are the remains of barricades where fighting must have taken place.

After a few hundred meters we enter the street of the legations, upon which for so many months the anxious attention of the whole world was fixed.

Everything is in ruins, of course; yet European flags float on every piece of wall; and we suddenly find, as we come out of the smaller streets, the same animation as at Tien-tsin, — a continual coming and going of officers and soldiers, and an astonishing array of uniforms.

A big flag marks the entrance to what was our legation, two monsters in white marble crouch at the threshold; this is the etiquette for all Chinese palaces. Two of our soldiers guard the door which I enter, my thoughts recurring to the heroes who defended it.

We finally dismount, amid piles of rubbish, in an inner square near a chapel, and at the entrance to a garden where the trees are losing their leaves as an effect of the icy winds. The walls about us are so pierced with balls that they look like sieves. The pile of rubbish at our right is the legation proper, destroyed by the explosion of a Chinese mine. At our left is the chancellor's house,

where the brave defenders of the place took refuge during the siege, because it was in a less exposed situation. They have offered to take me in there; it was not destroyed, but everything is topsy-turvy, as though it were the day after a battle; and in the room where I am to sleep the plasterers are at work repairing the walls, which will not be finished until this evening.

As a new arrival I am taken on a pilgrimage to the garden where those of our sailors who fell on the field of honor were hastily buried amid a shower of balls. There is no grass here, no blossoming plants, only a gray soil trampled by the combatants, — crumbling from dryness and cold, — trees without leaves and with branches broken by shot, and over all a gloomy, lowering sky, with snowflakes that are cutting.

We remove our hats as we enter this garden, for we know not upon whose remains we may be treading. The graves will soon be marked, I doubt not, but have not yet been, so one is not sure as one walks of not having under foot some one of the dead who merits a crown.

In this house of the chancellor, spared as by a miracle, the besieged lived helter-skelter, slept on a floor space the size of which was day by day decreased by the damage done by shot and shell, and were in imminent danger of death.

In the beginning — their number, alas, rapidly diminished — there were sixty French sailors and twenty Austrians meeting death, side by side, with equally magnificent courage. To them were added a few French volunteers, who took their turns on the barricades or on the roofs, and two foreigners, M. and Mme. Rosthorne, of the Austrian Legation. Our officers in com-

mand of the defense were Lieutenant Darcy and Midshipman Herber; the latter was struck full in the face by a ball, and sleeps to-day in the garden.

The horrible part of the siege was that no pity was to be expected from the besiegers; if, starved, and at the end of their strength, it became necessary for the besieged to surrender, it was death, and death with atrocious Chinese refinements to prolong the paroxysms of suffering.

Neither was there the hope of escape by some supreme sortie; they were in the midst of a swarming city, they were inclosed in a labyrinth of buildings that sheltered a crowd of enemies, and were still further imprisoned by the feeling that, surrounding them, walling in the whole, was the colossal black rampart of Pekin.

It was during the torrid period of the Chinese summer; it was often necessary to fight while dying of thirst, blinded by dust, under a sun as destructive as the balls, and with the constant sickening fear of infection from dead bodies.

Yet a charming young woman was there with them, — an Austrian, to whom should be given one of our most beautiful French crosses. Alone amongst men in distress, she kept an even cheerfulness of the best kind, she cared for the wounded, prepared food for the sick sailors with her own hands, and then went off to aid in carrying bricks and sand for the barricades or to take her turn as watch on the roof.

Day by day the circle closed in upon the besieged as their ranks grew thinner and the garden filled with the dead; gradually they lost ground, although disputing

with the enemy, who were legion, every piece of wall, every pile of bricks.

And when one sees their little barricades hastily erected during the night out of nothing at all, and knows that five or six sailors succeeded in defending them (for five or six toward the end were all that could be spared), it really seems as though there were something supernatural about it all. As I walked through the garden with one of its defenders, and he said to me, "At the foot of that little wall we held out for so many days," and "In front of this little barricade we resisted for a week," it seemed a marvelous tale of heroism.

And their last entrenchment! It was alongside the house,—a ditch dug tentatively in a single night, banked up with a few poor sacks of earth and sand; it was all they had to keep off the executioners, who, scarcely six meters away, were threatening them with death from the top of a wall.

Beyond is the "cemetery," that is, the corner of the garden in which they buried their dead, until the still more terrible days when they had to put them here and there, concealing the place for fear the graves would be violated, in accordance with the terrible custom of this place. It was a poor little cemetery whose soil had been pressed and trampled upon in close combat, whose trees were shattered and broken by shell. The interments took place under Chinese fire, and an old whiteheaded priest — since a martyr, whose head was dragged in the gutter — said prayers at the grave, in spite of the balls that whistled about him, cutting and breaking the branches.

Toward the end their cemetery was the "contested

region," after they had little by little lost much ground, and they trembled for their dead; the enemy had advanced to its very border; they watched and they killed at close quarters over the sleeping warriors so hastily put to rest. If the Chinese had reached this cemetery, and had scaled the last frail trenches of sand and gravel in sacks made of old curtains, then for all who were left there would have been horrible torture to the sound of music and laughter, horrible dismemberment, — nails torn off, feet torn off, disemboweling, and finally the head carried through the streets at the end of a pole.

They were attacked from all sides and in every possible manner, often at the most unexpected hours of the night. It usually began with cries and the sudden noise of trumpets and tom-toms; around them thousands of howling men would appear, — one must have heard the howlings of the Chinese to imagine what their voices are; their very timbre chills your soul. Gongs outside the walls added to the tumult.

Occasionally, from a suddenly opened hole in a neighboring house, a pole twenty or thirty feet long, ablaze at the end with oakum and petroleum, emerged slowly and silently, like a thing out of a dream. This was applied to the roofs in the hope of setting them on fire.

They were also attacked from below; they heard dull sounds in the earth, and understood that they were being undermined, that their executioners might spring up from the ground at any moment; so that it became necessary, at any risk, to attempt to establish countermines to prevent this subterranean peril. One day, toward noon, two terrible detonations, which brought on a regular tornado of plaster and dust, shook the French

Legation, half burying under rubbish the lieutenant in command of the defenses and several of his marines. But this was not all; all but two succeeded in getting clear of the stones and ashes that covered them to the shoulders, but two brave sailors never appeared again. And so the struggle continued, desperately, and under conditions more and more frightful.

And still the gentle stranger remained, when she might so easily have taken shelter elsewhere, —at the English Legation, for instance, where most of the ministers with their families had found refuge; the balls did not penetrate to them; they were at the center of the quarter defended by a few handfuls of brave soldiers, and could there feel a certain security so long as the barricades held out. But no, she remained and continued in her admirable rôle at that blazing point, the French Legation, — a point which was the key, the cornerstone of the European quadrangle, whose capture would bring about general disaster.

One time they saw with their field-glasses the posting of an imperial edict commanding that the fire against foreigners cease. (What they did *not* see was that the men who put up the notices were attacked by the crowd with knives.) Yet a certain lull, a sort of armistice, did follow; the attacks became less violent.

They saw that incendiaries were everywhere abroad; they heard fusillades, cannonades, and prolonged cries among the Chinese; entire districts were in flames; they were killing one another; their fury was fermenting as in a pandemonium, and they were suffocated, stifled with the smell of corpses.

Spies came occasionally with information to sell —

always false and contradictory — in regard to the relief expedition, which amid ever-increasing anxiety was hourly expected. "It is here, it is there, it is advancing," or, "It has been defeated and is retreating," were the announcements, yet it persisted in not appearing.

What, then, was Europe doing? Had they been abandoned? They continued, almost without hope, to defend themselves in their restricted quarters. Each day they felt that Chinese torture and death were closing in upon them.

They began to lack for the essentials of life. It was necessary to economize in everything, particularly in ammunition; they were growing savage, — when they captured any Boxers, instead of shooting them they broke their skulls with a revolver.

One day their ears, sharpened for all outside noises, distinguished a continued deep, heavy cannonade beyond the great black ramparts whose battlements were visible in the distance, and which inclosed them in a Dantesque circle; Pekin was being bombarded! It could only be by the armies of Europe come to their assistance.

Yet one last fear troubled their joy. Would not a supreme attack against them be attempted, an effort be made to destroy them before the allied troops could enter?

As a matter of fact they were furiously attacked, and this last day, the day of their deliverance, cost the life of one of our officers, Captain Labrousse, who went to join the Austrian commander in the glorious little cemetery of the Legation. But they kept up their resistance, until all at once not a Chinese head was visible on the barricades of the enemy; all was empty and silent in the devastation about them; the Boxers were flying and the Allies were entering the city!

A DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND CHINA

[AFTER the suppression of the Boxer uprising, representatives of the nations that had lost by the failure of the Chinese Government to protect their citizens and property demanded reparation. Nearly $25,000,000 was allotted to this country. The United States, however, in continuance of its former friendship for China, offered to accept only an amount covering the actual loss incurred.]

I

MR. ROCKHILL TO THE PRINCE OF CH'ING

YOUR HIGHNESS: —

It is with great satisfaction that I have the honor to inform Your Highness, under direction of the Secretary of State of the United States, that a bill has passed the Congress of the United States authorizing the President to modify the indemnity bond given the United States by China from $24,440,000 to $13,655,492.29, with interest at four per cent per annum. Of this amount $2,000,000 are held pending the result of hearings on private claims presented to the Court of Claims of the United States within one year. Any balance remaining after such adjudication is also to be returned to the Chinese Government, in such manner as the Secretary of State shall decide.

The President is further authorized under the Bill to remit to China the remainder of the indemnity as an act

of friendship, such payments and remissions to be made at such times and in such a manner as he may deem just.

I am also directed by the Secretary of State to request the Imperial Government kindly to favor him with its views as to the time and manner of the remissions.

Trusting that Your Imperial Highness will favor me with an early reply to communicate to my Government, I avail myself of this occasion to renew to Your Highness the assurance of my highest consideration.

W. W. Rockhill.

To His Highness,
Prince of Ch'ing,
President of the Wai-Wu-Pu [*Board of Foreign Affairs*].

II

PRINCE OF CH'ING TO MR. ROCKHILL

(*Translation*)

July 14, 1908.

Your Excellency: —

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your dispatch of July 11, informing me that you had been directed to notify me . . .

[Here follows a résumé of Mr. Rockhill's letter.]

On reading this dispatch I was profoundly impressed with the justice and great friendliness of the American Government, and wish to express our sincerest thanks.

Concerning the time and manner of the return of the amounts to be remitted to China, the Imperial Government has no wishes to express in the matter. It relies implicitly on the friendly intentions of the United States Government, and is convinced that it will adopt such

measures as are best calculated to attain the end it has in view.

The Imperial Government, wishing to give expression to the high value it places on the friendship of the United States, finds in its present action a favorable opportunity for doing so. Mindful of the desire recently expressed by the President of the United States to promote the coming of Chinese students to the United States to take courses in the schools and higher educational institutions of the country, and convinced by the happy results of past experience of the great value to China of education in American schools, the Imperial Government has the honor to state that it is its intention to send henceforth yearly to the United States a considerable number of students, there to receive their education. The Board of Foreign Affairs will confer with the American Minister in Peking concerning the elaboration of plans for the carrying out of the intention of the Imperial Government.

A necessary dispatch.

Seal of the Wai-Wu-Pu.

III

THE WAI-WU-PU TO MR. ROCKHILL

July 14, 1908.

To His Excellency, W. W. Rockhill,
American Minister, Peking: —

Referring to the dispatch just sent to Your Excellency regarding sending students to America, it has now been determined that from the year when the return of the indemnity begins, one hundred students shall be sent to America every year for four years, so that four hundred

students may be in America by the fourth year. From the fifth year and throughout the period of the indemnity payments a minimum of fifty students will be sent each year.

As the number of students will be very great, there will be difficulty in making suitable arrangements for them. Therefore, in the matter of choosing them, as well as in the matters of providing suitable homes for them in America and selecting the schools which they are to enter, we hope to have your advice and assistance. The details of our scheme will have to be elaborated later, but we take this occasion to state the general features of our plan, and ask you to inform the American Government of it. We sincerely hope that the American Government will render us assistance in the matter.

Wishing you all prosperity,

(Signed) PRINCE OF CH'ING YUAN-SHIH-K'AI,
NA-TUNG, LIEN-FANG.
LIANG-TUN-YEN.

[Already, and quite apart from the scheme proposed in the note of the Wai-Wu-Pu, there are maintained in the United States by Imperial and Provincial funds one hundred and fifty-five Chinese students, picked boys and young men, sons of officials and prominent and wealthy merchants, chosen often by competitive examinations. The students now to be sent annually by the Imperial Government will be still more carefully selected. These are the men destined for positions of responsibility and influence in that "Awakening China" of which we hear so much, and because of these things our schools and colleges, the undergraduates, and the people at large, may have sight of the opportunities and possibilities which are theirs and ours.

From *The Outlook*.]

THE REPUBLIC OF CHINA

The Manchu Dynasty has abdicated, after holding the Chinese Imperial throne for nearly three centuries. The decree of abdication will be of historic moment. It reads as follows: —

"The whole country is tending towards a republican form of government. It is the will of Heaven, and it is certain that we could not reject the people's desire for the sake of one family's honor and glory.

"We, the Dowager Empress and the Emperor, hand over the sovereignty to the people. We decide the form of government to be a constitutional republic.

"In this time of transition, in order to unite the South and the North, we appoint Yuan Shi-kai to organize a provisional government, consulting the people's army regarding the union of the five peoples, Manchus, Chinese, Mongolians, Mohammedans, and Tibetans. These peoples jointly constitute the great State of Chung Hwa Ming-Kus [a republic of China].

"We retire to a peaceful life and will enjoy the respectful treatment of the nation."

This was signed by the Empress Dowager for herself and the little Emperor; by Yuan Shi-kai as Prime Minister; and also by the other Ministers.

KOREA

HISTORICAL NOTE

Korean history begins with the twelfth century B.C., when the nation is said to have been founded by one Ki-tse. In B.C. 108, China conquered and took possession of the country, but soon after the Christian era Korea regained her independence.

The Golden Age of Korea was from the tenth to the fourteenth centuries. At length a palace revolution resulted in the overthrow of Buddhism, the banishment of the priests, and the establishment of a dynasty that held the throne until the twentieth century.

In 1592, the Japanese invaded the country, but with the assistance of a Chinese army the Koreans at length drove them back. Soon after, the Manchu emperors of China placed Korea under vassalage, and for nearly three centuries tribute was sent annually to Peking.

The Koreans have been even more distrustful of foreigners than were their neighbors, Japan and China, and it was not until 1876 that her ports were opened to foreign trade. By the war of 1894 between China and Japan, Korea was freed from her allegiance to the former nation, only to fall, as the result of the Russo-Japanese War, under the more exacting sway of the latter. In 1910, the Korean king was deposed and his authority transferred to a Japanese governor-general.

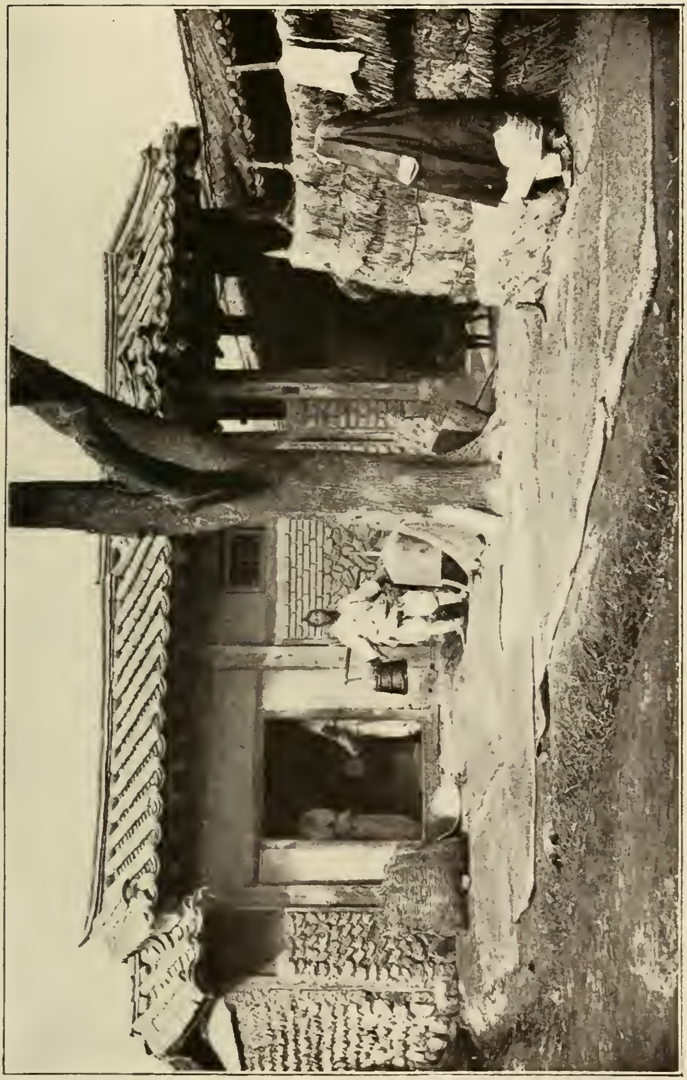
A GRAIN SHOP IN KOREA

A GRAIN SHOP IN KOREA

Among the Koreans are many followers of Confucius, and there are also Buddhist monasteries and Christian missions; but the one article of belief that is generally prevalent is the worship of ancestors. The ancestral fire must never be allowed to go out. The Koreans are devoted to their children; and the children return this devotion by every possible courtesy and attention. The Korean houses are of one story, built of wood and clay and rice-straw. The roofs are generally thatched, and there are very few windows.

The illustration shows particularly well the dress of the Koreans. The men wear huge pairs of white cotton trousers, padded with cotton wool and tied around the waist with a long ribbon and tassels — the Koreans laugh at the folly of foreigners in cutting buttonholes in good cloth. Their socks are also padded, and into them the trousers are thrust, and tied at the ankle with ribbon. Their coats are short, tight at the shoulders, and have short, wide sleeves. Part of the hair hangs down the back; the rest is twisted into a hard little horn at the top of the head. They have no pockets, but keep money, tobacco, etc., in little silken bags of white, blue, or orange. Married men wear hats shaped like an inverted flower-pot on a round tray, and tied with white ribbon under the chin. Bachelors wear no hats and are obliged to dress like children.

The women of Korea wear trousers like those of men, but over them a short skirt, both generally white. A tiny jacket of white, red, or green comes next, and over this they put a long green coat, throwing it over the head, with the sleeves hanging down.



WHEN HIDEYOSHI INVADED KOREA

BY HOMER B. HULBERT

As the century wore on, and the great Hideyoshi became shogun in Japan, the ambitious designs of that unscrupulous usurper, together with the extreme weakness of Korea, made a combination of circumstances which boded no good for the peninsula people. A succession of bloody civil wars had put into Hideyoshi's hands an immense body of trained veterans, and the cessation of war in Japan left this army on his hands without anything to do. It could not well be disbanded, and it could not safely be kept on a war footing with nothing to do. This also gave Hideyoshi food for thought, and he came to the conclusion that he could kill several birds with one stone by invading Korea. His main intention was the conquest of China. Korea was to be but an incident along the way. It was necessary to make Korea the road by which he should invade China, and therefore he sent an envoy suggesting that, as he was about to conquer the four corners of the earth, Korea should give him free passage through her territory, or, better still, should join him in the subjugation of the Flowery Kingdom. To this the king replied that, as Korea had always been friendly with China, and looked upon her as a child upon a parent or as a younger brother upon an elder, she could not think of taking such a wicked course. After a considerable interchange of envoys, Hideyoshi became convinced that there was nothing

to do but crush Korea, as a preliminary to the greater work.

It was in 1592 that Hideyoshi launched his armies at Korea. He was unable to come himself, but he put his forces under the command of Hideyi as chief, while the actual leaders were Kato and Konishi. The Korean and Japanese accounts agree substantially in saying that the Japanese army consisted of approximately two hundred and fifty thousand men. They had five thousand battle-axes, one hundred thousand long swords, one hundred thousand short swords, five hundred thousand daggers, three hundred thousand firearms, large and small, but no cannon. There were fifty thousand horses. Many of the Japanese wore hideous masks with which to frighten the enemy, but it was the musketry that did the work. The Koreans had no firearms at all, and this enormous discrepancy is the second of the main causes of Japanese success. The Koreans could not be expected to stand against trained men armed with muskets.

Korea had long expected the invasion, and had kept China well informed of the plans of Hideyoshi and his demands, but when the blow was struck it found Korea unprepared. She had enjoyed the blessings of peace so long that her army had dwindled to a mere posse of police, and her generals were used simply to grace their empty pageants. There may also have been the notion that Japan was simply a medley of half-savage tribes, whose armies could not be truly formidable. If so, the Koreans were greatly mistaken. At the first blow it became apparent that Korea could do nothing against the invaders. Fusan, Tong-na, Kim-ha, and the other towns along the route to Seoul fell in quick succession. It was

found that the Japanese army was too large to advance by a single route, especially as they had to live off the country, in large part. So the army divided into three sections: one, led by General Konishi, came north by the middle road; another, to the east of this, was led by General Kato; and a western one was led by General Kuroda.

It was on the seventeenth of the fourth moon that the terrible news of the landing of the Japanese reached Seoul by messenger, though the fire signals flashing from mountain-top to mountain-top had already signified that trouble had broken out. The king and the court were thrown into a panic, and feverish haste was used in calling together the scattered remnants of the army. The showing was extremely meager. A few thousand men, poorly armed and entirely lacking in drill, were found, but their leaders were even worse than the men. It was resolved to send this inadequate force to oppose the Japanese at the great *Cho-ryung*, or "Bird Pass," where tens of men in defense were worth thousands in attack. The doughty general, Sil Yip, led this forlorn hope, but ere the pass was reached the gruesome tales of the Japanese prowess reached them, and Sil Yip determined to await the coming of the enemy on a plain, where he deemed that the battle-flails of the Koreans would do better execution than among the mountains. The pass was, therefore, undefended, and the Japanese swarmed over, met Sil Yip with his ragged following, swept them from their path, and hurried on toward Seoul.

We must pause a moment to describe the Japanese leaders, Kato and Konishi, who were the animating

spirits of the invasion. Kato was an old man and a conservative. He was withal an ardent Buddhist and a scholar of the old school. He was disgusted that such a young man as Konishi was placed in joint command with him. This Konishi was a new-school man, young and clever. He was a Roman Catholic convert, and in every respect the very opposite of Kato, except in bravery and self-assertion. They proved to be flint and steel to each other. They were now vying with one another which would reach Seoul first. Their routes had been decided by lot, and Konishi had proved fortunate, but he had more enemies to meet than Kato, and so their chances were about even.

General Yi Il was the ranking Korean field officer, and he with four thousand men was hurried south to block the path of the Japanese wherever he chanced to meet them. He crossed Bird Pass and stationed his force at Sung-ju, in the very track of the approaching invaders. But when his scouts told him the numbers and the armament of the foe, he turned and fled back up the pass. This was bad enough, but his next act was treason, for he left the pass where ten men could have held a thousand in check, and put a wide stretch of country between himself and that terrible foe. He is not much to blame, considering the following that he had. He never stood up and attempted to fight the Japanese, but fell back as fast as they approached.

Konishi with his forces reached the banks of the Han River first, but there were no boats with which to cross, and the northern bank was defended by the Koreans, who here had a good opportunity to hold the enemy in check. But the sight of that vast array was too much for

the Korean general in charge, and he retreated with his whole force, after destroying all his engines of war.

Meanwhile Seoul was in turmoil, indeed. There was no one to man the walls, the people were in a panic of fear, messengers were running wildly here and there. Everything was in confusion. Some of the king's advisers urged him to flee to the north, others advised to stay and defend the city. He chose the former course, and on that summer night, at the beginning of the rainy season, he made hasty preparations and fled out the west gate along the "Peking Road." Behind him the city was in flames. The people were looting the Government storehouses, and the slaves were destroying the archives in which were kept the slave-deeds; for slaves were deeded property, like real estate, in those days. The rain began to fall in torrents, and the royal cortège was drenched to the skin. Food had not been supplied in sufficient quantities, and the king himself had to go hungry for several hours. Seven days later he crossed the Tadong River, and was safe for a time in Pyeng-yang.

Meanwhile the Japanese were reveling in Seoul. Their great mistake was this delay. If they had pushed on resolutely and without delay, they would have taken China unprepared, but they lingered by the way and gave time for the preparation of means for the ultimate victory of the Koreans. The country was awakening from the first stupor of fear, and loyal men were collecting forces here and there and drilling them in hope of ultimately being able to give the Japanese a home thrust. Strong though the Japanese army was, it labored under certain difficulties. It was cut off from its source of supplies, and was living on the country. Every man

that died by disease or otherwise was a dead loss, for his place could not be filled. This inability to obtain reinforcements was caused by the loyalty and the genius of Admiral Yi Sun-sin, a Korean whose name deserves to be placed beside that of any of the world's great heroes. Assuming charge of the Korean fleet in the south, he had invented a curious ironclad in the shape of a tortoise. The back was covered with iron plates, and was impervious to the fire of the enemy. With his boat he met and engaged a Japanese fleet, bringing sixty thousand reinforcements to Hideyoshi's army. With his swift tortoise-boat he rammed the smaller Japanese craft right and left, and soon threw the whole fleet into confusion. Into the struggling mass he threw fire-arrows, and a terrible conflagration broke out, which destroyed almost the entire fleet. A few boats escaped and carried the news of the disaster back to Japan.

This may be called the turning-point in the war, for although the Japanese forces went as far as Pyeng-yang, and the king had to seek asylum on the northern frontier, yet the spirit of the invasion was broken. China, moved at last by Korea's appeals, was beginning to wake up to the seriousness of the situation, and the Japanese, separated so long from their homes and entirely cut off from Japan, were beginning to be anxious. The mutual jealousies of the Japanese leaders also had their effect, so that when the allied Koreans and Chinese appeared before Pyeng-yang and began to storm the place, the Japanese were glad enough to steal away by night and hurry southward. They were pursued, and it was not till they had gone back as far as the capital that they could rest long enough to take breath. It should be

noted that China did not come to the aid of Korea until the backbone of the invasion was practically broken. It was a pity that Korea did not have an opportunity to finish off the Japanese single-hand. With no hope of reinforcement, the Japanese army would have been glad to make terms and retire, but the peculiar actions of the Chinese, which gave rise to the suspicion that they had been tampered with by the Japanese, gave the latter ample time to reach the southern coast and fortify themselves there. The very presence of the Chinese tended to retard the growth of that national spirit among the Koreans which led them to arm in defense of their country. It might have been the beginning of a new Korea, even as the recent war gives hope of the beginning of a new Russia, by awakening her to her own needs. Intrenched in powerful forts along the southern coast, the Japanese held on for two full years, the Koreans swarming about them and doing good service at guerrilla warfare. Countless are the stories told of the various bands of patriots that arose at this time and made life a torment for the invaders. The Japanese at last began to use diplomacy in order to extricate themselves from their unpleasant position. Envoys passed back and forth between Korea and China continually, and at last, in the summer of 1596, the Japanese army was allowed to escape to Japan. This was a grievous mistake. Konishi was willing to get away to Japan, because the redoubtable Admiral Yi Sun-sin was still alive, and so long as he was on the sea the Japanese could not hope to bring reinforcements to the peninsula. They had lost already one hundred and eighty thousand men at the hands of this Korean Nelson, and they were afraid of him.

We here meet with one of the results of party strife, the seeds of which had been sown half a century earlier. When the immediate pressure of war was removed, the various successful generals began vilifying each other and laying the blame for the initial disasters upon one another. Not a few of the very best men were either killed or stripped of honors. Some of them retired in disgust, and refused to have anything more to do with a government that was carried on in such a way. But the most glaring instance of all this was that of Admiral Yi Sun-sin. When the Japanese went back to their own country, they began to plan another invasion, this time for the less ambitious purpose of punishing Korea. Only one thing was necessary to their success. Admiral Yi must be gotten out of the way. Korean accounts say that this was accomplished as follows.

A Korean who had attached himself to the fortunes of the Japanese was sent by the latter back to Korea, and he appeared before one of the Korean generals and offered to give some very important information. It was that a Japanese fleet was coming against Korea, and it would be very necessary to send Admiral Yi Sun-sin to intercept it at a certain group of islands. The king learned of this, and immediately ordered the admiral to carry out this work. Admiral Yi replied that the place mentioned was very dangerous for navigation, and that it would be far better to await the coming of the Japanese at a point nearer the Korean coast. His detractors used this as a handle, and charged him with treason in not obeying the word of the king. After refusing for a second time to jeopardize his fleet in this way, he was shorn of office and degraded to the ranks. He obeyed

without a murmur. This was precisely what the Japanese were waiting for. Hearing that the formidable Yi was out of the way, they immediately sailed from Japan. The Korean fleet had been put under the command of a worthless official, who fled from before the enemy, and thus allowed the Japanese to land a second time. This was in the first moon of 1597, and it took a thousand boats to bring the Japanese army. When it landed, all was again in turmoil. A hasty appeal was made to China for help, and a loud cry was raised for the reinstatement of Admiral Yi Sun-sin in his old station. This was done, and he soon cut off the new army of invasion from its source of supplies, and had them exactly where they were before. But this time the Japanese army did not have its own way upon the land as in the former case. The Koreans had been trained to war. Firearms had been procured, and their full initiation into Japanese methods had prepared them for defense. Small bands of Koreans swarmed about the Japanese, cutting off a dozen here and a score there, until they were glad to get behind the battlements of their forts. A powerful army of the Japanese started for Seoul by the western route, but they were met in Chiksan by the allied Koreans and Chinese, and so severely whipped that they never again attempted to march on the capital. For a time the war dragged on, neither side scoring any considerable victories, and in truth for part of the time there was so little fighting that the Japanese settled down like immigrants and tilled the soil, and even took wives from among the peasant women. But in 1598 it was decided that a final grand effort must be made to rid the country of them.

The Japanese knew that their cause was hopeless,

and they only wanted to get away safely. They had some boats, but they dared not leave the shelter of the guns of their forts, for fear that they would be attacked by Admiral Yi Sun-sin. They tried to bribe the Chinese generals, and it is said that in this they had some success. But when, relying on this, they boarded their vessels and set sail for Japan, they found that the famous admiral was not included in the bargain, for he came out at them, and, in the greatest naval battle of the war, destroyed almost the whole fleet. In the battle he was mortally wounded, but he did not regret this, for he saw that his country was freed of invaders, and he felt sure that his enemies at court would eventually compass his death even if he survived the war.

It was during this second invasion that the Japanese shipped back to Japan a large number of pickled ears and noses of Koreans, which were buried at Kyoto. The place is shown to-day, and stands a mute memorial of as savage and wanton an outrage as stains the record of any great people. During the years of Japanese occupancy they sent back to Japan enormous quantities of booty of every kind. The Koreans were skilled in making a peculiar kind of glazed pottery, which the Japanese admired very much. So they took the whole colony bodily to Japan, with all their implements, and set them down in western Japan to carry on their industry. This succeeded so well that the celebrated Satsuma ware was the result. The remnants of the descendants of the Koreans are still found in Japan.

Only a few years elapsed before the Japanese applied to the Korean Government to be allowed to establish a trading station at Fusan, or rather to reëstablish it.

Permission was granted, and elaborate laws were made limiting the number of boats that could come annually, the amount of goods they could bring, and the ceremonies that must be gone through. The book in which these details are set down is of formidable size. The perusal of it shows conclusively that Japan assumed a very humble attitude, and that Korea treated her at best no better than an equal. This trading station may be called the back door of Korea, for her face was ever toward China; and, while considerable trade was carried on by means of these annual trading expeditions of the Japanese, it was as nothing compared with the trade that was carried on with China by junk and overland through Manchuria.

JAPAN

I

IN ANCIENT TIMES

HISTORICAL NOTE

The history of Japan, like that of China, begins with a time of legend and myth, when gods and demigods mingled in the affairs of men. It was probably about fifteen hundred years before the birth of Christ when the first bands of Mongolians arrived from the continent of Asia and began the work of wresting the islands from the original inhabitants, the Ainos. But it is not until 660 B.C., with the coming of Jimmu Tenno, leader of a fresh band of invaders, that even legendary history begins. In 552 A.D. Buddhist missionaries arrived from Korea, bringing with them writing, calendars, and methods of computing time; and soon after Buddhism was proclaimed the state religion. By the seventh century the power of the mikado, or emperor, had become subordinated to that of the court officials. During the twelfth century the great families of the Taira and Minamoto contended for the power, and this struggle, known as the wars of "Genji and Heike," has ever since been a favorite subject for the writer and the artist.

JIMMU TENNO, THE FIRST MIKADO OF JAPAN

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

In the beginning, heaven and earth were not yet separated. Chaos, enveloping all things like an egg, contained a germ. The clear, airy substance expanded and became heaven, the heavy and thick part coagulated and became the earth. Then the young land floated in the water like oil, and drifted about like a jelly-fish. Out of this warm earth sprouted a bush-like object from which were born two deities, Pleasant-Reed-Shoot-Prince-Elder-God, and The Deity-Standing-Eternally-in-Heaven. After these heavenly deities seven generations of gods were born. Their names are The Deity-Standing-Eternally-on-Earth, Luxuriant-Thick-Mud-Master, Mud-Earth-Lord, Mud-Earth-Lady, and others with very long names, usually ending in the word *mikoto*, which we translate "augustness."

These kami or gods, though in pairs called a generation, were each single and had no sex; but the last two of the series were Izanagi and Izanami, and their names mean The-Male-Who-Invites, and The-Female-Who-Invites.

After these seven divine generations had come into existence, all the heavenly gods, granting to Izanagi and Izanami a heavenly jeweled spear, commanded the pair to make, consolidate, and give life to the drifting land. The two gods stood on the Floating Bridge of

Heaven, and Izanagi pushed down the jeweled spear and stirred the soft warm mud and salt water. When the spear was drawn up, the drops that fell from it thickened and formed the Island of the Congealed Drop. In common geography, this island is Awaji, at the entrance of the Inland Sea. Upon this the two gods descended, and, planting the jeweled spear in the ground, they made it the central pillar of a palace. They then separated to walk round the island; when they met, Izanami, the female god, cried out, —

"How lovely to meet a handsome male!"

Izanagi was offended that the female had spoken first, and demanded that the tour round the island be repeated. Meeting the second time, Izanagi, the male god, spoke first, and cried out, —

"How joyful to meet a lovely female!"

Thus began the art of love.

Then followed the creation of the various islands of Japan, and all the gods who live on the earth and are called the earthly deities. These earthly gods married among each other, and from them were born many good things, such as rice, wheat, millet, beans, sorghum, and other articles of food. Gradually the earth was filled with trees and plants and beautiful objects, as gems and shells and waves.

Down below the earth was the Land of Roots, or Home of Darkness. Izanami, when offended at her husband, fled into this place, and died in giving birth to the god of fire. Izanagi had to go after her to win her back. He found it a region of awful foulness, and his wife a mass of worms. Rushing out, he washed himself in the sea, and from the rinsings were born a great many evil

gods. These trouble the good gods, and vex and annoy mankind. But out of his left eye was born a beautiful maiden whose body shone brilliantly.

At this time the heaven and earth were close together, united by a pillar. Going up this pillar into heaven, Izanagi's beautiful daughter became the sun, or the Heaven-illuminating Goddess. Izanagi's son became the moon, and was commanded to rule the blue plane of the sea and multitudinous salt waters. The names of these two are Amatérasŭ and Susanoö.

As the earthly gods and evil deities multiplied, and confusion reigned on the earth, the Sun Goddess, or Heaven-Illuminator, resolved to send her grandson Ninigi down to the earth to rule over it. She gave him three precious treasures, — a mirror, the emblem of her own soul; a sword of divine temper, which her brother had taken from the tail of an eight-headed dragon which he had slain; and a ball of crystal without a flaw.

Great was the day when a mighty company of gods escorting Ninigi marched down out of heaven, and, on the Floating Bridge of Heaven by which the two heavenly gods had first descended, came down to the earth. Reaching the top of the great mountain Kirishima, which lies between Satsuma and Hiuga, they descended into the wild regions of Japan.

Ninigi began at once to reduce the earthly gods in order, and maintain good government. Heaven and earth now grew wider and wider apart, and at last separated, so that communication was no longer possible.

The sons of Ninigi were named Princes Fire Fade and Fire Glow. While fishing, they had a quarrel, and Prince Fire Fade went down beneath the sparkling ocean

waves to Riu Gu, the palace of the Dragon King of the World under the Sea; there he married the King's daughter, the Jewel Princess. After a time spent in the under-sea world, the Dragon King, or Ocean-Possessor, sent Prince Fire Fade back to earth on the back of a crocodile, armed with the jewels of the ebbing and flowing tides. With these he was able to cause or to quell a flood of waters. He raised one that threatened to drown the whole world, and then his brother Prince Fire Glow behaved himself. Prince Fire Glow begged pardon and became the servant of his brother who possessed the wonderful tide jewels.

Prince Fire Fade now built a hut on the seashore, and roofed with it cormorant wings. Here was born the child that became Jimmu Tenno, the great-grandson of the Sun Goddess, and the first Mikado of Japan. Prince Fire Fade, filled with curiosity, ventured to peep into the hut roofed with cormorant wings. There he saw only a crocodile eight fathoms long, which crawled into the sea, and plunged down to the Dragon King's palace far below.

The child thus born of a sea monster grew up to be a great warrior, and after many years' conquest made himself master of the island now called Kiushiu. One day, on coming to the edge of the sea, he saw a tiny little earth-god riding towards him in the shell of a tortoise, raising his wings as he came. Knowing the sea-path, he became Jimmu's guide to Naniwa, near the place now called Osaka. On landing with his army and fighting the enemy, the brother of Jimmu was mortally wounded in the hand by an arrow.

Ascribing this calamity to the fact that they had

marched against or in the face of the sun, they turned and made their way round the southern side, with their back to the sun. Meanwhile the heavenly gods came to Jimmu's aid, and dropped a sword of divine temper through the roof of a storehouse owned by a native of the region. He brought and presented it to Jimmu. Before this sword the enemy fell down. The heavenly gods also sent a crow eight feet long to guide the army. Many earthly gods, ancestors of tribes, now submitted themselves to Jimmu. At a great cave eighty earth-spiders were hiding, which he attacked and killed. So, having thus subdued the savage deities, and extirpated the rebellious people, Jimmu built a palace at Kashiwabara, the oak moor in Yamato. There he married the princess Ahira. Jimmu died when one hundred and thirty-seven years old.

Thus began the dynasty of the emperors of Everlasting Great Japan, "unbroken from ages eternal."

THE JAPANESE STORY-TELLER

BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

THE *Hanashika*, or story-teller of Japan, is a highly popular personage in town and country, who, possessing a good voice and tuneful ear, and being primed full of the legends and records which best suit native taste, gives his primitive, but very alluring, entertainments in one spot after another, as he trudges along the Tokiado, or any other main road of the empire. The general place for the performances is a large upper room over the principal shop of the village street. In front of the entrance will be planted bamboo flagstaffs, with dark-blue banners laced vertically to them, bearing the name of the performer, and perhaps the titles of some of the tales or songs which he proposes to offer. During the day an assistant will perambulate the village beating a drum and blowing a horn, after which he proclaims at every corner the eminent gifts of his *sensei*, and invites the public to be present. At evening you go with the crowd, dropping off shoes or slippers at the foot of the polished ladder leading to the *yose*, as the hall of entertainment is called. You may enter for the modest price of four *sen*, or twopence; after which, if desirous to be ranked with the "quality," an additional payment of ten *sen*, or fivepence, will give you a right to the very best situation upon the mats, and to a cushion on the floor, as well as a tobacco-box and teapot, with perhaps a fan. The narrator sits cross-legged before a low desk, *tsukue*, holding in his left hand

a fan, or bamboo paper-knife, with which he beats energetically upon his desk at the critical passages of his story. The company listen, with the admirable patience and politeness of the race; and, if at all bored, smoke extra pipes and drink incessant tea. Generally they are very much amused, and that too by the simplest stories, for the reciter intersperses his prose with vivid gestures, snatches of singing, and ejaculations that wake up the sleepiest; while, if there be many children present, he will perhaps narrate one of the old fairy-tales of Japan, which everybody loves, like this, which Mrs. James so well translated, of the fisher-boy who married the princess.

THE FISHER-BOY URASHIMA

Long ago there lived, on the coast of the Sea of Japan, a young fisherman named Urashima, a kindly lad and clever with his net and line. One day he went out in his boat to fish. But instead of catching any fish, he caught a big tortoise, with a hard shell, a wrinkled ugly face, and a foolish tail. Tortoises always live a thousand years — at least Japanese tortoises do. So Urashima thought to himself: "A fish would do for my dinner just as well as this tortoise; in point of fact, better. Why should I kill the poor thing, and prevent it from enjoying itself for another 999 years? No, no! I won't be so cruel." And with these words, he threw the tortoise back into the sea. The next incident that happened was that Urashima went to sleep in his boat, for it was one of those hot summer days when the sea rocks its children to slumber. And, as he slept, there came up from beneath the waves a beautiful girl, who

climbed into the boat and said, "I am the daughter of the Sea-God, and I live with my father in the Dragon Palace beyond the waves. It was not a tortoise that you caught just now, and so kindly threw back into the water instead of killing it. It was myself. My father, the Sea-God, had sent me to see whether you were good or bad in your inmost heart. We now know that you are good and kind, and do not like to do cruel things; and so I have come to fetch you. You shall marry me, if you please; and we will live happily together for a thousand years in the Dragon Palace beyond the deep blue sea." So Urashima took one oar, and the Sea-God's daughter took the other, and they rowed till at last they came to the Dragon Palace where the Sea-God lived, and ruled as king over all the dragons and tortoises and crabs and fishes. The walls of the palace were of coral, the trees had emeralds for leaves and rubies for berries, the fishes' scales were of silver, and the dragons' tails of solid gold. All the most beautiful glittering things that have ever been seen met together there, and the liveliest imagination will never picture what this palace looked like. It all belonged to Urashima. Here they lived very happily for countless years, wandering about every day among the beautiful trees with emerald leaves and ruby berries. But one morning Urashima said to his wife, "I am quite happy with you, delightful one! Still I want to go home and see my father and mother and brothers and sisters. Permit me to depart for a short time, and, by the truth of my love, I will soon be back again." "I don't like you to go," said she; "I am very much afraid that something dreadful will happen. However if you will go, there is no help for it;

only you must take this box, which will protect you, on condition that you are very careful not to open it. When you open it you will never be able to come back here." So Urashima promised to take great care of the box, and not to open it on any account; and, then, getting into his boat, he rowed off, and at last landed on the shore of his own country.

But much had happened while he had been away. Whither had his father's cottage gone? What had become of the village where he used to live? The mountains, indeed, were there as before, but the trees on them had been cut down. The little brook that ran close by his father's cottage was still running; but there were no women washing clothes in it any more. It seemed very strange that everything should have changed so much in three short years. Just then two men chanced to pass along the beach, and Urashima went up to them and said, "Can you tell me, if you please, to what spot Urashima's cottage, which used to stand here, has been moved?" "Urashima?" said they; "why, it is four hundred years ago since he was drowned, out fishing. His parents, and his brothers, and their great-great-grandchildren are all dead long ago. It is an old, very old story. How can you be so foolish as to ask after his cottage? It fell to pieces hundreds of years ago."

Then it suddenly flashed across Urashima's mind that the Sea-God's palace beyond the waves, with its coral walls, and its ruby fruits and its dragons with tails of solid gold, must be part of fairyland, and that one day in that land was probably as long as a year in this world, so that his swift years in the Sea-God's palace had really endured for hundreds of years. Of course,

there was no use in staying at home, now that all his friends were dead and buried, and even the village had passed away. So Urashima was in a great hurry to get back to his wife, the Dragon Princess, beyond the sea. But which was the way? He could not find it without any one to show it to him. "Perhaps," thought he, "if I open the box which she gave me I shall be able to learn the road." So he disobeyed her orders not to open the box — or, possibly, he forgot them. Anyhow, he opened the box, and out of it came — what?

Here the fan of our story-teller would furiously beat the desk.

Nothing but a white cloud which floated away over the sea! Urashima shouted to the cloud to stop, rushed about and screamed with sorrow; for he remembered now what his wife had told him, and how, after opening the box, he should never be able to go to the Sea-God's palace again. But soon he could neither run nor shout any more. Suddenly his hair grew as white as snow, his face got wrinkled, and his back bent like that of a very old man. Then his breath stopped short, and he fell down dead on the beach! Ah, *Zannen! Zannen!* Woe for Urashima! He died because he had been foolish and disobedient. If only he had done as he was told, he might have lived another thousand years. If we could only go and see the Dragon Palace beyond the waves, where the Sea-God lives and rules as king over the dragons and the tortoises and the fishes, where the trees have emeralds for leaves and rubies for berries, where the fishes' tails are of silver and the dragons' tails all of solid gold — never would we open that stupid box. No!

THE FISHER-BOY URASHIMA

'T is spring, and the mists come stealing
  O'er Suminóye's shore,
And I stand by the seaside musing
  On the days that are no more.

I muse on the old-world story,
  As the boats glide to and fro,
Of the fisher-boy Urashima,
  Who a-fishing lov'd to go;

How he came not back to the village
  Though sev'n suns had risen and set,
But row'd on past the bounds of ocean,
  And the Sea-God's daughter met;

How they pledged their faith to each other,
  And came to the Evergreen Land,
And enter'd the Sea-God's palace
  So lovingly hand in hand,

To dwell for aye in that country,
  The ocean-maiden and he, —
The country where youth and beauty
  Abide eternally.

But the foolish boy said, "To-morrow
  I'll come back with thee to dwell;
But I have a word to my father,
  A word to my mother to tell."

The maiden answered, "A casket
I give into thine hand;
And if that thou hopest truly
To come back to the Evergreen Land,

"Then open it not, I charge thee!
Open it not, I beseech!"
So the boy row'd home o'er the billows
To Suminóye's beach.

But where is his native hamlet?
Strange hamlets line the strand.
Where is his mother's cottage?
Strange cots rise on either hand.

"What, in three short years since I left it,"
He cries in his wonder sore,
"Has the home of my childhood vanished?
Is the bamboo fence no more?

"Perchance if I open the casket
Which the maiden gave to me,
My home and the dear old village
Will come back as they used to be."

And he lifts the lid, and there rises
A fleecy, silvery cloud,
That floats off to the Evergreen Country: —
And the fisher-boy cries aloud;

He waves the sleeve of his tunic,
He rolls over on the ground,

He dances with fury and horror,
Running wildly round and round.

But a sudden chill comes o'er him
That bleaches his raven hair,
And furrows with hoary wrinkles
The form erst so young and fair.

His breath grows fainter and fainter,
Till at last he sinks dead on the shore;
And I gaze on the spot where his cottage
Once stood, but now stands no more.

[Of this legend of Urashima, Basil Hall Chamberlain says: "Urashima's tomb, together with his fishing-line, the casket given him by the maiden, and two stones said to be precious, are still shown at one of the temples in Kanagaha near Yokohama; and by most of even the educated Japanese, the story, thus historically and topographically certified, is accepted as literally true." According to the official annals, the boy was absent from 477 A.D. to 825 A.D.

The Editor.]

SOCIAL LIFE IN KIOTO

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

Social life in Kioto was the standard for that in good society everywhere throughout the empire. Etiquette was cultivated with almost painful earnestness, and the laws about costume were equally rigid. Tea was introduced into Japan by a Buddhist priest in the year 805, and soon became a common drink. The oldest tea plantations and the most luscious leaves are at Uji, near Kioto. The preparation and serving of the beverage were matters upon which much attention was bestowed. The making of cups, dishes, and all facilities for drinking was greatly stimulated by the use of the hot drink, and when the potter's wheel was brought over from Corea the ceramic art entered upon a new era of development.

Flowers and gardens were much enjoyed, and visits of ceremony were many and prolonged. The invention of the fan was not at first thought to be an aid to good manners, but it soon won its way to favor. As early as the seventh century it came into use for personal comfort. In course of time the fan developed into many varieties. The *kugé*, or court nobles, had one kind, and the court ladies, with their long hair sweeping down their back to their feet and arrayed in white and crimson silk, had another. In art, we see that the Dragon Queen of the Underworld holds a flat fan with double wings. The long-nosed King of the Tengus, or mountain sprites, who is said to have taught Yoshitsuné his wisdom and

secrets of power, holds a fan exactly like the old pulpit feather fans which it once was thought proper for clergymen to make use of. The judges at wrestling matches flourish a peculiar sort, while in war the wight who received a thwack over the noddle with the huge iron-boned fan might lie in gore. The firemen of Kioto, and the men in the procession in honor of the Sun Goddess at Isé, carry fans that would cool the face of a giant.

The earliest fans were all of the flat kind, but in the seventh century it is said that a man of Tamba, seeing that bats could fold their wings, imagined that the motion and effect could be imitated. Accordingly he made the *ogi*, or fan that opens and shuts. This was a great advantage, securing economy in space and ease of use. Another story declares that when the widow of a young Taira noble, slain in the civil wars, retired to a temple to hide her grief, she cured the abbot of a fever by fanning him. Folding a piece of paper in plaits and then opening it out, muttering incantations the while, the lady brought great prosperity to the temple, for thereafter the priests excelled in making folding fans. From the sale of these novelties a steady revenue flowed into the temple. In time the name of this temple was adopted by fan-makers all over the country. As a shelter of the face or bare head from the sun, — for hats and bonnets were not fashionable in Old Japan, — for use as trays or salvers to hand flowers, letters, or presents to friends or to one's master, as thoughtful defenses against one's breath while talking to superiors, and for a thousand polite uses, to say nothing of its value as an article of dress, the folding fan is a distinctly Japanese gift to civilization. It had many centuries of history and honor in Japan before the Chi-

nese borrowed the invention. In the caste of fashion the flat fan, which too often sank to the level of a dustpan, grain-winnower, or fire-blower, is in the lowest grade.

The chief food, as well as the ceremonial drink, came from rice. This grain was imported from Corea, and very early became the standard article of diet among the upper classes. The Japanese have never yet learned to like bread, nor is rice usually the food of the poorer people. The best rice is raised in Higo. It is cooked, served, and flavored in a great variety of ways, and many extracts and preparations, such as gluten, *mochi*, or pastry flour, and alcohol, are made from it. The making of saké, by which we mean beer, wine, or brandy made from rice, is as old as the first commerce with Corea. It was the favorite drink of Japanese men and gods. The festivals in celebration of the planting, reaping, and offering of rice in the sheaf, or hulled and cleaned, and of the fermentation or presentation of the liquor to the gods, form a notable feature in the Shinto religion.

This saké or brewed rice was the drink enjoyed at feasts, poetry parties, picnics, and evening gatherings. Like tea, it was heated and drunk when hot. Besides the pleasures of music, poetry, and literature, cards, checkers, games of skill and chance, of many kinds, even to the sniffing of perfumes, helped the hours of leisure to pass pleasantly.

Outdoor sports were also diligently cultivated by these elegantly dressed lords and ladies of the capital. The ladies amused themselves by catching fireflies and various brilliantly colored or singing insects, by feeding the goldfish in the garden ponds, or viewing the moon and the landscape. The delights of the young men were in

horsemanship, archery, foot-ball, and falconry. The art of training falcons to hunt and kill the smaller or defenseless birds was copied from Corea, and has been practiced in Japan somewhat over a thousand years. Cockfights, dog-matches, and fishing by means of cormorants were also common. A method of racing and shooting from horseback at dogs, with blunt arrows, was cultivated for the sake of skill in riding. Polo is said to have come from Persia into China and thence to Japan, where it is called ball-striking, or *da-kiu*. A polo outfit with elegant costume and the liveliest of ponies was costly, so that polo, like hawking, was always an aristocratic game. The Warrior's Dance had been described as a "giant quadrille in armor." The more robust and exciting exercise of hunting the boar, deer, bear, and other wild animals was often indulged in by the military men in time of peace, in order to keep up their vigor and discipline. In hunting, the bold riders and footmen could have something like the excitement of war with only a small amount of its danger.

This curious social life in old Kioto is quite fully shown in Japanese art, in books and pictures, and the theater, and is a favorite subject for the poets, novelists, and artists. On fans, paper napkins, lacquer ware, carved ivories, bronzes, sword-hilts, and all the rich and strange art-works of Old Japan, this court life can be pleasantly studied. It was a state of things which existed before feudalism came in completely to alter the face of the mikado's empire, and before Chinese learning, pedantry, and literary composition cramped the native genius. He who understands the method and meaning of the artist has a great fund of enjoyment. The painter and

carver, or even the decorator on a five-cent fan, tells his tale well, and one who knows Japanese life from its ancient and mediæval literature, as well as by modern travel and study, needs no interpreter.

Best of all, however, life in the mikado's capital is reflected in the classic fiction written in the Middle Ages, and mostly by ladies of the court. From a literary point of view, the women of Japan did more to preserve and develop their native language than the men. The masculine scholars used Chinese, and composed their books in what was as Latin to the mass of the people. The lady writers employed their own beautiful speech, and such famous *monogatari*, or novels, as the Sagoromo, Genji, Isé, and others, besides hundreds of volumes of poetry in pure classical Japanese, are from their pens. A number of famous novels, the oldest of which is the Old Bamboo-Cutter's Story, which dates from the tenth century, picture the life and work, the loves and adventures, of the lads and lasses, priests and warriors, lords and ladies, in this extremely refined, highly polished, and very licentious society of Kioto a thousand years or less ago. Those who would study it carefully must read Mr. Chamberlain's "Classical Poetry of the Japanese," or Mr. Suyématsŭ's "Genji Monogatari." Miss Harris's "Log of a Japanese Journey" is a rendering in English of the Tosa Niki, or diary of the voyage from Tosa to Kioto of the famous poet Tsurayuki.

The Tosa Niki book is a great favorite with native students on account of its beauty of style. Tsurayuki was appointed by the mikado to be governor of Tosa. After serving four years he starts homeward for Kioto by ship and carriage, or rather by junk and bullock-cart.

He left Tosa in January, A.D. 935, and the diary of his voyage is written in woman's style of writing, that is, in pure Japanese. He calls himself "a certain person," and is a jolly good-natured fellow; always, when opportunity serves, writing poetry and enjoying the saké-cup. As Japanese junks usually wait for the wind, sail only in the daytime, or at least not all night, and keep out of storms if possible, he stopped at many places, where official friends called upon him, and presents were exchanged, cups of saké drunk, and poems written. Most of the presents had verses tied to them, but the pheasants had a flowering branch of the plum tree attached. We translate a stanza: —

"As o'er the waves we urge,
While roars the whit'ning surge,
Louder shall rise my cry
That left behind am I, —"

whereat the traveler notes in his diary that the poet must have a pretty loud voice. He tells of the storks and the fir trees which have been comrades for a thousand years; how the passengers went ashore at one place to take a hot bath; how a sailor caught a *tai*, or splendid red fish, for his dinner; jests at the bush of the man in the moon; throws his metal mirror into the sea to quiet the storm raised by the god of Sumi-Yoshi; escapes the pirates, with whom he had as governor dealt very severely; and completes his sea journey, not at Osaka which did not then exist, but at Yamazaki, near the capital. There he waits for a bullock-car to come from Kioto, which he must of course enter in state as becomes a *kugé*, or noble.

This charming little book shows first that human

nature in Japan a thousand years ago was wonderfully like that of to-day in Japan, or anywhere else; that good style will make a book live as long as the rocks; and that in those days the spoken idiom differed very little from the language employed in literature. Brave Tsurayuki! He wrote in "woman's style" really because he loved his native tongue, and did not want to see it overlaid by the Chinese. In our days not a few Japanese are heartily ashamed that their own beautiful language has not been more developed by scholars. So much dependence on China has paralyzed originality and weakened intellect. After fifteen hundred years, the patriotic Japanese feels ashamed that the literary and intellectual product of his country is so small, and that the best work in his native tongue has been done by women. No wonder he does not always take kindly to the fulsome flatteries of Europeans who tell him what a wonderful fellow he is, and how much superior Japanese civilization is to that of Europe. How he really feels about the matter is shown in his eager desire, on the one hand, to absorb all the ideas and adopt all the inventions of the foreigners, and, on the other, to bridge the gulf between the spoken and the written forms of his own vernacular.

THE STORY OF YOSHITSUNE

BY YEI THEODORA OZAKI

In Old Japan more than seven hundred years ago a fierce war was raging between the two great clans, the Taira and the Minamoto, also called the Heike and the Genji. These two famous clans were always contesting together for political power and military supremacy, and the country was torn in two with the many bitter battles that were fought. Indeed, it may be said that the history of Japan for many years was the history of these two mighty martial families; sometimes the Minamoto and sometimes the Taira gaining the victory, or being beaten, as the case might be; but their swords knew no rest for a period of many years. At last a strong and valiant general arose in the House of Minamoto. His name was Yoshitomo. At this time there were two aspirants for the imperial throne and civil war was raging in the capital. One imperial candidate was supported by the Taira, the other by the Minamoto. Yoshitomo, though a Minamoto, sided at first with the Taira against the reigning emperor; but when he saw how cruel and relentless their chief, Kiyomori, was, he turned against him and called all his followers to rally round the Minamoto standard and fight to put down the Taira.

But fate was against the gallant and doughty warrior Yoshitomo, and he suffered a crushing defeat at the hands of the Taira. He and his men, while fleeing from the vigilance of their enemies, were overtaken within

the city gates, and ruthlessly slaughtered by Kiyomori and his soldiers.

Yoshitomo left behind him his beautiful young wife, Tokiwa Gozen, and eight children, to mourn his untimely death. Five of the elder children were by a first wife. The third of these became Yoritomo, the great first Shogun of Japan, while the eighth and youngest child was Ushiwaka, about whom this story is written. Ushiwaka and the hero of Yoshitsune were one and the same person. Ushiwaka (Young Ox — he was so called because of his wonderful strength) was his name as a boy, and Yoshitsune was the name he took when he became of age.

At the time of his father's death, Ushiwaka was a babe in the arms of his mother, Tokiwa Gozen, but his tender age would not have saved his life had he been found by his father's enemies.

After the defeat they had inflicted on the rival clan, the Taira were all-powerful for a time. The Minamoto clan were in dire straits and in danger of being exterminated now, for so fierce was Kiyomori's hatred against his enemies that when a Minamoto fell into his cruel hands he immediately put the captive to death.

Realizing the great peril of the situation, Tokiwa Gozen, the widow of Yoshitomo, full of fear and anxiety for the safety of her little ones, quietly hid herself in the country, taking with her Ushiwaka and her two other children. So successful was Tokiwa Gozen in concealing her hiding-place that, though the Taira clan either killed or banished to a far-away island all the elder sons, relations, and partisans of the Minamoto chief, they could not discover the whereabouts of the mother and her

children, notwithstanding the strict search Kiyomori had made.

Determined to have his will, and angry at being thwarted by a woman, Kiyomori at last hit on a plan which he felt sure would not fail to draw the wife of Yoshitomo from her hiding-place. He gave orders that Sekiya, the mother of the fair Tokiwa, should be seized and brought before him. He told her sternly that if she would reveal her daughter's hiding-place she should be well treated, but if she refused to do as she was told she would be tortured and put to death. When the old lady declared that she did not know where Tokiwa was, as in truth she did not, Kiyomori thrust her into prison and had her treated cruelly day after day.

Now the reason why Kiyomori was so set on finding Tokiwa and her sons was that while Yoshitomo's heirs lived he and his family could know no safety, for the strongest moral law in every Japanese heart was the old command, "A man may not live under the same heaven with the murderer of his father," and the Japanese warrior recked nothing of life or death, of home or love in obeying this — as he deemed — supreme commandment. Women too burned with the same zeal in avenging the wrongs of their fathers and husbands.

Tokiwa Gozen, though hiding in the country, heard of what had befallen her mother, and great was her sorrow and distress. She sat down on the mats and moaned aloud: "It is wrong of me to let my poor innocent mother suffer to save myself and my children, but if I give myself up, Kiyomori will surely take my lord's sons and kill them. — What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do?"

Poor Tokiwa! Her heart was torn between her love

for her mother and her love for her children. Her anxiety and distraction were pitiful to see. Finally she decided that it was impossible for her to remain still and silent under the circumstances; she could not endure the thought that her mother was suffering persecution while she had the power of preventing it; so holding the infant Ushiwaka in her bosom under her kimono, she took his two elder brothers (one seven and the other five years of age) by the hand and started for the capital.

There were no trains in those days, and all traveling by ordinary people had to be done on foot. Daimios and great and important personages were carried in palanquins, and they only could travel in comfort and in state. Tokiwa could not hope to meet with kindness or hospitality on the way, for she was a Minamoto, and the Taira being all-powerful it was death to any one to harbor a Minamoto fugitive. So the obstacles that beset Tokiwa were great; but she was a samurai woman, and she quailed not at duty, however hard or stern that duty was. The greater the difficulties, the higher her courage rose to meet them. At last she set out on her momentous and celebrated journey.

It was winter-time and snow lay on the ground, and the wind blew piercingly cold and the roads were bad. What Tokiwa, a delicately nurtured woman, suffered from cold and fatigue, from loneliness and fear, from anxiety for her little children, from dread lest she should reach the capital too late to save her old mother, who might die under the cruel treatment to which she was being subjected, or be put to death by Kiyomori in his wrath, or finally lest she herself should be seized by the Taira, and her filial plan be frustrated before she could

reach the capital — all this must have been greater than any words can tell.

Sometimes poor distressed Tokiwa sat down by the wayside to hush the wailing babe she carried in her bosom, or to rest the two little boys, who, tired and faint and famished, clung to her robes, crying for their usual rice. On and on she went, soothing and consoling them as best she could, till at last she reached Kyoto, weary, footsore, and almost heart-broken. But though she was well-nigh overcome with physical exhaustion, yet her purpose never flagged. She went at once to the enemy's camp and asked to be admitted to the presence of General Kiyomori.

When she was shown into the dread man's presence, she prostrated herself at his feet and said that she had come to give herself up and to release her mother.

"I am Tokiwa — the widow of Yoshitomo. I have come with my three children to beseech you to spare my mother's life and to set her free. My poor old mother has done nothing wrong. I am guilty of hiding myself and the little ones, yet I pray humbly for your august forgiveness."

She pleaded in such an agonizing way that Kiyomori, the Tairi chieftain, was struck with admiration for her filial piety, a virtue more highly esteemed than any other in Japan. He felt sincerely sorry for Tokiwa in her woe, and her beauty and her tears melted his hard heart, and he promised her that if she would become his wife he would spare not only her mother's life, but her three children also.

For the sake of saving her children's lives the sad-hearted woman consented to Kiyomori's proposal. It

must have been terrible to her to wed with her lord's enemy, the very man who had caused his death; but the thought that by so doing she saved the lives of his sons, who would one day surely arise to avenge their father's cruel death, must have been her consolation and her recompense for the sacrifice.

Kiyomori showed himself kinder to Tokiwa than he had ever shown himself to any one, for he allowed her to keep the babe Ushiwaka by her side. The two elder boys he sent to a temple to be trained as acolytes under the tutelage of priests.

By placing them out of the world in the seclusion of priesthood, Kiyomori felt that he would have little to fear from them when they attained manhood. How terribly and bitterly he was mistaken we learn from history, for two of Yoshitomo's sons, banished though they had been for years and years, arose like a rushing, mighty whirlwind from the obscurity of the monastery to avenge their father, and they wiped the Taira from off the face of the earth.

Time passed by, and when the little babe Ushiwaka at last reached the age of seven, Kiyomori likewise took him from his mother and sent him to the priests. The sorrow of Tokiwa, bereft of the last child of her beloved lord Yoshitomo, can better be imagined than described. But in her golden captivity even Kiyomori had not been able to deprive her of one iota of the incomparable power of motherhood, that of influencing the life of her child to the end of his days. As the little fellow had lain in her arms night and day, as she crooned him to sleep and taught him to walk, she forever whispered the name of Minamoto Yoshitomo in his ear.

At last one day her patience was rewarded and Ushiwaka lisped his father's name correctly. Then Tokiwa clasped him proudly to her breast, and wept tears of thankfulness and joy and of sorrowing remembrance, for she never could even for a day banish Yoshitomo from her mind. As Ushiwaka grew older and could understand better what she said, Tokiwa would daily whisper, "Remember thy father, Minamoto Yoshitomo! Grow strong and avenge his death, for he died at the hands of the Taira!" And day by day she told him stories of his great and good father — of his martial prowess in battle, and of his great strength and wonderful wielding of the sword, and she bade her little son remember and be like his father. And the mother's words and tears, sown in long years of patience and bitter endurance, bore fruit beyond all she had ever hoped or dreamed.

So Ushiwaka was taken from his mother at the age of seven, and was sent to the Tokobo Monastery, at Kuramayama, to be trained as a monk. Even at that early age he showed great intelligence, read the Sacred Books with avidity, and surprised the priests by his diligence and quickness of memory. He was naturally a very high-spirited youth, and could brook no control and hated to yield to others in anything whatsoever. As the years passed by and he grew older, he came to hear from his teachers and school friends of how his father Yoshitomo and his clan the Minamoto had been overthrown by the Taira, and this filled him with such intense sorrow and bitterness that sleeping or waking he could never banish the subject from his mind. As he listened daily to these things the words of his mother, which she had whispered in his ear as a child, now came

throbbing back to his mind, and he understood their full meaning for the first time. In the lonely nights he felt again her hot tears falling on his face, and heard her repeat as clearly as a bell in the silence of the darkness: "Remember thy father, Minamoto Yoshitomo! Avenge his death, for he died at the hands of the Taira!"

At last one night the lad dreamed that his mother, beautiful and sad as he remembered her in the days of his childhood, came to his bedside and said to him, while the tears streamed down her face: "Avenge thy father, Yoshitomo! Unless thou remember my last words, I cannot rest in my grave. I am dying, Ushiwaka, remember!"

And Ushiwaka awoke as he cried aloud in his agony: "I will! Honorable mother, I will!"

From that night his heart burned within him and the fire and love of clan-race stirred his soul. Continual brooding over the wrongs of his clan generated in his heart a fierce desire for revenge, and he finally resolved to abandon the priesthood, become a great general like his father, and punish the Taira. And as his ambition was fired and exalted and his mind thrilled back to the days when his poor unhappy mother Tokiwa prayed and wept over him, daily whispering in his ear the name of his father, his will grew to purpose strong. Tokiwa had not suffered in vain. From this time on, Ushiwaka bided his time every night till all in the temple were fast asleep. When he heard the priests snoring, and knew himself safe from observation, he would steal out from the temple, and, making his way down the hillside into the valley, he would draw his wooden sword and practice fencing by himself, and, striking the trees and the stones, imagine

that they were his Taira foes. As he worked in this way night after night, he felt his muscles grow strong, and this practice taught him how to wield his sword with skill.

One night as usual Ushiwaka had gone out to the valley and was diligently brandishing about his wooden sword. His mind fully bent upon his self-taught lesson, he was marching up and down, chanting snatches of war-songs and striking the trees and the rocks, when suddenly a great cloud spread over the heavens, the rain fell, the thunder roared, and the lightning flashed, and a great noise went through the valley, as if all the trees were being torn up by the roots and their trunks were splitting.

While Ushiwaka wondered what this could mean, a great giant over ten feet in height stood before him. He had large round glaring eyes that glinted like metal mirrors; his nose was bright red, and it must have been about a foot long; his hands were like the claws of a bird, and to each there were only two fingers. The feathers of long wings at each side peeped from under the creature's robes, and he looked like a gigantic goblin. Fearful indeed was this apparition. But Ushiwaka was a brave and spirited youth and the son of a soldier, and he was not to be daunted by anything. Without moving a muscle of his face he gripped his sword more tightly and simply asked: "Who are you, sirrah?"

The goblin laughed aloud and said: "I am the King of the Tengu,[1] the elves of the mountains, and I have made this valley my home for many a long year. I have

[1] The Tengu are strange creatures with very long noses; sometimes they have the head of a hawk and the body of a man.

admired your perseverance in coming to this place night after night for the purpose of practicing fencing all by yourself, and I have come to meet you, with the intention of teaching you all I know of the art of the sword."

Ushiwaka was delighted when he heard this, for the Tengu have supernatural powers, and fortunate, indeed, are those whom they favor. He thanked the giant elf and expressed his readiness to begin at once. He then whirled up his sword and began to attack the Tengu, but the elf shifted his position with the quickness of lightning, and taking from his belt a fan made of seven feathers parried the showering blows right and left so cleverly that the young knight's interest became thoroughly aroused. Every night he came out for the lesson. He never missed once, summer or winter, and in this way he learned all the secrets of the art which the Tengu could teach him.

The Tengu was a great master and Ushiwaka an apt pupil. He became so proficient in fencing that he could overcome ten or twenty small Tengu in the twinkling of an eye, and he acquired extraordinary skill and dexterity in the use of the sword; and the Tengu also imparted to him the wonderful adroitness and agility which made him so famous in after-life.

Now Ushiwaka was about fifteen years old, a comely youth, and tall for his age. At this time there lived on Mount Hiei, just outside the capital, a wild bonze named Musashi Bo Benkei, who was such a lawless and turbulent fellow that he had become notorious for his deeds of violence. The city rang with the stories of his misdeeds, and so well known had he become that people could not hear his name without fear and trembling.

Benkei suddenly made up his mind that it would be good sport to steal a thousand swords from various knights.

No sooner did the wild idea enter his head than he began to put it into practice. Every night he sauntered forth to the Gojo Bridge of Kyoto, and when a knight or any man carrying a sword passed by, Benkei would snatch the weapon from his girdle. If the owners yielded up their blades quietly, Benkei allowed them to pass unhurt, but if not, he would strike them dead with a single blow of the huge halberd he carried. So great was Benkei's strength that he always overcame his victim, — resistance was useless, — and night by night one and sometimes two men met death at his hands on the Gojo Bridge. In this way Benkei gained such a terrible reputation that everybody far and near feared to meet him, and after dark no one dared to pass near the bridge he was known to haunt, so fearful were the tales told of the dreaded robber of swords.

At last this story reached the ears of Ushiwaka, and he said to himself: "What an interesting man this must be! If it is true that he is a bonze, he must be a strange one, indeed; but as he only robs people of their swords, he cannot be a common highwayman. If I could make such a strong man a retainer of mine, he would be of great assistance to me when I punish my enemies, the Taira clan. Good! To-night I will go to the Gojo Bridge and try the mettle of this Benkei!"

Ushiwaka, being a youth of great courage, had no sooner made up his mind to meet Benkei than he proceeded to put his plan into execution. He started out that same evening. It was a beautiful moonlight night,

and taking with him his favorite flute he strolled forth through the streets of the sleeping city till he came to the Gojo Bridge. Then from the opposite direction came a tall figure which appeared to touch the clouds, so gigantic was its stature. The stranger was clad in a suit of coal-black armor and carried an immense halberd.

"This must be the sword-robber! He is, indeed, strong!" said Ushiwaka to himself, but he was not in the least daunted, and went on playing his flute quite calmly.

Presently the armed giant halted and gazed at Ushiwaka, but evidently thought him a mere youth, and decided to let him go unmolested, for he was about to pass him by without lifting a hand. This indifference on the part of Benkei not only disappointed but angered Ushiwaka. Having waited in vain for the stranger to offer violence, our hero approached Benkei, and, with the intention of picking a quarrel, suddenly kicked the latter's halberd out of his hand.

Benkei, who had first thought to spare Ushiwaka on account of his youth, became very angry when he found himself insulted by a lad to whom he had been intentionally kind. In a fury he exclaimed, "Miserable stripling!" and raising his halberd struck sideways at Ushiwaka, thinking to slice him in two at the waist and to see his body fall asunder. But the young knight nimbly avoided the blow which would have killed him, and springing back a few paces he flung his fan[1] at Benkei's head and uttered a loud cry of defiance. The

[1] The fighter's fan was always made of metal and was often used as a weapon.

fan struck Benkei on the forehead right between the eyes, making him mad with pain. In a transport of rage Benkei aimed a fearful blow at Ushiwaka, as if he were splitting a log of wood with an axe. This time Ushiwaka sprang up to the parapet of the bridge, clapped his hands, and laughed in derision, saying: —

"Here I am! Don't you see? Here I am!" And Benkei was again thwarted thus.

Benkei, who had never known his strokes miss before, had now failed twice in catching this nimble opponent. Frantic with chagrin and baffled rage, he now rushed furiously to the attack, whirling his great halberd round in all directions till it looked like a water-wheel in motion, striking wildly and blindly at Ushiwaka. But the young knight had been taught tricks innumerable by the giant Tengu of Kuramayama, and he had profited so well by his lessons that the King Tengu had at last said that even he could teach him nothing more, and now, as it may well be imagined, he was too quick for the heavy Benkei. When Benkei struck in front, Ushiwaka was behind, and when Benkei aimed a blow behind, Ushiwaka darted in front. Nimble as a monkey and swift as a swallow, Ushiwaka avoided all the blows aimed at him, and, finding himself outmatched, even the redoubtable Benkei grew tired.

Ushiwaka saw that Benkei was played out. He kept up the game a little longer and then changed his tactics. Seizing his opportunity, he knocked Benkei's halberd out of his hand. When the giant stooped to pick his weapon up, Ushiwaka ran behind him and with a quick movement tripped him up. There lay the big man on all fours, while Ushiwaka nimbly strode across

his back and pressing him down asked him how he liked this kind of play.

All this time Benkei had wondered at the courage of the youth in attacking and challenging a man so much larger than himself, but now he was filled with amazement at Ushiwaka's wonderful strength and adroitness.

"I am, indeed, astonished at what you have done," said Benkei. "Who in the world can you be? I have fought with many men on this bridge, but you are the first of my antagonists who has displayed such strength. Are you a god or a tengu? You certainly cannot be an ordinary human being!"

Ushiwaka laughed and said: "Are you afraid for the first time, then?"

"I am," answered Benkei.

"Will you from henceforth be my retainer?" demanded Ushiwaka.

"I will in very truth be your retainer, but may I know who you are?" asked Benkei meekly.

Ushiwaka now felt sure that Benkei was in earnest. He therefore allowed him to get up from the ground, and then said: "I have nothing to hide from you. I am the youngest son of Minamoto Yoshitomo and my name is Ushiwaka."

Benkei started with surprise when he heard these words and said: "What is this I hear? Are you in truth a son of the Lord Yoshitomo of the Minamoto clan? That is the reason I felt from the first moment of our encounter that your deeds were not those of a common person. No wonder that I thought this! I am only too happy to become the retainer of such a distinguished and spirited young knight. I will follow you as my lord and

master from this very moment, if you will allow me. I can wish for no greater honor."

So there and then, on the Gojo Bridge in the silver moonlight, the bonze Benkei vowed to be the true and faithful vassal of the young knight Ushiwaka and to serve him loyally till death, and thus was the compact between lord and vassal made. From that time on, Benkei gave up his wild and lawless ways and devoted his life to the service of Ushiwaka, who was highly pleased at having won such a strong liegeman to his side.

Although Ushiwaka had now secured Benkei, it was impossible for only two men, however strong, to think of fighting the Taira clan, so they both decided that the cherished plan must wait till the Minamoto were stronger. While thus waiting they heard a report to the effect that a descendant of Tawara Toda Hidesato named Hidehira was now a famous general in Kaiwai of the Ashu Province, and that he was so powerful that no one dared oppose him. Hearing this, Ushiwaka thought that it would be a good plan to pay the general a visit and try to interest him, if possible, in the fortunes of the House of Minamoto. He consulted with Benkei, who encouraged the young knight in his scheme of enlisting the General Hidehira as a partisan, and the two therefore left Kyoto secretly and journeyed as quickly as possible to Oshu on this errand.

On the way there, Ushiwaka and Benkei came to the Temple of Atsuta, and as they considered it important that the young knight should look older now, Ushiwaka performed the ceremony of Gembuku at the shrine. This was a rite performed in olden times when youths reached the age of manhood. They then had to shave

off the front part of their hair and to change their names as a sign that they had left childhood behind. Ushiwaka now took the name of Yoshitsune. As he was the eighth son, it would have been more correct for him to have assumed the name of Hachiro, but as his uncle Tametomo the Archer was named Hachiro, he purposely did not take this name. From this time forth our hero is known as Yoshitsune, and this name he has glorified forever by his wonderful bravery and many heroic exploits. In Japanese history he is the knight without fear and without reproach, the darling of the people, to them almost an incarnation of Hachiman, the popular God of War. And as for Benkei, never can you find in all history a vassal who was more true or loyal to his master than Benkei. He was Yoshitsune's right hand in everything, and his strength and wisdom carried them successfully through many a dire emergency.

From Kyoto to Oshu is a long journey of about three hundred miles, but at length Yoshitsune (as we must now call him) and Benkei reached their destination and craved the General Hidehira's assistance. They found that Hidehira was a warm adherent of the Minamoto cause, and under the late Lord Yoshitomo he and his family had enjoyed great favor. When the general learned, therefore, that Yoshitsune was the son of the illustrious Minamoto chief, his joy knew no bounds, and he made Yoshitsune and Benkei heartily welcome and treated them both as guests of honor and importance.

Just at this time Yoshitsune's eldest brother, Yoritomo, who had been banished to an island in Idzu, collected a great army and raised his standard against the Taira. When the news about Yoritomo reached

Yoshitsune, he rejoiced, for he felt that the hour had at last come when the Minamoto would be revenged on the Taira for all the wrongs they had suffered at the hands of the latter.

With the help of Hidehira and the faithful Benkei, he collected a small army of warriors and at once marched over to his brother's camp in Idzu. He sent a messenger ahead to inform Yoritomo that his youngest brother, now named Yoshitsune, was coming to aid him in his fight against the Taira.

Yoritomo was exceedingly glad at this unexpected good news, for all that helped to swell his forces now brought nearer the day when he would be able to strike his long-planned blow at the power of the hated Taira. As soon as Yoshitsune reached Idzu, Yoritomo arranged for an immediate meeting. Although the two men were brothers, it must be remembered that their father had been killed, and the family utterly scattered, when they were mere children, Yoshitsune being at that time but an infant in his mother's arms. As this was therefore the first time they had met, Yoritomo knew nothing of his young brother's character.

One of Yoshitsune's elder brothers had come with him, and Yoritomo being a shrewd general wished to test them both to see of what mettle they were made. He ordered his retainers to bring a brass basin full of boiling water. When it was brought, Yoritomo ordered Noriyori, the elder of the two, to carry it to him first. Now brass being a good conductor of heat, the basin was very hot and Noriyori stupidly let it fall. Yoritomo ordered it to be filled again and bade Yoshitsune bring it to him. Without moving a muscle of his handsome face

Yoshitsune took hold of the almost unbearably hot vessel and carried it with due ceremony slowly across the room. This exhibition of nerve and endurance filled Yoritomo with admiration, and he was favorably struck with Yoshitsune's character. As for Noriyori, who had been unable to hold a hot basin for a few moments, he had no use for him at all, except as a common soldier.

Yoritomo begged Yoshitsune to become his right-hand man and zealously to espouse his cause. Yoshitsune declared that this had been his lifelong ambition ever since he could remember, — as they both were sons of the same father, so was their cause and destiny one. Yoritomo made Yoshitsune a general of part of his army and ordered him in the name of his father Yoshitomo to chastise the Taira.

Delighted beyond all words at the wonderfully auspicious turn events were taking, Yoshitsune hastened his preparations for the march. The longed-for hour had come to which through his whole childhood and youth he had looked forward, and for which his whole being had thirsted for many years. He could now fulfill the last words of his unhappy mother, and punish the Taira for all the evil they had wrought against the Minamoto. All the wild restlessness of his youth, which had driven him forth to wield his wooden sword against the rocks in the Kuramayama Valley and to try his strength against Benkei on the Gojo Bridge, now found vent in action most dear to a born warrior's heart. With several thousands of troops under him, Yoshitsune marched up to Kyoto and waged war against the Taira, and defeated them in a series of brilliant engagements.

The stricken Taira multitudes fled before the avenger

like autumn leaves before the blast, and Yoshitsune pursued them to the sea. At Dan-no Ura the Taira made a last stand, but all in vain. Their lion leader, Kiyomori, was dead, and there was no great chieftain to rally them in the disordered retreat that now ensued. Yoshitsune came sweeping down upon them, and they and their fleet and their infant emperor likewise, with their women and children, sank beneath the waves. Only a scattered few lived to tell the tale of the terrible destruction that overtook them on the sea.

Thus did Yoshitsune become a great warrior and general. Thus did he fulfill the ambitions of his youth and avenge his father Yoshitomo's death. He was without a rival in the whole country for his marvelous bravery and successive victories. He was adored by the people as their most popular hero and darling, and throughout the length and breadth of the land his praise was sung by every one.

THREE JAPANESE POEMS

TRANSLATED BY FREDERICK VICTOR DICKINS

THE PINE TREE

By Chiu-nagon Yuki-hira

Inoba's lofty range is crowned
 By many a tall pine tree;
Ah, quickly were I homewards bound
 If thou shouldst pine for me!

THE FADED FLOWER

By Kino Tomo-nori

'T is a pleasant day of merry spring,
No bitter frosts are threatening,
No stormwinds blow, no rain clouds lower,
 The sun shines bright on high.
Yet thou, poor little trembling flower,
 Dost wither away and die.

FAITHFULNESS

By Dai-ni no Sammi

More fickle thou than th' winds that pour
Down Arima o'er Ina's moor,
And still my love for thee as yet
I have forgotten to forget.

THE GREAT BUDDHA OF KAMAKURA

THE GREAT BUDDHA OF KAMAKURA

"THE gentleness, the dreamy passionlessness of those features, — the immense repose of the whole figure, — are full of beauty and charm. And, contrary to all expectation, the nearer you approach the giant Buddha, the greater this charm becomes. You look up into the solemnly beautiful face, — into the closed eyes that seem to watch you through their eyelids of bronze as gently as those of a child, — and you feel that the image typifies all that is tender and calm in the Soul of the East. Yet you feel that only Japanese thought could have created it. Its beauty, its dignity, its perfect repose, reflect the higher life of the race that imagined it; and, though doubtless inspired by some Indian model, as the treatment of the hair and various symbolic marks reveal, the art is Japanese.

"So mighty and beautiful the work is, that you will not for some time notice the magnificent lotus-plants of bronze, fully fifteen feet high, planted before the figure, on either side of the great tripod in which incense-rods are burning.

"Through an orifice in the right side of the enormous lotus-blossom on which the Buddha is seated, you can enter into the statue. The interior contains a little shrine of Kwannon, and a statue of the priest Yuten, and a stone tablet bearing in Chinese characters the sacred formula, *Namu Amida Butsu.*

"A ladder enables the pilgrim to ascend into the interior of the colossus as high as the shoulders, in which are two little windows commanding a wide prospect of the grounds; while a priest, who acts as guide, states the age of the statue to be six hundred and thirty years, and asks for some small contribution to aid in the erection of a new temple to shelter it from the weather.

"For this Buddha once had a temple. A tidal wave following an earthquake swept walls and roof away, but left the mighty Amida unmoved, still meditating upon his lotus."

So Lafcadio Hearn describes the great Buddha of Kamakura.

II

THE RULE OF THE SHOGUNS

HISTORICAL NOTE

By the thirteenth century the supreme power had been largely taken over by the shogun or commander-in-chief, and the mikado was little more than a figurehead. Toward the end of the century, the Mongols under Kublai Khan attempted several invasions of Japan, but were repulsed. In the sixteenth century, Hideyoshi, the shogun of the time, succeeded in getting complete control of the realm and permitted the mikado no share in the government. His power became supreme, owing chiefly to his wisdom in dividing the fiefs of the daimios, or nobility, into holdings so small that the owners were powerless against him.

In the middle of the sixteenth century, some Portuguese sailors were wrecked on the Japanese coast; and a little later Mendez Pinto was driven upon the shores of the Island Kingdom. Japan had no wish for commercial or other intercourse with foreign nations, but now that Portugal had found the way, this could hardly be avoided, and trade with both Portuguese and Dutch followed, though with numerous restrictions. Christianity had been preached in Japan and many converts had been made. These converts had been so bitterly persecuted that they had joined the Portuguese in a plot to overthrow the government. As a result, the Portuguese were expelled from the country.

THE GREAT KHAN KUBLAI INVADES JAPAN

BY MARCO POLO

ZIPANGU [Japan] is an island in the eastern ocean, situated at the distance of about fifteen hundred miles from the mainland, or coast of Manji. It is of considerable size; its inhabitants have fair complexions, are well made, and are civilized in their manners. Their religion is the worship of idols. They are independent of every foreign power, and governed only by their own kings. They have gold in the greatest abundance, its sources being inexhaustible; but as the king does not allow of its being exported, few merchants visit the country, nor is it frequented by much shipping from other parts. To this circumstance we are to attribute the extraordinary richness of the sovereign's palace, according to what we are told by those who have access to the place. The entire roof is covered with a plating of gold, in the same manner as we cover houses, or more properly churches, with lead. The ceilings of the halls are of the same precious metal; many of the apartments have small tables of pure gold of considerable thickness; and the windows also have golden ornaments. So vast, indeed, are the riches of the palace that it is impossible to convey an idea of them. In this island there are pearls also, in large quantities, of a red (pink) color, round in shape, and of great size, equal in value to, or even exceeding that of the white pearls. It is customary with one part of the

inhabitants to bury their dead, and with another part to burn them. The former have a practice of putting one of these pearls into the mouth of the corpse. There are also found there a number of precious stones.

Of so great a celebrity was the wealth of this island that a desire was excited in the breast of the Grand Khan Kublai, now reigning, to make the conquest of it and to annex it to his dominions. In order to effect this, he fitted out a numerous fleet, and embarked a large body of troops under the command of two of his principal officers, one of whom was named Abbacatan, and the other Vonsancin. The expedition sailed from the ports of Zai-tun and Kin-sai and, crossing the intermediate sea, reached the island in safety; but in consequence of a jealousy that arose between the two commanders, one of whom treated the plans of the other with contempt and resisted the execution of his orders, they were unable to gain possession of any city or fortified place, with the exception of one only, which was carried by assault, the garrison having refused to surrender. Directions were given for putting the whole to the sword, and in obedience thereto the heads were of all cut off, excepting of eight persons, who, by the efficacy of a diabolical charm, consisting of a jewel or amulet introduced into the right arm between the skin and the flesh, were rendered secure from the effects of iron, either to kill or wound. Upon this discovery being made, they were beaten with a heavy wooden club, and presently died.

It happened after some time that a north wind began to blow with great force, and the ships of the Tartars, which lay near the shore of the island, were driven foul of each other. It was determined thereupon in a council

of the officers on board that they ought to disengage themselves from the land; and accordingly, as soon as the troops were reëmbarked, they stood out to sea. The gale, however, increased to so violent a degree that a number of the vessels foundered. The people belonging to them, by floating upon pieces of the wreck, saved themselves upon an island lying about four miles from the coast of Zipangu. The other ships, which, not being so near to the land, did not suffer from the storm, and in which the two chiefs were embarked, together with the principal officers, or those whose rank entitled them to command a hundred thousand or ten thousand men, directed their course homewards, and returned to the Grand Khan.

Those of the Tartars who remained upon the island where they were wrecked, and who amounted to about thirty thousand men, finding themselves left without shipping, abandoned by their leaders, and having neither arms nor provisions, expected nothing less than to become captives or perish; especially as the island afforded no habitations where they could take shelter and refresh themselves. As soon as the gale ceased and the sea became smooth and calm, the people from the main island of Zipangu came over with a large force, in numerous boats, in order to make prisoners of these shipwrecked Tartars, and having landed, proceeded in search of them, but in a straggling, disorderly manner. The Tartars, on their part, acted with prudent circumspection, and, being concealed from view by some high land in the center of the island, whilst the enemy were hurrying in pursuit of them by one road, made a circuit of the coast by another, which brought them to the place where

the fleet of boats was at anchor. Finding these all abandoned, but with their colors flying, they instantly seized them, and pushing off from the island, stood for the principal city of Zipangu, into which, from the appearance of the colors, they were suffered to enter unmolested. Here they found few of the inhabitants besides women.

When the king was apprised of what had taken place, he was much afflicted, and immediately gave directions for a strict blockade of the city, which was so effectual that not any person was suffered to enter or to escape from it during the six months that the siege continued. At the expiration of this time, the Tartars, despairing of succor, surrendered upon the condition of their lives being spared. These events took place in the course of the year 1264.

The Grand Khan having learned some years after that the unfortunate issue of the expedition was to be attributed to the dissension between the two commanders, caused the head of one of them to be cut off; the other he sent to the savage island of Zorza, where it is the custom to execute criminals in the following manner. They are wrapped round both arms in the hide of a buffalo fresh taken from the beast, which is sewed tight. As this dries, it compresses the body to such a degree that the sufferer is incapable of moving or in any manner helping himself, and thus miserably perishes.

THE COMING OF WILL ADAMS TO JAPAN

[WILL ADAMS was the first Englishman to make his home in Japan. His knowledge of shipbuilding made him so useful to the emperor that, although he was treated with honors and liberality, he was not allowed to leave the country. The Japanese of the street in Yedo which was named for him still hold an annual celebration in his memory.

The letter from which the following extracts are taken — with modernized spelling — was written in 1611. It begins with his departure from the coast of Peru.

The Editor.]

IT was agreed that we should leave the coast of Peru and direct our course for Japan, having understood that cloth was good merchandise there and also how upon that coast of Peru the king's ships were out seeking us, having knowledge of our being there, understanding that we were weak of men, which was certain, for one of our fleet for hunger was forced to seek relief at the enemies' hands in Saint Ago. So we stood away directly for Japan, and passed the equinoctial line together, until we came in twenty-eight degrees to the northward of the line, in which latitude we were about the twenty-third of February, 1600. We had a wondrous storm of wind as ever I was in, with much rain, in which storm we lost our consort, whereof we were very sorry. Nevertheless with hope that in Japan we should meet the one the other, we proceeded on our former intention for Japan, and in the height of thirty degrees sought the northernmost cape of the forenamed island, but found it not by reason that it lieth false in all cards and maps and

globes; for the cape lieth in thirty-five degrees and one half, which is a great difference. In the end, in thirty-two degrees and one half we came in sight of the land, being the nineteenth day of April. So that between the Cape of St. Maria and Japan we were four months and twenty-two days; at which time there were no more than six besides myself that could stand upon his feet.

So we in safety let fall our anchor about a league from a place called Bungo. At which time came to us many boats, and we suffered them to come aboard, being not able to resist them, which people did us no harm, neither of us understanding the one the other. The king of Bungo showed us great friendship, for he gave us an house and land, where we landed our sick men, and had all refreshing that was needful. We had when we came to anchor in Bungo, sick and whole, four and twenty men, of which number the next day three died. The rest for the most part recovered, saving three, which lay a long time sick, and in the end also died.

In the which time of our being here, the emperor hearing of us sent presently five galleys, or frigates, to us to bring me to the court where His Highness was, which was distant from Bungo about an eighty English leagues. So that as soon as I came before him, he demanded of me of what country we were. So I answered him in all points, for there was nothing that he demanded not, both concerning war and peace between country and country; so that the particulars here to write would be too tedious. And for that time I was commanded to prison, being well used, with one of our mariners that came with me to serve me.

A two days after, the emperor called me again, de-

manding the reason of our coming so far. I answered: We are a people that sought all friendship with all nations, and to have trade in all countries, bringing such merchandise as our country did afford into strange lands in the way of traffic. He demanded also as concerning the wars between the Spaniards or Portugal and our country and the reasons; the which I gave him to understand of all things, which he was glad to hear, as it seemed to me.

In the end I was commanded to prison again, but my lodging was bettered in another place. So that thirty-nine days I was in prison, hearing no more news, neither of our ship nor captain, whether he were recovered of his sickness or not, nor of the rest of the company; in which time I looked every day to die, to be crossed [crucified] as the custom of justice is in Japan, as hanging in our land. In which long time of imprisonment, the Jesuits and the Portuguese gave many evidences against me and the rest to the emperor that we were thieves and robbers of all nations, and, were we suffered to live, it should be against the profit of His Highness and the land; for no nation should come there without robbing; His Highness's justice being executed, the rest of our nation without doubt should fear and not come here any more: thus daily making access to the emperor and procuring friends to hasten my death. But God, that is always merciful at need, showed mercy unto us and would not suffer them to have their wills of us. In the end, the emperor gave them answer that we as yet had not done to him nor to none of his land any harm or damage; therefore against reason and justice to put us to death. If our countries had war the one with the

other, that was no cause that he should put us to death; with which they were out of heart that their cruel pretense failed them. For which God be forevermore praised.

Now in this time that I was in prison the ship was commanded to be brought so near to the city where the emperor was as she might be (for grounding her); the which was done. Forty-one days being expired, the emperor caused me to be brought before him again, demanding of me many questions more, which were too long to write. In conclusion he asked me whether I were desirous to go to the ship to see my countrymen. I answered very gladly, the which he bade me do. So I departed and was free from imprisonment. And this was the first news that I had that the ship and company were come to the city. So that with a rejoicing heart I took a boat and went to our ship, where I found the captain and the rest recovered of their sickness; and when I came aboard with weeping eyes was received, for it was given them to understand that I was executed long since. Thus, God be praised, all we that were left alive came together again.

From the ship all things were taken out, so that the clothes which I took with me on my back I only had. All my instruments and books were taken. Not only I lost what I had in the ship, but from the captain and the company generally what was good or worth the taking was carried away; all which was done unknown to the emperor. So in process of time having knowledge of it, he commanded that they which had taken our goods should restore it to us back again; but it was here and there so taken that we could not get it again, saving

50,000 R[s] in ready money was commanded to be given us and in his presence brought and delivered in the hands of one that was made our governor, who kept them in his hands to distribute them unto us as we had need for the buying of victuals for our men with other particular charges. In the end the money was divided according to every man's place; but this was about two years that we had been in Japan, and when we had a denial that we should not have our ship, but to abide in Japan. So that the part of every one being divided, every one took his way where he thought best. In the end, the emperor gave every man, much as was worth eleven or twelve ducats a year, namely, myself, the captain, and mariners all alike.

So in process of four or five years the emperor called me, as divers times he had done before. So one time above the rest he would have me to make him a small ship. I answered that I was no carpenter and had no knowledge thereof. "Well, do your endeavor," saith he; "if it be not good, it is no matter." Wherefore at his command I built him a ship of the burden of eighty tons or thereabout; which ship being made in all respects as our manner is, he coming aboard to see it, liked it very well; by which means I came in favor with him, so that I came often in his presence, who from time to time gave me presents, and at length a yearly stipend to live upon, much about seventy ducats by the year with two pounds of rice a day daily. Now being in such grace and favor by reason I learned him some points of geometry and understanding of the art of mathematics with other things, I pleased him so that what I said he would not contrary. At which my former enemies did wonder,

and at this time must entreat me to do them a friendship, which to both Spaniards and Portuguese have I done, recompensing them good for evil. So to pass my time to get my living, it hath cost me great labor and trouble at the first; but God hath blessed my labor.

In the end of five years I made supplication to the king to go out of this land, desiring to see my poor wife and children according to conscience and nature. With the which request the emperor was not well pleased, and would not let me go any more for my country, but to bide in his land. Yet in process of time, being in great favor with the emperor, I made supplication again, by reason we had news that the Hollanders were in Shian and Patania; which rejoiced us much with hope that God should bring us to our country again by one means or other. So I made supplication again, and boldly spoke myself with him, at which he gave me no answer. I told him if he would permit me to depart, I would be a means that both the English and Hollanders should come and traffic there. But by no means he would let me go. I asked him leave for the captain, the which he presently granted me. So by that means my captain got leave, and in a Japan junk sailed to Pattan; and in a year's space came no Hollanders. In the end, he went from Patane to Ior, where he found a fleet of nine sail, of which fleet Matleef was general, and in this fleet he was made master again, which fleet sailed to Malacca and fought with an armado of Portugal; in which battle he was shot and presently died; so that, as I think, no certain news is known whether I be living or dead. Therefore I do pray and entreat you in the name of Jesus Christ to do so much as to make my being here

in Japan known to my poor wife, in a manner a widow and my two children fatherless; which thing only is my greatest grief of heart and conscience. I am a man not unknown in Ratcliffe and Limehouse, by name to my good Master Nicholas Diggines and M. Thomas Best and M. Nicholas Isaac and William Isaac, brothers, with many others; also to M. William Jones and M. Becket. Therefore may this letter come to any of their hands or the copy, I do know that compassion and mercy is so that my friends and kindred shall have news that I do as yet live in this vale of my sorrowful pilgrimage; the which thing again and again I do desire for Jesus Christ his sake.

LONG SPEARS OR SHORT SPEARS

BY WALTER DENING

[The "Tokichi" of this story is the famous Japanese general Hideyoshi.

The Editor.]

Once it happened that Nobunaga gave a feast to his chief retainers and in the course of conversation spoke as follows: "Weapons of war have changed from age to age. In very ancient times bows and arrows were all the fashion; then spears and swords came into use; and recently guns are all the rage. These weapons all have their advantages, but I intend to make the spear the weapon on which to rely in battle. Now, as you know, there are some who advocate the use of long spears and others who prefer short ones. I should like to hear what you, Mr. Mondo, have to say on this point."

Mondo in a most pompous manner commenced thus to state his opinion: "To me it seems there can be no difference of opinion as to short spears being preferable to long ones. When thrust into an opponent's body they enter with great strength; when flourished about in self-defense they can be moved rapidly; and when an enemy comes to close quarters, whereas nothing can be done with a long spear, a short one can be wielded at will. That weapon which can be moved about with the greatest freedom to suit the exigencies of the occasion is surely the best. In my idea, therefore, no spear should be longer than eight feet."

Nobunaga, being in the habit of using a spear about eighteen feet long, felt disconcerted as he listened to these remarks; but since they proceeded from the lips of a professor of the art of spear exercise in his own employ, he did not care to reply to them in person. Looking around, he saw Tokichi [Hideyoshi] coming in, and, without telling him what had happened, turned to him and said: "Ah! Tokichi, come here. Which is to be preferred, a long spear or a short one?"

"Why ask me such a question?" replied Tokichi. Then, pointing to Mondo, he continued: "Here is a man who is versed in these matters; consult him."

"No, no," replied Nobunaga, "to-day every one is to give his opinion on the subject, so just say what you think, will you?"

"Well, then," replied Tokichi, "I will. Long spears are the better, of course."

"What are you talking about?" exclaimed Mondo, burning with rage. "Am I not employed by Lord Oda [Nobunaga] for the special purpose of giving instruction in spear exercise? And have I not decided that short spears are the better? You have the audacity to assert the opposite! I don't suppose you know anything about the matter; but if you do, I should like to know your reasons for the assertion you have made."

"I do not pretend to be versed in the matter," replied Tokichi, "but as I was commanded by the baron to say what I think, and since I am decidedly of the opinion that long spears are the better, surely I am not to be blamed for saying so."

Without waiting for him to finish his reply, Mondo, who was growing more and more angry, came close to

him, and pushing him as he spoke, again asked, "What is your reason for saying that long spears are the better?"

"All I know is that a long spear reaches a long way, and therefore is better than a short one," replied Tokichi.

"You cannot decide the matter in this summary manner," replied Mondo. "You should not talk such nonsense in the presence of the baron. Please in future be more careful what you say."

"Was I not commanded by Lord Oda to speak my mind on the subject?" asked Tokichi. "You cannot have every one thinking alike on such matters. You hold that short spears are the best, but other persons are evidently of a different opinion or there would be no long spears used in the country. For a man that professes to be a teacher of spear exercise to take such a narrow view of things is extremely absurd."

"Having had experience in the matter," replied Mondo, "I speak as one that knows, and am not theorizing like you."

Here Nobunaga interposed: "You two may go on forever like this without settling anything. Suppose we put the matter to a practical test. Do you each take command of fifty soldiers, and for three days let them be instructed in the use of your respective spears, after which you shall all meet and fence, and we will see who gets the best of it."

The leaders agreed. But none of the soldiers wished to belong to Tokichi's side. "What does he know about spear exercise?" said they. "Of course he will be beaten." Nobunaga, seeing this, commanded that lots

be drawn, and that the men on whom the lots fell should fence on Tokichi's side.

Mondo was much pleased with the arrangement made. "We shall soon see what this fellow's theories are worth," said he.

He instructed his fifty men day by day, telling them how to turn aside the thrusts of their foes and how to get into close quarters with them and render their long spears useless. But they, being novices at the art, made little progress. Mondo, seeing this, grew very angry with them, and mingling blows with abuse, tried to frighten them into acquiring the art; but all to no purpose. They became utterly sick of the whole thing, and did nothing but complain of their ill luck in being chosen to fight on Mondo's side.

Tokichi gathered his men together and addressed them as follows: "We have been commanded by our lord to try whether long spears are not better than short ones by fencing with Mondo and his men. As Nobunaga is of opinion that long spears are the better and I think so, too, of course we shall conquer. If you do not know already, it is impossible that in the space of three days you can learn how to use a spear. So what you would better do is to make up your minds that you will fight together. Provided you obey orders and keep together, you may use your spears any way you please. Dash at Mondo's men and hit them about anyhow and they will give in. As to-day is the first day of our preparation for war, we should better propitiate Hachiman by making some offerings to him."

Here Tokichi caused food and saké to be presented to Hachiman. These he afterwards took and handed

around to his men, who, after having thoroughly regaled themselves, went home thinking that their leader was a very jolly fellow.

The next day Tokichi divided his men into three bands, consisting of two bands of sixteen men each, which were to approach the enemy from the right, and another of eighteen men, which was to advance from the center. "I will give the word of command," said he, "do you all obey orders promptly." He then feasted them again and, after praising them for the attention which they had paid to what he had said, sent them home.

The next day he spent a short time in ordering them about; they obeyed his commands with great promptness. So, after giving them another good meal, he said: "To-morrow is the day of trial; remember you are to make up your minds not to be beaten."

"No fear," they replied, "those fellows won't stand a chance before us!"

While on their way home at sunset, they fell in with Mondo's men. "Well, how are you getting on?" they inquired.

Mondo's men all began to grumble. "We have only just finished our drill," said they. "From morning to night, every day we have been at it. Mondo hardly gives us time to get our lunch. We are utterly worn out with fatigue and hunger, and our limbs are stiff with using the spear; how it will fare with us to-morrow, goodness knows; we are in no condition to fight. A hard life of it we warriors have to pass, sure enough!"

The next day Tokichi reported to Nobunaga that his men had been duly trained, and he was prepared to meet

Mondo and his party. Nobunaga had great confidence in Tokichi's superior intelligence and felt sure that by some means or other he would outwit Mondo, so he gave orders for the preparation of a large fencing ring, and decided that the match should take place that same day.

The contest commenced in the customary way, the sound of the drum being the signal for the onset to begin. At the command of Tokichi the eighteen men appointed to face the central part of the enemy's force advanced with spirit and all together. Mondo's men had not been drilled to combined effort, and so when they were suddenly set upon by these eighteen men, they lost their heads, and while they were in a state of confusion, Tokichi commanded the right and left wings to advance to the attack; which being done, all Mondo's men were driven from the position they had occupied. While this was going on, Mondo was engaged in giving orders to individual men as to how they were to ward off the blows of their opponents; but, as they knew nothing of the art of fencing and were bewildered by the combined attack of their foes, his commands were not obeyed. While he was considering what to do, the drum sounded for the fight to cease.

Mondo, overcome with remorse, begged Nobunaga to allow him to try a second time.

Tokichi, on being consulted as to this, said: "Certainly; there is no saying how many times one may have to fight an enemy. I am ready to fight any number of times."

On the renewal of the contest, Mondo encountered another defeat; and this time Tokichi by a stratagem

surrounded all his opponent's men so that they could not move forward or back.

Nobunaga, seeing the skill with which Tokichi gave orders, determined to employ him as one of his generals.

The fencing being over, Nobunaga called Mundo and Tokichi and addressed them as follows: "The contest you have had to-day has been no real test as to which spear is the better, the long or the short one. As Tokichi is skillful in maneuvering troops, he has come off victorious. If the contest had depended on Mondo's use of the spear, of course it would have been otherwise. All that has happened has been a fight between a number of unskillful men. So you two have no reason for bearing any ill will to each other."

Here they returned to their homes. Mondo's angry feelings had been somewhat appeased by Nobunaga's remarks, but he still thought that Tokichi ought to be humbled in some way or other; so, knowing that Sakuma and Shibata, two of Nobunaga's chief vassals, looked with envious eyes on Tokichi's rapid promotion, he determined to unite with them in concocting something that would tend to lower Tokichi in the eyes of his master.

In the mean while Tokichi's suspicions in reference to Mondo began to be aroused. He bore in mind Mondo's assertion that he had come from Chugoku, but to Tokichi his language and manners appeared unlike those of a man who had come from a distant province. Might he not be a spy from some neighboring enemy of Nobunaga? In order to find out who he was, Tokichi summoned from his native village of Nakamura a man called Yasuke. Him he ordered to become Mondo's servant and to watch his movements closely.

While this was taking place, Mondo, Sakuma, and Shibata were consulting together as to how they should get rid of Tokichi. Mondo suggested that, as there had been a controversy about the spears and subsequently a match to test their merits, he should ask Nobunaga to allow him and Tokichi to have a fencing match. "And then," said he, "during the match I will kill him." This plan met with the approval of the other two.

Nobunaga, being asked to allow the match to be held, called Tokichi and consulted him about it. Tokichi immediately accepted Mondo's challenge. Before the fencing commenced, they each agreed that whoever was defeated should become the servant of the victor.

Mondo, though confident of victory, was no match for Tokichi, who was extremely proficient in all the military arts of those days. Overcome with shame, Mondo bowed his head and offered to become his adversary's servant.

"According to the agreement made, Mondo," interposed Nobunaga, "you are to become Tokichi's follower, and see to it that you bear no malice in your heart on this account."

Tokichi bade Mondo come to his house that evening, saying that he had something he wished to say to him. On his arrival Tokichi spoke to him as follows: "My getting the best of the contest to-day is something that I never expected. I hope that you will not on this account harbor any ill feelings toward me. Although an ignorant man, I have intelligence enough to see that in most matters you are extremely shrewd and that your skill in the art you profess is very considerable. I am anxious that your powers should be employed in effect-

ing what is good and not what is bad. My saying to-day that you should become my servant was not said in pride. My object in making you a servant was that I might have an opportunity of correcting what is wrong in you. As I am thus dealing honestly with you and telling you the real truth, I trust that you will hide nothing from me. You are not from Chugoku, but are no other than a spy of Saito, sent here to watch for an opportunity of killing Nobunaga."

Tokichi now produced a letter, which Yasuke had seized, that contained a clear reference to the plot, and then continued: "And this you deem acting faithfully to your master, do you? You may call it loyalty, but it is a loyalty which should not be practiced. Without asking whether a master is virtuous or not, a fool or a wise man, obedient to the laws or not, to expend effort in furthering this course is the height of folly. You may get a kind of reputation by doing this, but what is it worth?"

Mondo was utterly taken aback by these revelations and did not know what to say in reply. After thinking over the matter a little, "This man is too much for me," he said to himself. "He outwits me in everything; even my plot against Nobunaga has not escaped his notice." Then, turning to Tokichi, he exclaimed: "You astound me by your sharpness. It is as you say; and as my contemplated crime is discovered, please to cut off my head and take it to Nobunaga."

"Nobunaga has no wish to kill you, or he would have done it before," replied Tokichi. "You are serving a wicked master — a man who has been guilty of parenticide; and this being so, in serving him you are offending

against Heaven. Your life Nobunaga does not seek, but your reform he does. If you will give up serving this wicked man and enlist in the service of Lord Oda, then I have orders from him to deal leniently with you."

Mondo, still more impressed by this treatment, agreed to follow Tokichi the rest of his days. Whereupon Tokichi took Mondo to Nobunaga and told him what had happened; and Mondo swore fealty to his new master. Being thoroughly acquainted with Saito's affairs, subsequently, when Nobunaga made war on that baron, he rendered him great assistance.

Here again Tokichi displayed that magnanimity which distinguished his whole career. And the testing of the spears proved to be the means of revealing the respective characters of the two men that wielded them.

HOW A MAN BECAME A GOD

BY LAFCADIO HEARN

Before telling the story of Hamaguchi Gohei, I must say a few words about certain laws — or, more correctly speaking, customs having all the force of laws — by which many village communities were ruled in pre-Meiji times. These customs were based upon the social experience of ages; and though they differed in minor details according to province or district, their main signification was everywhere about the same. Some were ethical, some industrial, some religious; and all matters were regulated by them, — even individual behavior. They preserved peace, and they compelled mutual help and mutual kindness. Sometimes there might be serious fighting between different villages, — little peasant wars about questions of water supply or boundaries; but quarreling between men of the same community could not be tolerated in an age of vendetta, and the whole village would resent any needless disturbance of the internal peace. To some degree this state of things still exists in the more old-fashioned provinces: the people know how to live without quarreling, not to say fighting. Anywhere, as a general rule, Japanese fight only to kill; and when a sober man goes so far as to strike a blow, he virtually rejects communal protection, and takes his life into his own hands with every probability of losing it.

The obligation of mutual help in time of calamity or danger was the most imperative of all communal obliga-

tions. In case of fire, especially, everybody was required to give immediate aid to the best of his or her ability. Even children were not exempted from this duty. In towns and cities, of course, things were differently ordered; but in any little country village the universal duty was very plain and simple, and its neglect would have been considered unpardonable.

A curious fact is that this obligation of mutual help extended to religious matters: everybody was expected to invoke the help of the gods for the sick or the unfortunate, whenever asked to do so. For example, the village might be ordered to make a *sendo-mairi* [1] on behalf of some one seriously ill. On such occasions the Kumi-chō (each Kumi-chō was responsible for the conduct of five or more families) would run from house to house crying, "Such and such a one is very sick: kindly hasten all to make a sendo-mairi!" Thereupon, however occupied at the moment, every soul in the settlement was expected to hurry to the temple, — taking care not to trip or stumble on the way, as a single misstep during the performance of a sendo-mairi was believed to mean misfortune for the sick. . . .

Now concerning Hamaguchi.

From immemorial time the shores of Japan have been swept, at irregular intervals of centuries, by enormous tidal waves, — tidal waves caused by earthquakes or by

[1] To perform a *sendo-mairi* means to make one thousand visits to a temple, and to repeat one thousand invocations to the deity. But it is considered necessary only to go from the gate or the torii of the temple court to the place of prayer, and back, one thousand times, repeating the invocation each time; and the task may be divided among any number of persons, — ten visits by one hundred persons, for instance, being quite as efficacious as a thousand visits by a single person.

submarine volcanic action. These awful sudden risings of the sea are called by the Japanese *tsunami*. The last one occurred on the evening of June 17, 1896, when a wave nearly two hundred miles long struck the north-eastern provinces of Miyagi, Iwaté, and Aomori, wrecking scores of towns and villages, ruining whole districts, and destroying nearly thirty thousand human lives. The story of Hamaguchi Gohei is the story of a like calamity which happened long before the era of Meiji, on another part of the Japanese coast.

He was an old man at the time of the occurrence that made him famous. He was the most influential resident of the village to which he belonged: he had been for many years its *muraosa*, or head man; and he was not less liked than respected. The people usually called him *Ojiisan*, which means Grandfather; but, being the richest member of the community, he was sometimes officially referred to as the Chōja. He used to advise the smaller farmers about their interests, to arbitrate their disputes, to advance them money at need, and to dispose of their rice for them on the best terms possible.

Hamaguchi's big thatched farmhouse stood at the verge of a small plateau overlooking a bay. The plateau, mostly devoted to rice culture, was hemmed in on three sides by thickly wooded summits. From its outer verge the land sloped down in a huge green concavity, as if scooped out, to the edge of the water; and the whole of this slope, some three quarters of a mile long, was so terraced as to look, when viewed from the open sea, like an enormous flight of green steps, divided in the center by a narrow white zigzag, — a streak of mountain road. Ninety thatched dwellings and a Shintō temple, com-

posing the village proper, stood along the curve of the bay; and other houses climbed straggling up the slope for some distance on either side of the narrow road leading to the Chōja's home.

One autumn evening Hamaguchi Gohei was looking down from the balcony of his house at some preparations for a merry-making in the village below. There had been a very fine rice-crop, and the peasants were going to celebrate their harvest by a dance in the court of the *ujigami*.[1] The old man could see the festival banners (*nobori*) fluttering above the roofs of the solitary street, the strings of paper lanterns festooned between bamboo poles, the decorations of the shrine, and the brightly colored gathering of the young people. He had nobody with him that evening but his little grandson, a lad of ten; the rest of the household having gone early to the village. He would have accompanied them had he not been feeling less strong than usual.

The day had been oppressive; and in spite of a rising breeze there was still in the air that sort of heavy heat which, according to the experience of the Japanese peasant, at certain seasons precedes an earthquake. And presently an earthquake came. It was not strong enough to frighten anybody; but Hamaguchi, who had felt hundreds of shocks in his time, thought it was queer, — a long, slow, spongy motion. Probably it was but the after-tremor of some immense seismic action very far away. The house crackled and rocked gently several times; then all became still again.

As the quaking ceased Hamaguchi's keen old eyes

[1] Shintō parish temple.

were anxiously turned toward the village. It often happens that the attention of a person gazing fixedly at a particular spot or object is suddenly diverted by the sense of something not knowingly seen at all, — by a mere vague feeling of the unfamiliar in that dim outer circle of unconscious perception which lies beyond the field of clear vision. Thus it chanced that Hamaguchi became aware of something unusual in the offing. He rose to his feet, and looked at the sea. It had darkened quite suddenly, and it was acting strangely. It seemed to be moving against the wind. *It was running away from the land.*

Within a very little time the whole village had noticed the phenomenon. Apparently no one had felt the previous motion of the ground, but all were evidently astounded by the movement of the water. They were running to the beach, and even beyond the beach, to watch it. No such ebb had been witnessed on that coast within the memory of living man. Things never seen before were making apparition; unfamiliar spaces of ribbed sand and reaches of weed-hung rock were left bare even as Hamaguchi gazed. And none of the people below appeared to guess what that monstrous ebb signified.

Hamaguchi Gohei himself had never seen such a thing before; but he remembered things told him in his childhood by his father's father, and he knew all the traditions of the coast. He understood what the sea was going to do. Perhaps he thought of the time needed to send a message to the village, or to get the priests of the Buddhist temple on the hill to sound their big bell. . . . But it would take very much longer to tell what he might have

thought than it took him to think. He simply called to his grandson: —

"Tada! — quick, — very quick! . . . Light me a torch."

Taimatsu, or pine torches, are kept in many coast dwellings for use on stormy nights, and also for use at certain Shintō festivals. The child kindled a torch at once; and the old man hurried with it to the fields, where hundreds of rice-stacks, representing most of his invested capital, stood awaiting transportation. Approaching those nearest the verge of the slope, he began to apply the torch to them, — hurrying from one to another as quickly as his aged limbs could carry him. The sun-dried stalks caught like tinder; the strengthening sea-breeze blew the blaze landward; and presently, rank behind rank, the stacks burst into flame, sending skyward columns of smoke that met and mingled into one enormous cloudy whirl. Tada, astonished and terrified, ran after his grandfather, crying, —

"Ojiisan! why? Ojiisan! why? — why?"

But Hamaguchi did not answer: he had no time to explain; he was thinking only of the four hundred lives in peril. For a while the child stared wildly at the blazing rice; then burst into tears, and ran back to the house, feeling sure that his grandfather had gone mad. Hamaguchi went on firing stack after stack, till he had reached the limit of his field; then he threw down his torch, and waited. The acolyte of the hill-temple, observing the blaze, set the big bell booming; and the people responded to the double appeal. Hamaguchi watched them hurrying in from the sands and over the beach and up from the village, like a swarming of ants, and, to his anxious

eyes, scarcely faster; for the moments seemed terribly long to him. The sun was going down; the wrinkled bed of the bay, and a vast sallow speckled expanse beyond it, lay naked to the last orange glow; and still the sea was fleeing toward the horizon.

Really, however, Hamaguchi did not have very long to wait before the first party of succor arrived, — a score of agile young peasants, who wanted to attack the fire at once. But the Chōja, holding out both arms, stopped them.

"Let it burn, lads!" he commanded, — "let it be! I want the whole *mura* here. There is a great danger, — *taihen da!*"

The whole village was coming; and Hamaguchi counted. All the young men and boys were soon on the spot, and not a few of the more active women and girls; then came most of the older folk, and mothers with babies at their backs, and even children, — for children could help to pass water; and the elders too feeble to keep up with the first rush could be seen well on their way up the steep ascent. The growing multitude, still knowing nothing, looked alternately, in sorrowful wonder, at the flaming fields and at the impassive face of their Chōja. And the sun went down.

"Grandfather is mad, — I am afraid of him!" sobbed Tada, in answer to a number of questions. "He is mad. He set fire to the rice on purpose: I saw him do it!"

"As for the rice," cried Hamaguchi, "the child tells the truth. I set fire to the rice. . . . Are all the people here?"

The Kumi-chō and the heads of families looked about them, and down the hill, and made reply: "All are here,

or very soon will be. . . . We cannot understand this thing."

"*Kita!*" shouted the old man at the top of his voice, pointing to the open. "Say now if I be mad!"

Through the twilight eastward all looked, and saw at the edge of the dusky horizon a long, lean, dim line like the shadowing of a coast where no coast ever was, — a line that thickened as they gazed, that broadened as a coast-line broadens to the eyes of one approaching it, yet incomparably more quickly. For that long darkness was the returning sea, towering like a cliff, and coursing more swiftly than the kite flies.

"*Tsunami!*" shrieked the people, and then all shrieks and all sounds and all power to hear sounds were annihilated by a nameless shock heavier than any thunder, as the colossal swell smote the shore with a weight that sent a shudder through the hills, and with a foam-burst like a blaze of sheet-lightning. Then for an instant nothing was visible but a storm of spray rushing up the slope like a cloud; and the people scattered back in panic from the mere menace of it. When they looked again, they saw a white horror of sea raving over the place of their homes. It drew back roaring, and tearing out the bowels of the land as it went. Twice, thrice, five times the sea struck and ebbed, but each time with lesser surges: then it returned to its ancient bed and stayed, — still raging, as after a typhoon.

On the plateau for a time there was no word spoken. All stared speechlessly at the desolation beneath, — the ghastliness of hurled rock and naked riven cliff, the bewilderment of scooped-up deep-sea wrack and shingle shot over the empty site of dwelling and temple. The

village was not; the greater part of the fields were not; even the terraces had ceased to exist; and of all the homes that had been about the bay there remained nothing recognizable except two straw roofs tossing madly in the offing. The after-terror of the death escaped and the stupefaction of the general loss kept all lips dumb, until the voice of Hamaguchi was heard again, observing gently, —

"*That was why I set fire to the rice.*"

He, their Chōja, now stood among them almost as poor as the poorest; for his wealth was gone — but he had saved four hundred lives by the sacrifice. Little Tada ran to him, and caught his hand, and asked forgiveness for having said naughty things. Whereupon the people woke up to the knowledge of why they were alive, and began to wonder at the simple, unselfish foresight that had saved them; and the head men prostrated themselves in the dust before Hamaguchi Gohei, and the people after them.

Then the old man wept a little, partly because he was happy, and partly because he was aged and weak and had been sorely tried.

"My house remains," he said, as soon as he could find words, automatically caressing Tada's brown cheeks; "and there is room for many. Also the temple on the hill stands; and there is shelter there for the others."

Then he led the way to his house; and the people cried and shouted.

The period of distress was long, because in those days there were no means of quick communication between district and district, and the help needed had to be sent

from far away. But when better times came, the people did not forget their debt to Hamaguchi Gohei. They could not make him rich; nor would he have suffered them to do so, even had it been possible. Moreover, gifts could never have sufficed as an expression of their reverential feeling towards him; for they believed that the ghost within him was divine. So they declared him a god, and thereafter called him Hamaguchi DAIMYŌJIN, thinking they could give him no greater honor; — and truly no greater honor in any country could be given to mortal man. And when they rebuilt the village, they built a temple to the spirit of him, and fixed about the front of it a tablet bearing his name in Chinese text of gold; and they worshiped him there, with prayer and with offerings. How he felt about it I cannot say; — I know only that he continued to live in his old thatched home upon the hill, with his children and his children's children, just as humanly and simply as before, while his soul was being worshiped in the shrine below. A hundred years and more he has been dead; but his temple, they tell me, still stands, and the people still pray to the ghost of the good old farmer to help them in time of fear or trouble.

RIBS AND SKIN

[Between the classical dramas in meter it is the custom of the Japanese to introduce a little prose comedy like the following.

The Editor.]

Dramatis Personæ

The Rector of a Buddhist Temple. His Curate.
Three of the Parishioners

Scene. — *The Temple*

Rector. I am rector of this temple. I have to call my curate, to make a communication to him. Curate! are you there? are you there? halloo!

Curate. Here am I! What is your reason for being pleased to call me?

Rector. My reason for calling you is just simply this: I, unworthy priest, am already stricken in years, and the duties of the temple service weigh heavily upon me. So, do you please to understand that, from to-day, I resign this benefice in your favor.

Curate. I feel deeply indebted [to your reverence]. But as I am still deficient in learning, and as, moreover, no time, however late, would seem too late to me, I beg of you to be so kind as to delay this change.

Rector. Nothing could please me more than your most charming answer. But [you must know that], though retiring from the rectorship, I do not intend to leave the temple. I shall simply take up my abode in the back

apartment; so, if there should be any business of any kind, please to let me know.

Curate. Well, if it must be so, I will act in accordance with your august desire.

Rector. And mind (though it will scarcely be necessary for me to say so) that you do everything in such a manner as to please the parishioners, and make the temple prosperous.

Curate. Pray feel no uneasiness [on that head]! I will do things in such a way as to please the parishioners right well.

Rector. Well, then, I retire without further delay. So, if there should be anything you want to ask, come and call me.

Curate. Your commands are laid to heart.

Rector. And if any parishioner should call, please to let me know.

Curate. Your injunctions shall be kept in mind. — Ha! ha! this *is* delightful! To think of the joy of his ceding the benefice to me to-day, just as I was saying to myself, "When will the rector resign in my favor? when will he resign in my favor?" The parishioners, when they hear of it, are sure to be charmed; so I mean to manage in such a way as to give them all satisfaction.

First Parishioner. I am a resident in this neighborhood. I am on my way to a certain place on business; but, as it has suddenly begun to threaten rain, I think I will look in at the parish temple, and borrow an umbrella. Ah, here it is! Hoy! admittance!

Curate. Oh! there is some one hallooing at the gate! Who is that asking for admittance? Who is that hallooing?

First Par. It is I.

Curate. Oh! you are, indeed, welcome!

First Par. It is long since I last had the honor of coming to inquire after you; but I trust that the worthy rector and yourself are still in the enjoyment of good health.

Curate. Oh, yes! we both continue well. But I must tell you that, moved by some impulse or other, my master has deigned to resign the benefice in my favor. So I pray that you will continue as heretofore to honor our temple with your visits.

First Par. That is an auspicious event; and if I have not been [before] to offer my congratulations, it is because I was not apprised of it. Well! my present reason for calling is just simply this: I am off to-day to a certain place; but as it has suddenly begun to threaten rain, I should feel much obliged if you would kindly condescend to lend me an umbrella.

Curate. Certainly! Nothing easier! I will have the honor to lend it to you. Please wait here an instant.

First Par. Oh! very many thanks.

Curate. Here, then! I will have the honor to lend you this one.

First Par. Oh! I owe you very many thanks.

Curate. Please always tell me if there is anything of any kind that I can do for you.

First Par. Certainly! I will call in your assistance. [But] now I will be off.

Curate. Are you going?

First Par. Yes. Good-bye!

Curate. Good-bye!

First Par. I am much indebted to you.

Curate. Thanks for your visit.

First Par. Ah! well! that is all right! I will hasten on.

Curate. As he said I was to let him know if any of the parishioners came, I will go and tell him what has passed. Pray! are you in?

Rector. Oh! that is you!

Curate. How dull your reverence must be feeling!

Rector. No, I am not dull.

Curate. Somebody has just been here.

Rector. Did he come to worship, or was it that he had business with us?

Curate. He came to borrow an umbrella; so I lent him one.

Rector. Quite right of you to lend it. But tell me, which umbrella did you lend?

Curate. I lent the one that came home new the other day.

Rector. What a thoughtless fellow you are! Would anybody ever dream of lending an umbrella like that one, that had not even been once used yet? The case will present itself again. When you do not want to lend it, you can make an excuse.

Curate. How would you say?

Rector. You should say: "The request with which you honor me is a slight one. But a day or two ago my master went out with it, and meeting with a gust of wind at a place where four roads met, the ribs flew off on one side, and the skin on another. So we have tied both skin and ribs by the middle, and hung them up to the ceiling. This being so, it would hardly be able to answer your purpose." Something like that, something with an air of truth about it, is what you should say.

Curate. Your injunctions shall be kept in mind, and I will make that answer another time. — Now I will be going.

Rector. Are you off?

Curate. Yes.

Rector.
Curate. } Good-bye! good-bye!

Curate. What *can* this mean? Let my master say what he likes, it *does* seem strange to refuse to lend a thing when you have it by you.

Second Parishioner. I am a resident in this neighborhood. As I am going on a long journey to-day, I mean to go to the parish temple and borrow a horse. — I will go quickly. Ah! here it is! Hoy! admittance!

Curate. There is some one hallooing at the gate again! Who is that asking for admittance? Who is that hallooing?

Second Par. It is I.

Curate. Oh! you are, indeed, most welcome!

Second Par. My present reason for calling is just simply this: I am off to-day on a long journey, and (though it is a bold request to make) I should feel much obliged if you would condescend to lend me a horse.

Curate. Nothing could be slighter than the request with which you honor me. But a day or two ago my master went out with it, and meeting with a gust of wind at a place where four roads met, the ribs flew off on one side, and the skin on another. So we have tied both skin and ribs by the middle, and hung them up to the ceiling. This being so, it would hardly be able to answer your purpose.

Second Par. Why! it is a horse that I am asking for!

Curate. Yes, certainly! a horse.

Second Par. Oh, well! then there is no help for it. I will be off.

Curate. Are you going?

Second Par. Yes. Good-bye!

Curate. Good-bye! Thanks for your visit.

Second Par. Well! I never! He says things that I cannot in the least make out.

Curate. I spoke as my master had instructed me; so doubtless he will be pleased. Pray! Are you in?

Rector. Oh! that is you! Is it on business that you come?

Curate. Somebody has just been here to borrow our horse.

Rector. And you lent him, as he fortunately happened to be disengaged?

Curate. Oh, no! I did not lend it, but replied in the manner you had taught me.

Rector. What! I do not remember saying anything about the horse! What was it you answered?

Curate. I said that you had been out with it a day or two ago, and that, meeting with a gust of wind at a place where four roads met, the ribs had flown off on one side, and the skin on the other, which being the case, it would hardly be able to answer his purpose.

Rector. What *do* you mean? It was if they came to ask for an umbrella that I told you to reply like that! [But] would anybody ever dream of saying such a thing to a person who should come to borrow a horse? Another time, when you do not want to lend it, you can make a [fitting] excuse.

Curate. How would you say?

Rector. You should say: "We lately turned him out to grass; and, becoming frolicsome, he dislocated his thigh, and is lying down covered with straw in a corner of the stable. This being so, he will hardly be able to answer your purpose." Something like that, something with an air of truth about it, is what you should say.

Curate. Your injunctions shall be kept in mind, and I will make use of them next time.

Rector. Be sure you do not say something stupid!

Curate. What *can* this mean? To say a thing because he tells me to say it, and then, forsooth, to get a scolding for it! For all I am now my own master, I see no way out of these perplexities.

Third Parishioner. I am a resident in this neighborhood, and am on my way to the parish temple, where I have some business. Well, I will make haste. Ah! here I am! Hoy! admittance!

Curate. There is some one hallooing at the gate again! Who is that asking for admittance? Who is that hallooing?

Third Par. It is I.

Curate. Oh! a hearty welcome to you!

Third Par. It is long since I last had the honor of coming to inquire after you; but I trust that the worthy rector and yourself are still in the enjoyment of good health.

Curate. Oh, yes! we both continue well. But by the way, my master, moved by some impulse or other, has designed to resign the benefice in my favor. So I pray that you will continue to honor our temple with your visits.

Third Par. That is an auspicious event; and if I have

not been already to offer my congratulations, it is because I was not apprised of it. To-morrow being a religious anniversary [in my family], I should feel greatly obliged if our worthy rector and yourself would condescend to come [to my house].

Curate. For myself I will come, but my master will scarcely be able to do so.

Third Par. What! has he any other business on hand?

Curate. No, he has no particular business on hand; but we lately turned him out to grass, and, becoming frolicsome, he dislocated his thigh, and is lying down covered with straw in a corner of the stable. This being so, he will scarcely be able to come.

Third Par. Why! it is the rector that I am talking about!

Curate. Yes, certainly! the rector.

Third Par. Well! I am very sorry such a thing should have occurred. At any rate, do you, please, be so kind as to come.

Curate. Most certainly, I will come.

Third Par. Now I will be off.

Curate. Are you going?

Third Par. Yes. Good-bye!

Curate. Good-bye! Thanks for your visit.

Third Par. Well! I never! He says things that I cannot in the least make out.

Curate. This time, at all events, he will be pleased. Pray! are you in?

Rector. Oh! that is you! Is it on business that you come?

Curate. Somebody has just been here to ask both your reverence and myself to go to him to-morrow, when

there is a religious anniversary [in his family]. So I said that I would go, but that you would scarcely be able to do so.

Rector. What a pity! I should have liked to have gone, as I just happen to be at leisure to-morrow.

Curate. Oh! but I said what you had instructed me to say.

Rector. I do not remember. What was it, then, that you answered?

Curate. I said that we had lately turned you out to grass, and that, becoming frolicsome, you had dislocated your thigh, and were lying down covered with straw in a corner of the stable, so that you would scarcely be able to go.

Rector. You really and truly went and said that?

Curate. Yes! really and truly.

Rector. Well, I never! You *are* an idiot! Speak as I may, over and over again, nothing seems to be able to make you understand. It was if they came to borrow a horse, that I told you to make that answer! The end of all this is, that it will never do for you to become rector. Get along with you!

Curate. Oh!

Rector. Won't you get along? Won't you get along? Won't you get along?

Curate. Oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear! But, reverend sir, for all you are my master, it is an unheard-of shame for you to beat me thus. And for all you are the man you are, you cannot be said to have been without your frolics, either, — that you cannot.

Rector. When was I ever frolicsome? If I ever was, out with it, quick! out with it, quick!

Curate. If I were to tell it, you would be put to shame.

Rector. I am conscious of nothing that could put me to shame. If anything there be, out with it, quick! out with it, quick!

Curate. Well, then, I'll tell it, I will.

Rector. Out with it, quick!

Curate. Well, then! [The curate here whispers a bit of scandal.]

Rector. Insolent rascal, inventing things that I never did, and bringing shame on your superior! After this, by the God of War with his Bow and Arrows, I shall not let you escape me!

Curate. For all you are my master, I do not intend to let myself get the worst of it.

Both. Ah! ah! ah! (*fighting*).

Curate. Has the old fool learnt a lesson? Oh! oh! I *am* glad! I *am* glad! I've beat! I've beat!

Rector. Deary, deary me! where is he off to after having put his master in such a plight? Is there nobody there? Catch him! I won't let him escape! I won't let him escape!

HOW IT WOULD FEEL TO BE A SHINTŌ GOD

BY LAFCADIO HEARN

Of whatever dimension, the temples or shrines of pure Shintō are all built in the same archaic style. The typical shrine is a windowless oblong building of unpainted timber, with a very steep overhanging roof; the front is the gable end; and the upper part of the perpetually closed doors is wooden lattice-work, — usually a grating of bars closely set and crossing each other at right angles. In most cases the structure is raised slightly above the ground on wooden pillars; and the queer peaked façade, with its visor-like apertures and the fantastic projections of beam-work above its gable-angle, might remind the European traveler of certain old Gothic forms of dormer. There is no artificial color. The plain wood soon turns, under the action of rain and sun, to a natural gray, varying according to surface exposure from the silvery tone of birch bark to the somber gray of basalt. So shaped and so tinted, the isolated country *yashiro* may seem less like a work of joinery than a feature of the scenery, — a rural form related to nature as closely as rocks and trees, — a something that came into existence only as a manifestation of Ohotsuchi-no-Kami, the Earth-god, the primeval divinity of the land.

Why certain architectural forms produce in the beholder a feeling of weirdness is a question about which I should like to theorize some day: at present I shall venture only to say that Shintō shrines evoke such a feeling.

It grows with familiarity instead of weakening; and a knowledge of popular beliefs is apt to intensify it. We have no English words by which these queer shapes can be sufficiently described, — much less any language able to communicate the peculiar impression which they make. Those Shintō terms which we loosely render by the words "temple" and "shrine" are really untranslatable; — I mean that the Japanese ideas attaching to them cannot be conveyed by translation. The so-called "august house" of the Kami is not so much a temple, in the classic meaning of the term, as it is a haunted room, a spirit-chamber, a ghost-house; many of the lesser divinities being veritably ghosts, — ghosts of great warriors and heroes and rulers and teachers, who lived and loved and died hundreds or thousands of years ago. I fancy that to the Western mind the word "ghost-house" will convey, better than such terms as "shrine" and "temple," some vague notion of the strange character of the Shintō *miya* or *yashiro*, — containing in its perpetual dusk nothing more substantial than symbols or tokens, the latter probably of paper. Now the emptiness behind the visored front is more suggestive than anything material could possibly be; and when you remember that millions of people during thousands of years have worshiped their great dead before such *yashiro*, — that a whole race still believes those buildings tenanted by viewless conscious personalities, — you are apt also to reflect how difficult it would be to prove the faith absurd. Nay! in spite of Occidental reluctances, — in spite of whatever you may think it expedient to say or not to say at a later time about the experience, — you may very likely find yourself for a moment forced into

the attitude of respect toward possibilities. Mere cold reasoning will not help you far in the opposite direction. The evidence of the senses counts for little: you know there are ever so many realities which can neither be seen nor heard nor felt, but which exist as forces, — tremendous forces. Then again you cannot mock the conviction of forty millions of people while that conviction thrills all about you like the air, — while conscious that it is pressing upon your psychical being just as the atmosphere presses upon your physical being. As for myself, whenever I am alone in the presence of a Shintō shrine, I have the sensation of being haunted; and I cannot help thinking about the possible apperceptions of the haunter. And this tempts me to fancy how I should feel if I myself were a god, — dwelling in some old Izumo shrine on the summit of a hill, guarded by stone lions and shadowed by a holy grove.

Elfishly small my habitation might be, but never too small, because I should have neither size nor form. I should be only a vibration, — a motion invisible as of ether or of magnetism; though able sometimes to shape me a shadow-body, in the likeness of my former visible self, when I should wish to make apparition.

As air to the bird, as water to the fish, so would all substance be permeable to the essence of me. I should pass at will through the walls of my dwelling to swim in the long gold bath of a sunbeam, to thrill in the heart of a flower, to ride on the neck of a dragon fly.

Power above life and power over death would be mine, — and the power of self-extension, and the power of self-multiplication, and the power of being in all places at one and the same moment. Simultaneously in

a hundred homes I should hear myself worshiped, I should inhale the vapor of a hundred offerings: each evening, from my place within a hundred household shrines, I should see the holy lights lighted for me in lamplets of red clay, in lamplets of brass, — the lights of the Kami, kindled with purest fire and fed with purest oil.

But in my yashiro upon the hill I should have greatest honor: there betimes I should gather the multitude of my selves together; there should I unify my powers to answer supplication.

From the dusk of my ghost-house I should look for the coming of sandaled feet, and watch brown supple fingers weaving to my bars the knotted papers which are records of vows, and observe the motion of the lips of my worshipers making prayer: —

—"*Harai-tamai kiyomé-tamaé!* . . . We have beaten drums, we have lighted fires; yet the land thirsts and the rice fails. Deign out of thy divine pity to give us rain, O Daimyōjin!"

—"*Harai-tamai kiyomé-tamaé!* . . . I am dark, too dark, because I have toiled in the field, because the sun hath looked upon me. Deign thou augustly to make me white, very white, — white like the women of the city, O Daimyōjin!"

— "*Harai-tamai kiyomé-tamaé!* . . . For Tsukamoto Motokichi our son, a soldier of twenty-nine: that he may conquer and come back quickly to us, — soon, very soon, — we humbly supplicate, O Daimyōjin!"

Sometimes a girl would whisper all her heart to me: "Maiden of eighteen years, I am loved by a youth of twenty. He is good; he is true; but poverty is with us, and the path of our love is dark. Aid us with thy great divine pity! — help us that we may become united, O Daimyōjin!" Then to the bars of my shrine she would hang a thick soft tress of hair, — her own hair, glossy and black as the wing of the crow, and bound with a cord of mulberry-paper. And in the fragrance of that offering, — the simple fragrance of her peasant youth, — I, the ghost and god, should find again the feelings of the years when I was man and lover.

Mothers would bring their children to my threshold, and teach them to revere me, saying, "Bow down before the great bright God; make homage to the Daimyōjin." Then I should hear the fresh soft clapping of little hands, and remember that I, the ghost and god, had been a father.

Daily I should hear the plash of pure cool water poured out for me, and the tinkle of thrown coin, and the pattering of dry rice into my wooden box, like a pattering of rain; and I should be refreshed by the spirit of the water, and strengthened by the spirit of the rice.

Festivals would be held to honor me. Priests, black-coiffed and linen-vestured, would bring me offerings of fruits and fish and seaweed and rice-cakes and rice-wine, — masking their faces with sheets of white paper, so as not to breathe upon my food. And the *miko* their daughters, fair girls in crimson *hakama* and robes of snowy white, would come to dance with tinkling of little bells, with waving of silken fans, that I might be gladdened by the bloom of their youth, that I might delight in the

charm of their grace. And there would be music of many thousand years ago, — weird music of drums and flutes, — and songs in a tongue no longer spoken; while the miko, the darlings of the gods, would poise and pose before me: —

. . . "*Whose virgins are these, — the virgins who stand like flowers before the Deity? They are the virgins of the august Deity.*

"*The august music, the dancing of the virgins, — the Deity will be pleased to hear, the Deity will rejoice to see.*

"*Before the great bright God the virgins dance, — the virgins all like flowers newly opened.*" . . .

Votive gifts of many kinds I should be given: painted paper lanterns bearing my sacred name, and towels of divers colors printed with the number of the years of the giver, and pictures commemorating the fulfillment of prayers for the healing of sickness, the saving of ships, the quenching of fire, the birth of sons.

Also my Karashishi, my guardian lions, would be honored. I should see my pilgrims tying sandals of straw to their necks and to their paws, with prayer to the Karashishi-Sama for strength of foot.

I should see fine moss, like emerald fur, growing slowly, slowly, upon the backs of those lions; — I should see the sprouting of lichens upon their flanks and upon their shoulders, in specklings of dead-silver, in patches of dead-gold; — I should watch, through years of generations, the gradual sideward sinking of their pedestals undermined by frost and rain, until at last my lions would lose their balance, and fall, and break their mossy

heads off. After which the people would give me new lions of another form, — lions of granite or of bronze, with gilded teeth and gilded eyes, and tails like a torment of fire.

Between the trunks of the cedars and pines, between the jointed columns of the bamboos, I should observe, season after season, the changes of the colors of the valley: the falling of the snow of winter and the falling of the snow of cherry-flowers; the lilac spread of the *miyakobana;* the blazing yellow of the *natané;* the sky-blue mirrored in flooded levels, — levels dotted with the moon-shaped hats of the toiling people who would love me; and at last the pure and tender green of the growing rice.

The *muku*-birds and the *uguisu* would fill the shadows of my grove with ripplings and purlings of melody; — the bell-insects, the crickets, and the seven marvelous cicadæ of summer would make all the wood of my ghost-house thrill to their musical storms. Betimes I should enter, like an ecstasy, into the tiny lives of them, to quicken the joy of their clamor, to magnify the sonority of their song.

But I never can become a god, — for this is the nineteenth century; and nobody can be really aware of the nature of the sensations of a god — unless there be gods in the flesh. Are there? Perhaps — in very remote districts — one or two.

INTERIOR OF A JAPANESE TEMPLE

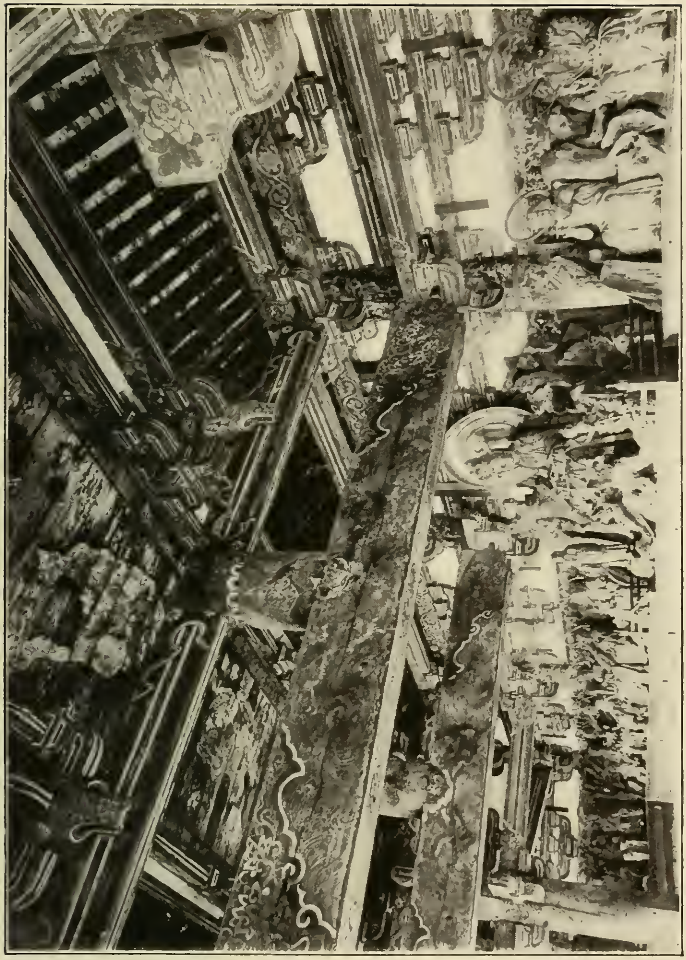
INTERIOR OF A JAPANESE TEMPLE

The Buddhist temples of Japan are thus described by Sadakichi Hartmann: —

"It is in detail that the Japanese architect most excels, for if he conceives like a giant, he invariably finishes like a jeweler. Every detail, to the very nails, which are not dull surfaces, but rendered exquisite ornaments, is a work of art. Everywhere we encounter friezes and carvings in relief, representing, in quaint color harmonies, flowers and birds, or heavenly spirits playing upon flutes and stringed instruments. The pavement is executed in colored slabs, and the pillars are gilded from top to bottom. Even the stairs of some temples are fashioned of gold-lacquer. Gold is the neutral color of Japanese decoration.

"Some of the temple interiors are like visions of the Thousand and One Nights. Imagine a sanctuary where the ceiling is as magnificent as painting, sculpture, lacquer, and precious metals can make it, representing a dark-blue sea in which golden dragons are sporting, pierced at intervals by gorgeous columns, gold-lacquered and capped with embossed bronze, and where walls and ceiling are reflected, as in a forest pool, in the black floor of polished lacquer.

"Colossal structures are common enough in Japan. The porch of the great Temple of Todaji rests on pillars one hundred feet in height by twelve feet in circumference; and this porch simply furnishes access to another porch of equal size, behind which stands the temple itself, of whose size we may form some idea from the fact, that within, it contains a colossal image of the Buddha, fifty-three feet in height, with a nimbus surrounding the head eighty-three feet in diameter. Not less vast are the proportions of the great sanctuary at Nara, where each column, a hundred feet in height, consists of a single stem. It is astonishing to learn that these structures, vast in size and splendid in decoration, blazing with gold and colors, as gorgeous now after a lapse of a thousand years as they were at first, belong to an age compared to whose remoteness the European cathedrals must almost be called modern."



TADASUKE, THE JAPANESE SOLOMON

BY WALTER DENING

[TADASUKE lived in the first half of the eighteenth century. In those days few people besides the officials knew what the laws were, and each judge was practically free to extract evidence, reward, and punish as he thought best. The following stories illustrate the sense of justice and the quickness of wit of Tadasuke, the most famous of these judges.

The Editor.]

AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY JUDGE

IT happened that a woman who was acting as a servant in the house of a certain baron had a little girl born to her, whom she found it difficult to attend to properly while in service; so she put it out to nurse in a neighboring village, and paid a fixed sum a month for her maintenance.

When the child reached the age of ten, the mother, having finished her term of service, left the baron's mansion. Being now her own mistress, and naturally wishing to have her child with her, she informed the woman who was taking charge of it of her wish. The woman was reluctant to part with the child. She was a very intelligent little girl, and the foster mother thought that she might get some money by hiring her out to work. So she informed the mother that she did not wish to part with her. This of course soon led to a quarrel. The disputants went to law about it and the case came up before Tadasuke.

The woman to whom the child had been entrusted actually asserted that it was her own offspring, and that the child's mother had no right to it whatever. Tada-

suke saw at once that the dispute was one which could be settled in no ordinary way; so he commanded the two women to place the child between them and one to take hold of its right hand and the other of its left, and each to pull with all her might. "The one who conquers," said he, "shall be declared the mother of the child."

The real mother disliked immensely this mode of settling the dispute; therefore, though she took hold of the child's hand, as she was bidden, fearing that the girl would be hurt by pulling violent on both sides, she slackened her hold as soon as the foster mother began to pull, and allowed the latter to get an easy victory.

"There!" said the foster mother, "the child, you see, is mine."

Then Tadasuke with a loud voice interposed: "You are a deceiver. The real mother of the child, fearing that it would be hurt by the dragging, intentionally relaxed her grasp on its hand. But you, who are in no way attached to the child by nature, thought only of overcoming your adversary, and cared nothing for the feelings of the girl." Tadasuke then commanded the foster mother to be bound. She, thinking that she would be tortured if she remained silent, immediately confessed that she had been attempting to deceive them and asked for pardon.

It is on account of this story that Tadasuke has been called "The Japanese Solomon."

TADASUKE AND THE SMELL OF PICKLES

When Tadasuke was one of the mayors of Edo, a man called Hachibei kept a shop in one of the back streets, where he sold all kinds of old metal pots.

Hachibei by dint of much effort had realized the sum of fifty *ryo* by his trade. Not knowing of any better place in which to put this money, he concealed it in his pickle-jar. He was living in what is called a *nagaya*, which consists of one long building divided up into different parts to suit the convenience of the poor tenants who inhabit it. As a large number of people were residing in this building, some one soon discovered that the money was concealed in the pickle-jar. And the discovery was no sooner made than the money was stolen.

One day, when Hachibei went to see whether his money was all right, what was his astonishment to find it gone! The poor man was in the greatest distress. This blow seemed to break his heart. He went to the owner of the building and told him what had happened. The landlord was very sorry, but said he did not know what to do. He advised Hachibei to have another look for the money, as it might be in the jar after all. Hachibei said that further search would be useless, and that he thought the matter ought to be carried into court at once.

"Of course the matter should be reported," said the landlord, "but how it can be carried into court I do not know. What case can be made out of it? Whom are you going to accuse?" Hachibei pleaded hard, saying that if this money were not recovered, he would not know how to go on with his business. So, to satisfy him, the landlord requested Tadasuke to institute an inquiry into the matter.

After hearing the case, Tadasuke said to Hachibei: "Your idea of putting the money into the pickle-jar was

a good one, and had you not kept going to the jar to see if it was safe, doubtless no one would have discovered it was there. But your constantly going to the jar created suspicion and led to its being stolen. Have you any remembrance of anybody's seeing you take it out of the jar?"

"I have no remembrance of anyone's seeing me do it," replied Hachibei. "But I think that the person who stole it must be someone who resides in the same building with me, for it is not likely that a stranger would look for anything valuable in a pickle-jar."

"There you are right," said the magistrate, "and it is very annoying that a person like yourself who has after much trouble succeeded in making fifty *ryo* should lose it in this way."

Here the landlord stepped forward and said: "If you please, my lord, this man is in a very distressed state owing to the loss of his money. He talks about killing himself. What to do with him I do not know. I humbly and respectfully beg that your Excellency will do him the favor of looking into the matter."

"You may go for the present. I shall send for you again," replied Tadasuke.

Two or three days after, a letter reached Hachibei commanding him to appear before Tadasuke. It was also added that every person in the *nagaya* in which Hachibei lived, man, woman, or child, was to appear at court.

On the day appointed, the people who occupied the same building, one and all, made their appearance. Tadasuke opened the inquiry by stating what had occurred. "Hachibei," said he, "a seller of old metal,

some little time ago took some money which belonged to him and, putting it into a linen bag, concealed it in a pickle-jar. This money has been removed from the jar by some one or other. Although people might be inclined to call this a theft, I have little doubt that its removal was not a premeditated act, but that somebody who was going to the pickle-jar came across the money accidentally; and suddenly, before he knew what he was about, was overcome by a desire to carry it off. Very likely the man or woman who took it went to the jar intending to take a few pickles, and seeing the money, carried it off. Anyhow, the person who took the money must have put his or her hand into the pickle-jar. And doubtless the smell of pickles, associated as it is in this case with the removal of the money, will still remain on that person's hand. By going round to each one of you and smelling your hands, then, I shall discover who has taken the money. But before I do this, there is one thing I wish to say, which is this: — If the person who has taken the money waits till I come and discover him or her, that person's crime will be considered to be a great one; but if the guilty party comes forward and confesses at once what he or she has done, I shall deal leniently with that person."

Here Tadasuke put on a severe and somewhat angry face, and prepared to rise. Just at this juncture a man in one of the back seats smelt his fingers. Whereupon Tadasuke exclaimed: — "How wonderful it is that a man who is conscious of having done wrong should carry the smell of his misdemeanor in his fingers! Though some days have elapsed since the deed which defiled the heart was perpetrated, that smell evidently

adheres to the hand of him who committed it. There is no need to inquire into the matter any further."

Here, pointing to the man who had smelt his fingers, "You," said the magistrate, "have taken the money."

The man, feeling that after his unconscious act had revealed the truth, it was useless to seek to hide it any longer, confessed that he was the offender and begged for forgiveness.

TADASUKE AND THE WOMAN IN THE BOX

It happened once that a robber who would not confess his guilt was brought before Tadasuke. He was asked to try and devise some means of inducing him to confess. Tadasuke had a large box brought into the court-house, and gave orders that the thief's wife should be placed in the box before his eyes. Then he had the box removed to an adjoining room, and caused an officer to be put into it in the wife's stead.

When the arrangements were complete, the box was again brought into the courthouse and Tadasuke addressed the robber as follows: — "As you refuse without punishment of some sort to confess the crime that we are sure you have committed, instead of administering to you the usual torture, I decree that you carry your wife once around the town." The man put the box on his back and set off around the town. When he reached an unfrequented spot, where he thought that no one would hear him, he exclaimed: — "I say, wife, crime is a thing that ought not to be committed. What trouble it brings us into!"

Here the officer sprang out of the box, and uttering the words, "Go Joi," as is usual in the case of an arrest,

took the man into custody. Having thus committed himself, the thief was no longer able to conceal his crime.

TADASUKE AND THE MAN WHOSE THUMBS WERE TIED

[A woman named Chiko lent three hundred *ryo* to one Hachirobei. He denied that he had borrowed the money, and in her indignation she set fire to his house. The case came before Tadasuke.

The Editor.]

As Hachirobei obstinately refused to confess his guilt, Tadasuke addressed him as follows: "When I was a child, we used to have a charm against forgetfulness. It consisted in tying up the thumbs with paper, which infallibly brought the matter to one's recollection. Practice that charm upon Hachirobei." So they took his right and left thumbs, placing them one on the top of the other, wrapped paper round them, and put on the official seal, after which his lordship said: "Now, Hachirobei, try hard to recollect! And I warn you that if you tear the paper in the very least you will be committed to jail. You will be examined every other day, and mind you do not fail to appear!" Thereupon both parties were dismissed.

My lord had quickly seen to the bottom of Hachirobei's heart, divining that, though not a particularly wicked man, he had been led by greed to refuse payment of the woman's money. The thumb-tying which ensued prevented Hachirobei from sleeping at night and from feeding himself at meal times; above all, it interfered with his taking pen in hand to balance his accounts, and made everything more uncomfortable for

him than can be imagined. He was really at his wit's end, when, after the lapse of seven or eight days, he was again summoned to attend and was addressed as follows: —

"How goes it, Hachirobei? Has the loan of the three hundred *ryo* come to your recollection? No doubt you never repaid it, though you thought you had. Seeing that it was that money that led Chiko to commit arson, she cannot be executed until the matter is cleared up. So make haste with your pondering."

Hachirobei could endure no longer. "My lord," said he, "careful investigation of my ledgers has brought to light an entry of 'Borrowed three hundred *ryo*'; and though no name is attached, I make no doubt that the item referred to is the sum borrowed from Chiko."

"Then you admit that you borrowed it from Chiko?" inquired the judge.

"Yes, my lord, with all due respect, I admit it."

"You borrowed the three hundred *ryo* seven years ago; so the sum will now amount to over five hundred *ryo*, allowing interest at the rate of three *ryo* a month. You must refund the whole of this. However, as it may inconvenience you to produce the entire sum at once, you shall pay it back at the rate of twenty *ryo* a year in four installments of five *ryo* each."

Having thus charged Hachirobei, his lordship was pleased to inquire Chiko's age, and on being informed she was sixty-three, he said: "Well, you will receive the five hundred *ryo*, principal and interest, in the manner I have just directed Hachirobei — year by year. When the whole debt shall have been settled, you will be executed."

To the proprietor of the house where she lived he said, "Give notice at once if Chiko dies, but no coroner need be sent for."

This sentence brought the whole matter to a close. The reasons underlying it were that at the rate of twenty *ryo* a year, it would take twenty-five years for the whole sum of five hundred *ryo* to be received back by Chiko, who was then already sixty-three years of age while, furthermore, the order simply to report her death without holding a coroner's inquest was dictated by the desire to save her from the capital punishment due to arson. The result of the judgment was to impress not only the policemen and constables, but the whole city with admiration for my lord's mercy and wisdom, and it became very famous.

THE SWORD OF JAPAN

BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

A GREAT shogun of Japan, the famous Iyeyasu, left it written in his testament that "the girded sword is the life of the samurai." The sword was, indeed, even more than this in ancient Japan. It became the central point in the morals and customs of the land; the badge of honor and the token of chivalry; a special and sacred weapon around which grew up the grave, punctilious manners of the lords and knights of Dai Nippon, whose politeness — exquisite, but rigid as the steel they bore — had to be imitated, and was imitated, by the lesser people. The civilization of a country always crystallizes round a few fundamental habits of that country. The manners and morals of Japan may all be traced to the sword, the tea-cup, and the paper house. The first has made the people serious, fearless, punctilious in mutual demeanor; the second has created their identical habits, their sobriety and sociability; while those perfectly transparent abodes of paper and panel, common throughout Japan, where "no secrets are hid," have forced upon them a Greek simplicity of domestic behavior, with a modesty, naturalness, and absence of *mauvaise honte* unparalleled elsewhere. The sword has been now forever laid aside in public by the gentlemen of Japan — obeying in this, with wonderful good sense, a sudden and difficult edict. But the signs of its ancient cult linger deep to this hour in the minds and ways of

the people, and it may be worth while to speak a little of the bygone importance of the Japanese sword.

The sword-maker who forged the finer blades for the samurai and daimio — the barons and knights — was no mere blacksmith. He ranked, indeed, first of all craftsmen in the land, and was often appointed lord or vice-lord of a province. He did not enter on his grave duties lightly. When he had a blade to make for a great Japanese gentleman, the Katanya abstained for a whole week from all animal food and strong drink; he slept alone, and poured cold water every morning over his head. When the forge was ready (and no woman might so much as enter its precincts), and when the steel bars were duly selected, he repaired to the temple and prayed there devoutly. Then he came back to his anvil and furnace, and hung above them the consecrated straw-rope (*shime-nawa*) and the clippings of paper (*gohei*) which kept away evil spirits. He put on the dress of a court noble, with the *e-boshi* and *kami-shimo*, tying back his long sleeves with a silk cord. Only after many ceremonies, when the five elements — fire, water, wood, metal, and earth — were well conciliated, would that pious artisan take his hammer in hand.

The blade was beaten out of steel alone —*muku-gitai*, the "pure make" — or of steel blended with iron. Great heed was taken to have good and well-smelted material. Each time, before the smith placed his bar in the bed of glowing charcoal, which an apprentice blew to white heat, he coated it with a paste of clay and straw ashes, so as not to burn the naked metal; and never touched it with the hand — hot or cold — since sweat would spoil the weld, and leave a blur on the steel. When he had

beaten out his bar eight inches long, two and one half inches wide, and three quarters of an inch thick, he bent it midway, beat it out again to the same dimensions, thus folding and rehammering it some fifteen or twenty times. As the original bar was in four flakes, Dr. Lyman, in his admirable treatise on the subject, calculates that at the fifteenth hammering there would be 131,072 layers, increased by five following bendings to 4,194,304 layers. This careful repetition gave the metal a texture like ivory or satin-wood. They had names for the different "watering" so produced, as "bean-grain," "pear-grain," "pine-bark grain," and "vein-grain." Afterwards the blade was forged down to its full length, the imperfect ends cut off, the point drawn out, and the tang fitted on, upon which came the tempering. But these last processes were very serious, and the sword-forger sat alone, and solemnly sang to himself while he gave to the weapon its final fashionings. They say that the difference between the swords of Masamune and of Muramasa, two famous craftsmen, was due to their singing. A Masamune blade brought victory and luck everywhere. A Muramasa sword was always leading its owner into quarrels, though it carried him through them well; and it would cause accidents, and cut the fingers of friendly folks inspecting it, being never willing to go back to its scabbard without drinking blood. The real reason was, so runs the legend, that Muramasa, while he sat at his work in the forge, was ever singing a song, which had the chorus of "*tenka tairan! tenka tairan*," which means "trouble in the world, trouble in the world," whereas Masamune, the gentle and lucky sword-maker, always chanted while he worked "*tenka*

taihei, taihei," which signifies "peace be on earth — peace!" Japanese people of the old days firmly believed that both the kindly words and the unkindly got somehow welded into the very spirit of the steel, so that Masamune's blades prevented quarrels or brought to their wielders a quick victory, while Muramasa's had in them a lurking instinct for doing mischief — a sort of itch to hurt and wound. All sorts of tales were told to illustrate this. There was a splendid sword of Muramasa, which had killed by *hara-kiri* four of its possessors in succession. Once, too, when the Shogun was handling a spear-head embedded in a helmet of one of his warriors, the point wounded his august hand. "See quickly," he said, "what is the mark upon this accursed iron, for it must be Muramasa's!" And when they came to look at the maker's mark, it was indeed a spear-head from the grim sword-maker's, who had chanted the thirst for blood into all his *yari* and *katana.*

Some of the very famous sword-forgers would never write their names or make any sign at all upon their productions. "It is enough to try a blade of mine," said Toshiro Moshimitsu; "it will tell you of itself who made it." Many of the inferior craftsmen engraved dragons, gods, and flowers upon their blades, but the best work does not bear such ornaments, which might hide an imperfection in the metal. All, however, except such men as Toshiro and Masamune, would cut into the tang the name and date of the sword and the owner's and maker's name. Swords had appellations, and might be christened with such titles as *Osoraku*, "the terrible," or *Hiru*, "the blood-sucker." On a long sword noted by Dr. Lyman the inscription ran "*Motte shisubeshi, Motte*

ikubeshi," "Defend yourself with me — die with me." But when the blade had been forged and shaped — whether it were the straight *tsuragi* or the *tachi* and *katana* carved into the lines of "the falcon's wing," or the "cormorant's neck" — it had to be very carefully and skillfully tempered. The Japanese swordsmiths effected at one operation what European craftsmen do in two, namely, the high annealing of the edge and the low tempering of the body of the blade. They covered it with *sabi-doro*, a paste of red earth and charcoal, and then, before this hardened, they drew the paste away from a narrow streak along the edge, afterwards putting it into the fiercest part of the fire. Very heedfully did the smith move the precious sword up and down in the pine-coals till he saw the proper color come near the tang, which would be in a few minutes. Then it was plunged in water of a certain temperature, which thing in itself was a great secret. Katate, the "One-handed," a renowned swordsmith, bought the knowledge of that precious mystery dear. His master taught him everything else except this matter of the right heat of the tempering bath, so, watching his opportunity, he broke into the forge one day, and plunged his hand into the water just as the master was dipping a reddened blade into it. The master smote the audacious member off there and then with the unfinished sword, but Katate knew his last trade secret.

The fire, which burned the bared edge violet, left the *mune*, or body of the blade, blue or straw-color; and being plunged into the water, the sudden chill turned the former very hard, but brittle, making the latter tough, elastic, and "mild." The edge so obtained was

called *yakiba*, "baked-leaf" — but there must not be too much breadth of it, as it would necessarily be brittle. Then was the cold blade carefully cleaned and rough-ground, and at this stage the smith could know whether his work must be wasted or not. If the smallest fault manifested itself, the true craftsman flung the failure aside — the false one cut a dragon or a Sanskrit letter or two over the blemish. The grooves were now chiseled into the sword, especially the *chi-nagashi* or blood-channel, which in the case of spear-heads would be afterwards filled up with vermilion lacquer. A hole was drilled in the tang to receive the *mekugi*, or bamboo peg holding the handle on; and then followed the real and final grinding. This was performed by a special handicraftsman. Holding the blade horizontally wrapped in cloths, and with a small part only bare, he rubbed it up and down upon whetstones of varying grit, finishing upon a fifteenth stone of very fine grain, and afterwards polishing with stone powder and oil. It would be at this stage that the beauty and value of the sword came forth. There used to be very many Japanese gentlemen, and even to-day there are some, who could tell instantly, upon inspection, by the look of a blade in this stage, who had wrought it. Official personages existed who gave governmental certificates of blades, written on special paper and stamped. The boundary between the hard, sharp, whitish edge and the gray-blue of the back must not be harsh. It must be clouded by *nioi*, misty spots and flecks, not regular like drop-marks, but fleecy and broken apart like clouds. In good steel, where the clay covering had slightly come away, there would appear *tobi-yaki*, "flying burns," isolated specks of soft

white. The visible grain would look "as though the steel were water, and it were rippling." Where the tempering had been perfect there would come little points of bright silver along the edge — called *nie*, only to be seen by the educated eye. Masamune's swords were very full of such. It must be an excellent blade if, inside and underneath, as it were, the dark body of it, there flickered the *utsuri*, the "reflection," a glimmer along the dividing line of edge and breast, faintly prismatic, and resembling the "mist round the moon." Only a consummate judge could note and estimate the *chikei*, small films of white; the *niadzuma*, or "lightning flashes," fine shining lines in the *nioi;* the *sunagashi*, resembling specks of sand in a row; and the *uchi-yoke*, or narrow forge-marks. The blade which combined these virtues was fit to sit in the girdle of a daimio, and would be worth from two to three hundred pounds; twelve to fifteen hundred of the old *yen*.

Such a sword was often mounted very splendidly indeed; the finest artists lavishing their skill upon the scabbard, *tsuka*, the *me-nukî*, or studs upon the handle, and, above all, on the *tsuba*, or hilt, which was often enriched with lovely work in gold, silver, and bronze. The scabbard was generally of magnolia wood, and ended in a richly adorned *kojiri*, or ferrule. It held, at its upper end, two small daggers or skewers with pretty handles called *kogai*. These were used in thick of fight to stick through the ear of a slain enemy as a sort of visiting-card. With such a weapon you could cut through five sheets of copper and not notch the steel, and the edge put on it might be so fine that if you held it in a river's current a stalk of grass floating down would

divide upon contact with it. Masamune's blades could sever a bar of iron, or cut a falling hair in two. Muramasa's would slice bronze armor "like a melon." The point was not much used, but Iyeyasu once, for trial, put a *katana* of Yoshimitsu's clean through the iron mortar of his physician.

Immense punctilio attached to the wearing, the carriage, and the etiquettes of these precious weapons. The higher-born you were, the more you might stick up the hilts of your two swords; but soldiers of lesser degree wore them horizontally. Dr. Lyman says correctly: "To draw a sword from its scabbard without begging leave of the others present was not thought polite; to clash the scabbard of your sword against another was a great rudeness; to turn the sword or the scabbard, as if about to draw, was tantamount to a challenge; and to lay your weapon on the floor and kick the guard towards another was an intolerable insult, that generally resulted in a combat to the death."

Pfoundes says that "the rules of observances connected with the wearing of the long and short sword or the single sword were very minute, but have fallen into disuse. . . . In former days the most trivial breach of these elaborate observances was often the cause of murderous brawls and dreadful reprisals. . . . To express a wish to see a sword was not usual, unless when a blade of great value was in question; and then a request to be shown it would be a compliment appreciated by the happy possessor. The sword would then be handed with the back towards the guest, the edge turned towards the owner, and the hilt to the left, the guest wrapping the hilt either in the little silk napkin always carried by

gentlemen in their girdle-books, or in a sheet of clean paper. The weapon was drawn from the scabbard and admired inch by inch, but not to the full length, unless the owner pressed his guest to do so, and then, with much apology, the sword was entirely drawn and held away from the other persons present. After being admired it would, if apparently necessary, be carefully wiped with a special cloth, sheathed, and returned to the owner as before."

A guest, on entering a friend's house, if the host was an older man or of higher rank, would take off his longer sword and either lay it down at the entrance or hand it to the servant who admitted him, who would thereupon place it on the sword-rack in the position of honor in the apartment. If on somewhat familiar or equal terms with the host, the guest might carry the long sword into the house, but detached with its scabbard from the belt, and lay it on the floor at his right hand, where it could not be drawn. The shorter sword was retained in the girdle; but in a prolonged visit both host and guest laid that also aside.

These high manners of the steel bred that Japanese courtliness and chivalry which have survived it. The cult of the *katana* is now forever at an end in Dai Nippon — the samurai and lords of the land have laid aside their proudly cherished weapons, and go abroad as peacefully as the *akindo*, the merchant. Yet there are fine swordsmen still to be found among the quietest of the Emperor's senators and lieges, and I have myself seen wonderful things done by some of them with ancient blades. Moreover, the measured speech, the deep and heedful reverence, the silent dignity, the instincts of

manhood which clustered round the steel, are still characteristic of the race; and the swords, though no longer worn, are proudly and carefully preserved in many a mansion, castle, and temple. Thucydides says that "the nation which carries iron is barbarous," and under that remark the United States, where almost everybody seems to possess and carry a revolver, would stand condemned. But Japan, by a wonderful effort of abnegation on the part of her upper classes, altogether laid aside, twenty years ago, the old and perilous habit of going abroad with a girdle full of swords and daggers. It was a noble submission to new ideas — yet to this day a Japanese gentleman raises your sword to his forehead and bows deeply before he examines it. Nor will he uncover a single inch of the shining and sacred steel without gravely obtaining your permission and that of the company present.

III
SOME CURIOUS CUSTOMS

HISTORICAL NOTE

The remarkable rise of Japan to the position of a great world-power is attributable to five qualities that are united in her people: — frugality, endurance, obedience, altruism, and a genius for detail. Among the most noticeable traits of the Japanese character are gayety, politeness, and a serenity that is proof against the misfortunes of ordinary life. The samurai (the knight of old Japan) learned first of all that he must never display emotion. Pain or pleasure must find him equally unperturbed, and if it was impossible for him to live with honor he must perform *hara-kiri* (suicide by falling upon a sword) with placid mien.

A JAPANESE DINNER PARTY

BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

A BANQUET here, properly arranged, served, and located, furnishes, in my humble judgment, as graceful and delightful a meal as can be shared in all the world; and casts into the shade the classic memories of the *triclinia* of ancient times, the too solid and lavish dishes of Turkey and Syria, the cloying sweetmeats of an Indian *burra Khana*, and even in many respects the festal triumphs of a Parisian or London *cordon bleu*. The act of eating is, in truth, somewhat gross, and of the animal; albeit, decidedly necessary. Japanese taste and fancy have, however, known how to elevate this somewhat humiliating daily need from a process of mere nourishment into a fine art and a delicate *divertissement*, where every sense is in turn softly pleased and soothed, and food and drink fall in like pleasant interludes without ever assuming the chief importance of the occasion. None the less may you fare abundantly, luxuriously, and to repletion, if you will, from the Japanese *menu;* but the fare is all the more agreeable and digestible because you eat what you like, when you like, as you like, and in what order you like during three or four placid hours, converted into a dream of pleasure by accomplished dancing and singing, and by the most perfect and most charming service. It was our good fortune lately to be invited to a typical native dinner at the Japanese Club in this capital, of which I will offer a sketch in the very lightest outline.

The club, situated in the heart of the city, is a building entirely of the indigenous style as to design and decoration, frequented chiefly by the higher officials and noblemen of Tokio. Imagine, if you can, endless platforms of polished wood, stairway apartment ladders of shining cedar and pine, apartment after apartment carpeted with spotless matting, and walled by the delicate joinery of the *shoji* — everywhere a scrupulous neatness, an exquisite elegance, a dainty æsthetic reserve; nothing too much anywhere of ornament. Except the faultless carpentry of the framework and the tender color of the walls and paneled ceilings, you will see only a stork or two in silk embroidery here, a dream in sepia of Fuji-San there, a purple chrysanthemum plant yonder, in its pot of green and gray porcelain, and the snow-white floors with their little square cushions.

Our dinner was one of about twenty cushions, and we were received at the entrance by about as many *musumës* — the servants of the establishment — having their *okusama* at their head, who, upon our approach, prostrate themselves on the outer edge of the matted hall, uttering musical little murmurs of welcome and honor. Our footgear is laid aside below the dark polished margin of the hall, and we step upon the soft yielding *tatamis*, and are each then led by the hand of some graceful, small tripping *musumë* to the broad ladder, up which we must ascend to the dining-room, enlarged for the occasion by the simple method of running back the shutters of papered framework. The guests comprise European ladies as well as gentlemen, and all are in their stocking-feet, for the loveliest satin slipper ever worn could not venture to pass from the street pavement to these immaculate

mats. While you chat with friends, you turn suddenly to find one of the damsels in the flowered kimono and the dazzling obi kneeling at your feet with a cup of pale tea in her tiny hands. Each guest receives this preliminary attention; then the square cushions are ranged round three sides of the room, and we tuck our legs under us — those, at least, who can manage it — and sit on our heels, the guest of honor occupying the center position at the top. To each convive then enters a pretty, bright, well-dressed Japanese waitress, with hair decked "to the nines," stuck full of flowers and jeweled pins, and shining like polished black marble. She never speaks or settles to any serious duty of the entertainment without falling on her little knees, smoothing her skirt over them, and knocking her nice little flat nose on the floor; and will either demurely watch you use your *hashi* — your chopsticks — in respectful silence, or prettily converse, and even offer her advice as to the most succulent morsels of the feast, and the best order in which to do them justice. Before each guest is first placed a cake of sugared confectionery and some gayly-colored leaf-biscuits, with a tiny transparent cup of hot tea. Then comes the first "honorable" table, a small lacquered tray with lacquered bowls upon it, containing a covered basin of tsuyu-soup — the "honorable dew" — a little pot of soy, a gilded platter with various sweet and aromatic condiments upon it, and some wonderful vegetables, environing some fairy cutlets of salmon. You disengage your chopsticks from their silken sheath and prepare for action — nor is it so very difficult to wield those simple knives and forks of Eastern Asia, if once the secret of the guiding fingers between them be learned. Otherwise you

will drop the very first mouthful from the soup-bowl upon your shirt-front, to the gentle but never satirical laughter of your *musumë*. Amid the talk which buzzes around, you will have inquired of her already in Japanese, "What is your honorable name?" and "How many are your honorable years?" and she will have informed you that she is *O Hoshi*, *O Shika*, *O Tsubaki* — that is to say, "Miss Star," "Miss Camellia," or "Miss Antelope" — and that she was eighteen years of age, or otherwise, on her last birthday. Respectfully you consult *O Shika San* as to what you should do with the fragrant and appetizing museum of delicacies before you. She counsels you to seize the tiny lump of yellow condiment with your chopsticks, to drop it in the soy, to stir up and flavor therewith the pink flakes of salmon; and you get on very famously, watched by her almond eyes with the warmest personal interest. Now and again she shuffles forward on her small knees to fill your sake-cup, or to re-arrange the confusion into which your little bowls and platters have somehow fallen; always with a consummate grace, modesty, and good breeding. And now, while you were talking with your neighbor, she has glided off and reappeared with another tray, on which is disclosed a yet more miscellaneous second service. Her brown, tiny, well-formed hands insinuate deftly within reach, as you kneel on your cushion, numerous saucers clustered round a fresh red lacquer basin of vegetable soup, wherein swim unknown but attractive comestibles. The combinations of these are startling, if you venture upon questioning the delighted *O Shika San*, but you must be possessed of a courageous appetite or you will subsequently disappoint the just expectations

of "Miss Antelope." Here are shrimps, it seems, pickled with *anzu* (apricots), snipe subtly laid in beds of colored rice and *kuri* (chestnuts); wild goose with radish cakes, and hare (*usagi*), seasoned with preserved cherries amid little squares of perfumed almond paste, and biscuits of persimmon. The *pièce de résistance* is a pretty slab of fluted glass, whereon repose artistic fragments of fish, mostly raw — so grouped that the hues and outlines of the collection charm like a water-color drawing. You play with your chopstick points among shreds of *tako* (the cuttle-fish), *kani* (crab paste), *saba* and *hirame*, resembling our mackerel and soles; and are led by the earnest advice of your kneeling *musumë* to try, perhaps, the uncooked trout *yamame*. With the condiments her little fingers have mixed, it is so good that you cease presently to feel like a voracious seal, and wonder if it be not wrong, after all, to boil and fry anything. Environed with all these in tiny dishes, and lightly fluttering from one to another — with no bread or biscuit, it is true, but the warm, strong sake to wash all down (for the glossy-haired *musumë* keeps a little flask at her side for your especial use) — you are beginning at last to be conscious of having dined extraordinarily well, and also, perchance, of "pins and needles" in your legs. So you say *Mo yoroshii* — "It is enough!" — and now the service relapses a little for music and dancing.

The *shoji* are pushed back at the far end of the room, and three musicians are discovered playing the *samisen*, the thirteen-stringed *koto*, and a kind of violin. Before them sit the best *Geishas* from Kioto, and we are pleasantly weaned from our desultory dinner by a dramatic *pas de deux* founded on the subjoined ideas: Hidari

Jingoro was one of the most celebrated wood-carvers of Japan. He flourished in the early part of the seventeenth century. Specimens of his work are to be seen in the great temples at Nikko and in Kioto. The tradition represented in this dance is the Japanese "Pygmalion and Galatea." Hidari Jingoro having employed all the resources of his art to carve the image of a Kioto beauty to whom he is said to have been attached, succeeds so admirably that, one day, he suddenly finds the figure endowed with life and movement. But although the girl is there in the flesh, her soul is the soul of Jingoro — she thinks with his thoughts, and moves with his movements. Jingoro would fain alter this and convert the wooden image into Umegaye herself — as well in the mind as in appearance. He considers that the object upon which all the feminine instincts of the fair sex are concentrated is a mirror. Accordingly he places a mirror in the girl's hand, and she, seeing her own face, immediately becomes Umegaye, and ceases to be a female replica of Jingoro. Deprived of the mirror, however, she loses individuality, and is once more a living automaton. The little *musumës* withdraw to the side walls that we may better watch every step. Absolutely impossible is it to describe with how much eloquence of pace and gesture the little girl in gold and blue dances and glances round the motionless girl in gold and scarlet, until she has charmed that black-eyed statue into life. And then the rapture; the illusion; the disillusion; the anguish of watching the imitativeness of that brown Galatea; the joy when the mirror renders her individual; the grief when without it she relapses into a living shadow of her dark-skinned Pygmalion; the artistic graces developed and the dainty

passages of emotion tripped to the simple but passionate music with the gilded silken kimono floating and fluttering about those small bare feet, those slender banded knees! The dance was a real piece of choregraphic genius, and the applause sincere when the sculptor and his lovely image bent themselves to the earth, and demurely resumed their cushions.

Meantime, obeying Japanese etiquette, each guest in turn comes to the "guest of honor," asks leave to drink from his sake-cup, and obtaining it, raises the vessel to his forehead, drinks, rinses it from the water-bowl, and fills it for his friend. When this is done, the "guest of honor" must go round and pledge his associates in the same way, while the three sides of the convivial square now for a time break up into chatty groups, wherein the *musumës* mingle like living flowers scattered about. But dinner is not nearly finished yet. Before each cushion there is again laid a lacquered tray — none of the others being yet removed — and this contains the choicest fish which can be procured — a whole one — with his tail curled up in a garland of flower-buds, together with cakes, scented spice-balls, and sugar-sticks, which you are to eat if you can. If not able to cope with these new dainties, they will be put into pretty boxes and deposited in your carriage or jinrikisha — indeed, it is necessary to be careful in leaving one of these entertainments, or you may sit on a boiled mullet, or a stuffed woodcock, or some cream-tartlets.

While we dally with the third service the *Geishas* dance again and again — the last performance being full of comic grace. It was called the "Arashi-yama." Arashi-yama is one of the most celebrated spots in Kioto. Its

cherry blossoms in spring and its maples in autumn attract thousands of visitors. Among the cherry trees there was a little theater called Mibu-do, where wordless plays used to be acted when the flowers were in full bloom. Here the Palace ladies were in the habit of coming every season, and their attendants enjoyed a picnic and extemporized plays for the ladies' amusement. The dance represented such a picnic. During the carouse a female enters, beautifully dressed, but wearing the mask of "Okame" (the colloquial term for a particularly fat homely wench). The convives, persuaded that this disguise is intended to conceal uncommon charms, press her to drink; and she, after receiving their attentions, suddenly removes her mask, exhibiting the face, not of a lovely damsel, but of the veritable Okame herself, the patron goddess of plain women. With wonderful spirit and charm the gay little *danseuses* performed this comedy, ending our long but never tedious dinner of five hours with a special figure called *Sentakuya*, or the "Washermen's Trio." After this each *musumë* led her guest by the hand to the hall. Shoes were resumed, carriages entered, and "honorable exits" made, in a dazzling forest tempest of *Sayonâras* ("Farewell!") and *Mata irrashais* ("Come soon again!").

HOW JAPANESE LADIES GO SHOPPING

BY ALICE M. BACON

THERE are in Japan a few great merchants whose word may be trusted, and whose obligations will be fulfilled with absolute honesty; but a large part of the buying and selling is still in the hands of mercantile freebooters, who will take an advantage wherever it is possible to get one, in whose morality honesty has no place, and who have not yet discovered the efficacy of that virtue simply as a matter of policy. Their trade, conducted in a small way upon small means, is more of the nature of a game, in which one person is the winner and the other the loser, than a fair exchange, in which both parties obtain what they want. It is the mediæval, not the modern idea of business, that is still held among Japanese merchants. With them, trade is a warfare between buyer and seller, in which every man must take all possible advantage for himself, and it is the lookout of the other party if he is cheated.

In Tōkyō, the greatest and most modernized of the cities of the empire, the shops are not the large city stores that one sees in European and American cities, but little open-fronted rooms, on the edge of which one sits to make one's purchases, while the proprietor smiles and bows and dickers; setting his price by the style of his customer's dress, or her apparent ignorance of the value of the desired article. Some few large dry-goods stores there are, where prices are set and dickering is

unnecessary; and in the *kwankoba,* or bazaars, one may buy almost anything needed by Japanese of all classes, from house furnishings to foreign hats, at prices plainly marked upon them, and from which there is no variation. But one's impression of the state of trade in Japan is, that it is still in a very primitive and undeveloped condition, and is surprisingly behind the other parts of Japanese civilization.

The shopping of the ladies of the large *yashikis* and of wealthy families is done mostly in the home; for all the stores are willing at any time, on receiving an order, to send up a clerk with a bale of crêpes, silks, and cottons tied to his back, and frequently towering high above his head as he walks, making him look like the proverbial ant with a grain of wheat. He sets his great bundle carefully down on the floor, opens the enormous *furushiki,* or bundle handkerchief, in which it is enveloped, and takes out roll after roll of silk or chintz, neatly done up in paper or yellow cotton. With infinite patience, he waits while the merits of each piece are examined and discussed, and if none of his stock proves satisfactory, he is willing to come again with a new set of wares, knowing that in the end purchases will be made sufficient to cover all his trouble.

The less aristocratic people are content to go to the stores themselves; and the business streets of a Japanese city, such as the Ginza in Tōkyō, are full of women, young and old, as well as merry children, who enjoy the life and bustle of the stores. Like all things else in Japan, shopping takes plenty of time. At Mitsui's, the largest silk store in Tōkyō, one will see crowds of clerks sitting upon the matted floors, each with his *soroban,* or adding

machine, by his side; and innumerable small boys, who rush to and fro, carrying armfuls of fabrics to the different clerks, or picking up the same fabrics after the customer who has called for them has departed. The store appears, to the foreign eye, to be simply a roofed and matted platform upon which both clerks and customers sit. This platform is screened from the street by dark blue cotton curtains or awnings hung from the low projecting eaves of the heavy roof. As the customers take their seats, either on the edge of the platform, or, if they have come on an extended shopping bout, upon the straw mat of the platform itself, a small boy appears with tea for the party; an obsequious clerk greets them with the customary salutations of welcome, pushes the charcoal brazier toward them, that they may smoke, or warm their hands, before proceeding to business, and then waits expectantly for the name of the goods that his customers desire to see. When this is given, the work begins; the little boys are summoned, and are soon sent off to the great fireproof warehouse, which stands with heavy doors thrown open, on the other side of the platform, away from the street. Through the doorway one can see endless piles of costly stuffs stored safely away, and from these piles the boys select the required fabric, loading themselves down with them so that they can barely stagger under the weights that they carry. As the right goods are not always brought the first time, and as, moreover, there is an endless variety in the colors and patterns in even one kind of silk, there is always plenty of time for watching the busy scene, — for sipping tea, or smoking a few whiffs from the tiny pipes that so many Japanese, both men and women, carry

always with them. When the purchase is at last made, there is still some time to be spent by the customer in waiting until the clerk has made an abstruse calculation upon his *soroban*, the transaction has been entered in the books of the firm, and a long bill has been written and stamped, and handed to her with the bundle. During her stay in the store, the foreign customer, making her first visit to the place, is frequently startled by loud shouts from the whole staff of clerks and small boys, — outcries so sudden, so simultaneous, and so stentorian, that she cannot rid herself of the idea that something terrible is happening every time that they occur. She soon learns, however, that these manifestations of energy are but the way in which the Japanese merchant speeds the departing purchaser, and that the apparently inarticulate shouts are but the formal phrase, "Thanks for your continued favors," which is repeated in a loud tone by every employee in the store whenever a customer departs. When she herself is at last ready to leave, a chorus of yells arises, this time for her benefit; and as she skips into the jinrikisha and is whirled away, she hears continued the busy hum of voices, the clattering of *sorobans*, the thumping of the bare feet of the heavily laden boys, and the loud shouts of thanks with which departing guests are honored.

There is less pomp and circumstance about the smaller stores, for all the goods are within easy reach, and the shops for household utensils and chinaware seem to have nearly the whole stock in trade piled up in front, or even in the street itself. Many such little places are the homes of the people who keep them. And at the back are rooms which serve for dwelling-rooms, opening upon well-kept

gardens. The whole work of the store is often attended to by the proprietor, assisted by his wife and family, and perhaps one or two apprentices. Each of the workers, in turn, takes an occasional holiday, for there is no day in the Japanese calendar when the shops are all closed; and even New Year's Day, the great festival of the year, finds most of the stores open. Yet the dwellers in these little homes, living almost in the street, and in the midst of the bustle and crowd and dust of Tōkyō, have still time to enjoy their holidays and their little gardens, and have more pleasure and less hard work than those under similar circumstances in our own country.

The stranger visiting any of the great Japanese cities is surprised by the lack of large stores and manufactories, and often wonders where the beautiful lacquer work and porcelains are made, and where the gay silks and crêpes are woven. There are no large establishments where such things are turned out by wholesale. The delicate vases, the bronzes, and the silks are often made in humblest homes, the work of one or two laborers with rudest tools. There are no great manufactories to be seen, and the bane of so many cities, the polluting factory smoke, never rises over the cities of Japan. The hard, confining factory life, with its never ceasing roar of machinery, bewildering the minds and intellects of the men who come under its deadening influences, until they become scarcely more than machines themselves, is a thing as yet almost unknown in Japan. The life of the jinrikisha man even, hard and comfortless as it may seem to run all day like a horse through the crowded city streets, is one that keeps him in the fresh air, under the open sky, and quickens his powers both of body and mind. To the

poor in Japanese cities is never denied the fresh air and sunshine, green trees and grass; and the beautiful parks and gardens are found everywhere, for the enjoyment of even the meanest and lowest.

On certain days in the month, in different sections of the city, are held night festivals near temples, and many shopkeepers take the opportunity to erect temporary booths, in which they so arrange their wares as to tempt the passers-by as they go to and fro. Very often there is a magnificent display of young trees, potted plants, and flowers, brought in from the country and ranged on both sides of the street. Here the gardeners make lively sales, as the displays are often fine in themselves, and show to a special advantage in the flaring torchlight. The eager venders, who do all they can to call the attention of the crowd to their wares, make many good bargains. The purchase requires skill on both sides, for flower men are proverbial in their high charges, asking often five and ten times the real value of a plant, but coming down in price almost immediately on remonstrance. You ask the price of a dwarf wistaria growing in a pot. The man answers at once, "Two dollars." "Two dollars!" you answer in surprise; "it is not worth more than thirty or forty cents." "Seventy-five, then," he will respond; and thus the buyer and seller approach nearer in price, until the bargain is struck somewhere near the first price offered. Price another plant and there would be the same process to go over again; but as the evening passes, prices go lower and lower, for the distances that the plants have been brought are great, and the labor of loading up and carrying back the heavy pots is a weary one, and when the last customer has departed the merchants must

work late into the night to get their wares safely home again.

But besides the flower shows, there are long rows of booths, which, with the many visitors who throng the streets, make a gay and lively scene. So dense is the crowd that it is with difficulty one can push through on foot or in jinrikisha. The darkness is illuminated by torches, whose weird flames flare and smoke in the wind, and shine down upon the little sheds which line both sides of the road, and contain so tempting a display of cheap toys and trinkets that not only the children, but their elders, are attracted by them. Some of the booths are devoted to dolls; others to toys of various kinds; still others to birds in cages, goldfish in globes, queer chirping insects in wicker baskets, pretty ornaments for the hair, fans, candies, and cakes of all sorts, roasted beans and peanuts, and other things too numerous to mention. The long line of stalls ends with booths, or tents, in which shows of dancing, jugglery, educated animals, and monstrosities, natural or artificial, may be seen for the moderate admission fee of two sen. Each of these shows is well advertised by the beating of drums, by the shouting of doorkeepers, by wonderful pictures on the outside to entice the passer-by, or even by an occasional brief lifting of the curtains which veil the scene from the crowd without, just long enough to afford a tantalizing glimpse of the wonders within. Great is the fascination to the children in all these things, and the little feet are never weary until the last booth is passed, and the quiet of neighboring streets, lighted only by wandering lanterns, strikes the home-returning party by its contrast with the light and noise of the festival. The supposed object of

the expedition, the visit to the temple, has occupied but a small share of time and attention, and the little hands are filled with the amusing toys and trifles bought, and the little minds with the merry sights seen. Nor are those who remain at home forgotten, but the pleasure-seekers who visit the fair carry away with them little gifts for each member of the family, and the *O miagé*, or present given on the return, is a regular institution of Japanese home life.

By ten o'clock, when the crowds have dispersed and the purchasers have all gone home and gone to bed, the busy booth-keepers take down their stalls, pack up their wares, and disappear, leaving no trace of the night's gayeties to greet the morning sun.

AN INCENSE PARTY

BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

There is a pretty and refined form of social amusement in Japan which has never been mentioned on this side, so far as I have seen, in connection with the domestic life of that country. It well deserves description, nevertheless, being so characteristic of the highly cultured tastes of the Japanese, and because it opens the gate into quite a new realm of sense-pleasure, and might, indeed, be very well introduced among people of education and fine sensibilities in England. It is founded upon the Eastern love of sweet odors — a province of rare delight, far too much neglected among ourselves, as may be seen indeed by our lack of words with which to define different fragrances, and the foolish fashion which has surrendered the beautiful world of perfume almost entirely to the female sex. Englishmen, it is true, wear buttonholes of violets, or gardenias, or rosebuds; and some of them are bold enough to bedew a pocket-handkerchief with a little frangipani or eau de Cologne; but the habit is regarded as rather effeminate, and even ladies are a little blamed if they indulge in the stronger fragrances of the fashionable perfumers. All this is deplorable, and due, it seems to me, to a deficient olfactory gift rather than to any reasonable prejudice; for why should we not take delight in the infinite range and exquisite variation of those mysterious odors which, not content with scattering

freely among her flowers, Nature bestows upon us in many a strange and subtle corner of the animal and vegetable world? We have, by reason of our dullness, very few satisfactory titles in the dictionary with which to name these wonderful essences; and the nose — that most important feature — not only boasts no classic passages of its own to compare with the literature of the eye, the ear, and the lips, or even the hair, but is scarcely ever mentioned, even in poetry. Martial can find nothing better to say of that organ in his mistress except that it is "not too great," and all that Ariosto permits himself to observe about the same part of the lovely countenance of one of his chief heroines is that "it stood in the middle of her face."

They do not so disregard the nose in Japan, or neglect the delicious kingdom of sensations of which it is the well-provided and happy channel. Less fortunate than we are in the variety and delicacy of manufactured perfumes, they appreciate intensely those which they possess, and give lovely and appropriate names to distinguish one odor from the other. For the most part, Japanese perfumes are prepared not in the liquid form, as with us, but in powder or solid shape, necessitating the use of incense burners to develop the aroma of each. The Japanese word for an incense burner is *koro*, and upon this omnipresent article of Japanese domestic and religious life the artists of the land have lavished their finest skill. The most divinely graceful utensils exist in bronze, iron, silver, gold, and pottery, entirely devoted as *kogo* in which to keep the little tablets of incense, or as *koro*, and *chojiburo* in which to burn them. Some are quaintly fashioned in the forms of fish,

birds, or animals, and richly gilded; but the majority are of bronze, the fragrant smoke issuing from perforations in the lid of the little vessel.

Imagine yourself, then, — oh, gentle English guest! seeking in vain for some new social pastime — imagine yourself in Tokyo receiving the distinction of *O maneki* — the honorable invitation — to a *josshuko*, or incense party. I must call it a distinction, because these entertainments are only given in the upper circles of Japanese life, and would never be addressed to any one who was not known as a person of quiet ways and cultivated tastes. On the highly ornamental document inviting you, or in a letter accompanying it, will be conveyed in graceful words the request that, if it be "honorably convenient," you will not smoke, or drink tea or *saki*, or eat scented sweetmeats for a day or so previous to the reception. It will also be in good form that you should not make any employment of pomade or oil for the hair, nor use any ordinary perfume. On repairing to the house of your hostess — for a lady always presides over this most dainty amusement — it will be polite and proper to enter with much caution the apartment reserved, taking care to open and shut the paper shutters, *shoji*, very quietly, in order not to disturb the tranquil air of the room. Like all Japanese rooms, that chamber will be celestially clean and sweet; but the probability is that you are entering a *yashiki*, or superior abode, where, beside the cream-white *tatami* and the silvery *shoji*, the woodwork around will be of finished workmanship, and the supporting columns of natural timber, the most valuable that the mountain forests can yield. With your feet bare or in socks you have knelt

down in your place within a half-circle of pleasant friends, male and female, who salute you with soft words of welcome and polished compliments. Your dress will be new, or at least unsoiled; all upper garments being left outside that no smell of the street may enter this paradise of perfume. Opposite to the half-circle of happy guests kneels the fair hostess, in front of her being ranged a row of ten small packets of perfume, folded and tied in precisely an identical fashion, and their contents known to her alone, either by their arrangement or some private mark. Two or more incense burners will be near her with a metal bowl of lighted charcoal and various little implements with which to handle the incense. In *joss-huko* there will be ten packets, but only four different scents, and a specimen of each of these four is placed, distinctively colored or packed, at the left hand of the lady of the house. Let us say that they are the sorts called *tamatsumi*, in English, pile of jewels; *shibafune*, ships of grass; *mumei*, the unspeakable; and a fourth fragrance, which is not named or experimented with. In the row of ten, all looking identical, there will be three of number one, three of number two, three of number three, and one of the mysterious compound. The guests receive ten little tickets, bearing names corresponding to this division — three of number one, three of number two, three of number three, and one for the *kyaksama*, or unknown perfume. In a box near at hand there is a division for the tickets of each of those present; — and now the graceful pastime is ready to commence.

The lady of the house burns one of the extra parcels of number one, and all in turn sniff at the aroma, the

name and character of which she indicates. Then, gently wafting aside the fragrant cloud, she gives her guests the flavor of number two, and afterwards, in due turn, that of number three, naming them all. But *kyakuko* is, as I say, not burned. Now then the delicate ordeal commences. The lady host opens one of the ten indistinguishable parcels and places it on the glowing scarlet ashes of the *koro*. The blue vapor issues from the perforated lid, each guest in turn of precedence savors the smoke decorously three times, and then, making up his or her mind, secretly drops the ticket which is thought to agree with that particular odor. One after the other the guests thus vote in silent ballot, not being allowed to give any hint as to their persuasion, but softly conversing of other things as the incense burner goes round. Another and another packet is selected and consumed, and again and again those present cast their votes, each dropping the tickets into his own division of the ballot-box. Somewhere or other in the course of the play the secret scent will come in, but it is remarkable how often it fails to be recognized, the eager guests expecting it before it has arrived. Moreover, in spite of the frequent use of the fan, each of the fragrances intermixes with each, and it is quite astonishing how keen the nostril needs to be to analyze and separate the fine differences of the various essences. At the close of the round, when all ten perfumes have been consumed in the *koro*, a scrutiny is held of the voting, and he or she who has made the highest number of happy guesses receives a little *hobi*, a prize of some pretty and useful kind.

A great collection of elaborate articles is needed to carry out this graceful entertainment in perfection. The

incense burner ought naturally to be very artistic, whether of porcelain, bronze, copper, or iron. The incense box should be of fine lacquer, and of beautiful shape and finish. It will generally have been constructed in three divisions — the first containing the incense cakes, the second some aloes-wood, and the third a receptacle for the incense ashes. Little plates of mica must be ready, on which to lay the pieces of incense when put over the burner. The card-box ought to be charming, and the cards are sometimes little lacquered wooden blocks, with a number on one side and on the other the picture of some tree or flower — the name of which each guest will, for the time being, assume. Every person, it will be understood, receives ten tickets, with the same picture on the back, representing unmistakably the owner.

It would take me too far to go into the varieties of incense and other fragrant materials which are manufactured by the Japanese perfumer, and to quote all the playful and fanciful names given to them. There is, for example, *kokon* — "the breath of twilight" — and there is *yama-ji-no-tsuyu* — "the dew on the mountain path." The first is compounded of aloes-wood, sandalwood, and *kakko*, in certain proportions. The second has clover-blossom in it, and musk or *jako* — of which the ladies of Dai Nippon are very fond. Some of them have the custom of sewing a tiny bag of musk-dust inside a velvet fillet, and fastening it under their sleeve upon the upper arm. The ingredients of these perfumes are mixed in powder and then kneaded into consistency with white honey. There are many other forms of this delicate entertainment besides *josshuko* — such as

kogusa-ko, *keiba-ko*, *kagetsu-ko*, *meisho-ko*, all of them having some amusing or imaginative significance. But enough has been said to show the refinement, the charm, and the entertaining character of this Japanese form of indoor pastime, which might, I think, be happily introduced into those fortunate abodes in our own land where there reigns something like Japanese tranquillity and something like the Japanese artistic instinct which can find true joy in the curve of a line, in the contrast of supplementary colors, or in the subtle difference of one sweet odor from another closely resembling it.

A JAPANESE HOUSE

BY BASIL HALL CHAMBERLAIN

The ordinary Japanese house is a light framework structure, whose thatched, shingled, or tiled roof, very heavy in proportion, is supported on stones with slightly hollowed tops, resting on the surface of the soil. There is no foundation, as that word is understood by our architects. The house stands *on* the ground, not partly *in* it. Singularity number two: there are no walls — at least no continuous walls. The side of the house, composed at night of wooden sliding doors, called *amado*, is stowed away in boxes during the daytime. In summer, everything is thus open to the outside air. In winter, semi-transparent paper slides, called *shoji*, replace the wooden sliding doors during the daytime. The rooms are divided from each other by opaque paper screens, called *fusuma* or *karakami*, which run in grooves at the top and bottom. By taking out these sliding screens several rooms can be turned into one. The floor of all the living-rooms is covered with thick mats, made of rushes and perfectly fitted together, so as to leave no interstices. As these mats are always of the same size — six feet by three — it is usual to compute the area of a room by the number of its mats. Thus you speak of a six-mat room, ten-mat room, etc. In the dwellings of the middle classes, rooms of eight, of six, and of four and a half mats are those oftenest met with. The kitchen and passages are not matted, but have a wooden floor, which is kept brightly

polished. But the passages are few in a Japanese house, each room opening as a rule into the others on either side.

When a house has a second story, this generally covers but a portion of the ground floor. The steps leading up to it resemble a ladder rather than a staircase. The best rooms in a Japanese house are almost invariably at the back, where also is the garden; and they face south, so as to escape the northern blast in winter and to get the benefit of the breeze in summer, which then always blows from the south. They generally have a recess or alcove ornamented with a painted or written scroll (*kakemono*) and a vase of flowers. Furniture is conspicuous by its absence. There are no tables, no chairs, no wash-hand stands, no pianoforte, — none of all those thousand and one things which we cannot do without. The necessity for bedsteads is obviated by quilts, which are brought in at night and laid down wherever may happen to be most convenient. No mahogany dining-table is required in a family where each member is served separately on a little lacquer tray. Cupboards are, for the most part, openings in the wall, screened in by small paper slides — not separate, movable entities. Whatever treasures the family may possess are mostly stowed away in an adjacent building, known in the local English dialect as a "godown," that is, a fireproof storehouse with walls of mud or clay.

These details will probably suggest a very uncomfortable sum total; and Japanese houses *are* supremely uncomfortable to ninety-nine Europeans out of a hundred. Nothing to sit on, no fire but a brazier to warm one's self by, and yet abundant danger of fire to be

burnt out by, no solidity, no privacy, the deafening clatter twice daily of the opening and shutting of the outer wooden slides, drafts insidiously pouring in through innumerable chinks and crannies, darkness whenever heavy rain makes it necessary to shut up one or more sides of the house — to these and to various other enormities Japanese houses must plead guilty. Two things, chiefly, are to be said on the other side. First, these houses are cheap — an essential point in a poor country. Secondly, the people who live in them do not share our European ideas with regard to comfort and discomfort. They do not miss fireplaces or stoves, never having realized the possibility of such elaborate arrangements for heating. They do not mind drafts, having been inured to them from infancy. In fact an elderly diplomat, who, during his sojourn in a Japanese hotel, spent well-nigh his whole time in the vain endeavor to keep doors shut and chinks patched up, used to exclaim to us, "Mais les japonais ADORENT les courants d'air!" Furthermore the physicians who have studied Japanese dwelling-houses from the point of view of hygiene give them a clean bill of health.

THINKING OUT A GARDEN

BY MORTIMER MENPES

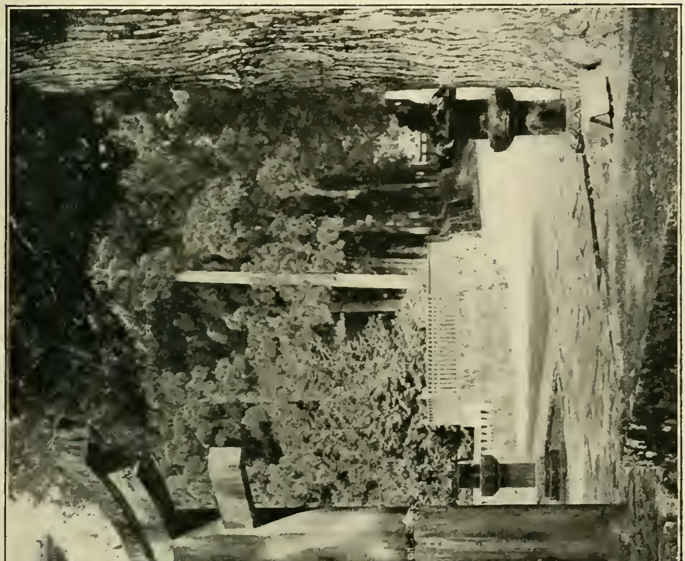
A Japanese gardener spends his whole life in studying his trade, and just as earnestly and just as comprehensively as a doctor would study medicine. I was once struck by seeing a little man sitting on a box outside a silk-store on a bald spot of ground. For three consecutive days I saw this little man sitting on the same little box, forever smiling and knocking out the ash from his miniature pipe. All day long he sat there, never moving, never talking — he seemed to be doing nothing but smoking and dreaming. On the third day I pointed this little man out to the merchant who owned the store, and asked what the little man was doing and why he sat there. "He's thinking," said the merchant. "Yes; but why must he think on that bald spot of ground? What is he going to do?" I asked, perplexed. The merchant gazed at me in astonishment, mingled with pity. "Don't you know?" he said; "he is one of our greatest landscape gardeners, and for three days he has been thinking out a garden for me. — If you care to come here in a few days," he added, "I will show you the drawings for that garden all completed." I came in a few days, and I was shown the most exquisite set of drawings it has ever been my good fortune to behold. What a garden it would be! There were full-grown trees, stepping-stones, miniature bridges, ponds of goldfish — all presenting an appearance of vastness, yet in reality occupying an area

the size of a small room. And not only was the garden itself planned out and designed, but it was also arranged to form a pattern in relation to the trees and the houses and the surrounding hills. This little old man, without stirring from his box or making a single note, had in those three days created this garden in his mind's eye, and on returning home had sketched out the final arrangement. The merchant told me that his garden would be completed in a few weeks, with full-grown trees flourishing in it, and everything planted — all but one stone, which in all probability would be there in a few weeks, while, on the other hand, it might not be placed there for years. On inquiring as to the reason of this strange delay, I was told that that one particular stone, though insignificant and unnoticeable in our eyes, occupies a very prominent position, and that upon the proper placing and quality of it the beauty and perfection of a Japanese garden depend almost entirely. Sometimes hundreds and even thousands of dollars are paid for a large stone that happens to be rightly proportioned and of the correct texture of ruggedness to occupy a certain position in a Japanese garden.

A STONE GATEWAY

A STONE GATEWAY

The Shinto shrines are exceedingly simple. They are built of wood, roofed with thatch, and are not made gorgeous by brilliant coloring. Before each shrine stands a gateway or archway, made by laying a projecting horizontal bar on top of two upright posts. The bar was originally used as a resting-place for fowls which were offered to the gods to give warning of the coming of day. Gradually this form of archway became a symbol of the religion, and countless numbers of them were erected.



AN ARTIST IN FLOWERS

BY MORTIMER MENPES

I FEEL that I must give a slight description of some of the marvelous creations in purple irises, lilies, and pines that the greatest master in Tokio once arranged for me at my hotel. He arrived early one morning, and in great good humor, evidently feeling that I being an artist, his work would be appreciated and understood. He carried with him his flowers, tenderly wrapped in a damp cloth under one arm, and his vases under another. One of his most promising pupils, a girl of nineteen, accompanied him, acting almost as a servant and evidently worshiping him as her master. He began at once to show us a decoration of lilies and reeds. With the utmost rapidity he took out a bunch of slim reeds, pulled them to different lengths, the large ones at the back, the small ones in front, and caressed the whole into a wooden prong looking like a clothes-peg, and arranged it in a kind of vase made out of a circular section of bamboo. An immense amount of care was taken with the handling of these reeds, the master drawing back now and then in a stooping position with his hands on his knees and his eyes bolting out to view his handiwork critically. Next he took some lilies with their leaves, and arranged them in a metal stand composed of a number of divisions looking like cartridge-cases cut off. Every leaf was twisted and bent and cut to improve its form. The half-open lilies were made to look as though they were grow-

ing, and were a great favorite with this master because of the scope for beautiful curves and lines that they allowed. Time after time he would take out a leaf or a flower, putting another in its place, thereby showing that he had absolute command over his subject, and a fixed picture in his mind that he was determined to produce at any cost. The ultimate result of the decoration was perfect naturalness. I never saw lilies growing on the hillside look more natural than they did here; yet each had been twisted and bent into a set design laid down by the artist. Both reeds and lilies were placed in a wooden tray partially lacquered, the unlacquered portion representing old worm-eaten wood; pebbles were placed in the bottom of the tray, and the whole was flooded with water. Then he began his decoration of irises. He took a bundle of iris leaves, cut and trimmed them, washing and drying each leaf separately, and sticking them together in groups of twos and threes. With his finger and thumb he gently pressed each one down the center, rendering it as pliable as wire. The leaves were cut to a point at the base and placed in a metal stand with consecutive circles. Then an iris bud, with the purple just bursting, was placed in position and caressed into bloom. The whole was syringed with water and carefully placed in a corner of the room.

I have described these few flower arrangements in detail in order to show the exactitude of the work and the immense amount of care taken by professors in flower arrangement. On this particular occasion I had invited some friends to enjoy the professor's masterpieces with me, and he had just completed a most exquisite production, by far the best and finest he had

achieved that day. It was an arrangement of pine with one great jutting bough, perfectly balanced — in fact, a veritable work of art. The professor was a true artist; he loved his work, and it was all the world to him.

For once he was content, and had just leaned back to view his work through half-closed eyes when in a flash an Oxford straw hat was clapped down right on top of it. It was the husband of one of my friends just returned from a walk, full of spirits and boisterously happy. It was a cruel thing to do; but he did not realize the horror of his act. He saw a bough sticking right out of a pot, and it seemed to him a suitable place to hang his hat on: so he hung his there -- that was all. The little assistant gave one frightened look at her master, and began to pack up the utensils at once; the professor drew himself up in a very dignified way, bowed profoundly, and left the hotel. I never saw him again, and I knew that I never should — for he went away crushed.

HOW A JAPANESE PAINTS

BY MORTIMER MENPES

[KIYOSAI is the greatest of all living Japanese artists.
The Editor.]

KIYOSAI next began to discuss drawing, and, as he was speaking to an Englishman, English drawing in particular. "I hear that when artists in England are painting," he said, "if they are painting a bird, they stand that bird up in their back garden, or in their studio, and begin to paint it at once, then and there, never quite deciding what they are going to paint, never thinking of the particular pose and action of the bird that is to be represented on the canvas. Now, suppose that bird suddenly moves one leg up — what does the English artist do then?" He could not understand how an English painter could paint with the model before him. I naturally told him that they copied what they saw; that they got over the difficulty as best they could. "I do not understand that," he said. "In my own practice I look at the bird; I want to paint him as he is. He has got a pose. Good! Then he suddenly puts down his head, and there is another pose. The bare fact of the bird being there in an altered pose would compel me to alter my idea; and so on, until at last I could paint nothing at all." I asked him what, then, was his method. "I watch my bird," he replied, "and the particular pose I wish to copy, before I attempt to represent it. I observe that very closely until he moves and the attitude is altered. Then I go

away and record as much of that particular pose as I can remember. Perhaps I may be able to put down only three or four lines; but directly I have lost the impression I stop. Then I go back again and study that bird until it takes the same position as before. And then I again try and retain as much as I can of it. In this way I began by spending a whole day in a garden watching a bird and its particular attitude, and in the end I have remembered the pose so well by continually trying to represent it, that I am able to repeat it entirely from my impression — but not from the bird. It is a hindrance to have the model before me when I have a mental note of the pose. What I do is a painting from memory, and it is a true impression. I have filled hundreds of sketch-books," he continued, "of different sorts of birds and fish and other things, and have at last got a facility, and have trained my memory to such an extent, that by observing the rapid action of a bird I can nearly always retain and produce it. By a lifelong training I have made my memory so keen that I think I may say I can reproduce anything I have once seen."

HOW TO TALK POLITELY IN JAPAN

BY PERCIVAL LOWELL

You are, we will suppose, at a tea-house, and you wish for sugar. The following almost stereotyped conversation is pretty sure to take place. I translate it literally, simply prefacing that every tea-house girl, usually in the first blush of youth, is generically addressed as "elder sister," — another honorific, at least so considered in Japan.

You clap your hands. (*Enter tea-house maiden.*)

You. Hai, elder sister, augustly exists there sugar?

The T. H. M. The honorable sugar, augustly is it?

You. So, augustly.

The T.H.M. Hè (indescribable expression of assent). (*Exit tea-house maiden to fetch the sugar.*)

Now the "augustlies" go almost without saying, but why is the sugar honorable? Simply because it is eventually going to be offered to you. But she would have spoken of it by precisely the same respectful title, if she had been obliged to inform you that there was none, in which case it never could have become yours. Such is politeness. We may note, in passing, that all her remarks and all yours, barring your initial question, meant absolutely nothing. She understood you perfectly from the first, and you knew she did; but then, if all of us were to say only what were necessary, the delightful art of conversation would soon be nothing but a science.

IV

THE AWAKENING OF JAPAN

HISTORICAL NOTE

In 1852 it was learned that some American seamen wrecked on the Japanese coast had been harshly treated. Commodore M. C. Perry was sent to protest and demand protection in such cases. He succeeded not only in this, but also in the making of a treaty opening the country to commerce. Trade with other countries was soon allowed. The office of shogun was abolished in 1868, full power was restored to the mikado, and the old order of feudalism came to an end. Teachers, army officers, and engineers were invited from Europe and America to assist in the rebirth of Japan. Western laws were introduced, the nobility reorganized, a constitution granted, and in 1891 the first parliament met. These tremendous changes were not made without protest, however, and when the wearing of swords was forbidden, the samurai or military class of the province of Satsuma rose in an insurrection that cost 20,000 lives before it was subdued.

In 1894 war with China broke out in regard to Korea. The result was the total defeat of China, the surrender of the island of Formosa to Japan, the payment of a large indemnity, and the independence of Korea. After the Boxer uprising of 1899 in China, the Russians continued to occupy Manchuria, contrary to agreement. This, added to earlier causes of annoyance, led in 1904 to the Russo-Japanese War. Japan by an unbroken series of victories swept back the forces of Russia and destroyed her navy. By the treaty of peace signed at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1905, Japan obtained half of the island of Sakhalin, Port Arthur and adjacent territory, and control of Korea.

WHEN COMMODORE PERRY LANDED IN JAPAN

COMPILED BY FRANCIS L. HAWKS FROM THE NOTES AND JOURNALS OF COMMODORE PERRY AND HIS OFFICERS

[THE expedition to Japan, which resulted in a treaty of peace between that country and the United States in 1854, was organized and commanded by Commodore Perry.
The Editor.]

As the atmosphere cleared and the shores were disclosed to view, the steady labors of the Japanese during the night were revealed in the showy effect on the Uraga shore. Ornamental screens of cloth had been so arranged as to give a more distinct prominence, as well as the appearance of greater size to the bastions and forts; and two tents had been spread among the trees. The screens were stretched tightly in the usual way upon posts of wood, and each interval between the hosts was thus distinctly marked, and had, in the distance, the appearance of paneling. Upon these seeming panels were emblazoned the imperial arms, alternating with the device of a scarlet flower bearing large heart-shaped leaves. Flags and streamers, upon which were various designs represented in gay colors, hung from the several angles of the screens, while behind them thronged crowds of soldiers, arrayed in a costume which had not been before observed, and which was supposed to belong to high occasions only. The main portion of the dress was a species of frock of a dark color, with short skirts,

the waists of which were gathered in with a sash, and which was without sleeves, the arms of the wearers being bare.

All on board the ships were alert from the earliest hour, making the necessary preparations. Steam was got up and the anchors were weighed that the ships might be moved to a position where their guns would command the place of reception. The sailing-vessels, however, because of a calm, were unable to get into position. The officers, seamen, and marines who were to accompany the Commodore were selected, and as large a number of them mustered as could possibly be spared from the whole squadron. All, of course, were eager to bear a part in the ceremonies of the day, but all could not possibly go, as a sufficient number must be left to do ships' duty. Many of the officers and men were selected by lot, and when the full complement, which amounted to nearly three hundred, was filled up, each one busied himself in getting his person ready for the occasion. The officers, as had been ordered, were in full official dress, while the sailors and marines were in their naval and military uniforms of blue and white.

Before eight bells in the morning watch had struck, the Susquehanna and Mississippi moved slowly down the bay. Simultaneously with this movement of our ships, six Japanese boats were observed to sail in the same direction, but more within the land. The government striped flag distinguished two of them, showing the presence on board of some high officials, while the others carried red banners, and were supposed to have on board a retinue or guard of soldiers. On doubling the headland which separated the former anchorage

from the bay below, the preparations of the Japanese on the shore came suddenly into view. The land bordering the head of the bay was gay with a long stretch of painted screens of cloth, upon which was emblazoned the arms of the Emperor. Nine tall standards stood in the center of an immense number of banners of divers lively colors, which were arranged on either side, until the whole formed a crescent of variously tinted flags, which fluttered brightly in the rays of the morning sun. From the tall standards were suspended broad pennons of rich scarlet which swept the ground with their flowing length. On the beach in front of this display were ranged regiments of soldiers, who stood in fixed order, evidently arrayed to give an appearance of martial force, that the Americans might be duly impressed with the military power of the Japanese.

As the beholder faced the bay, he saw on the left of the village of Gori-Hama a straggling group of peaked-roofed houses, built between the beach and the base of the high ground which ran in green acclivities behind, and ascended from height to height to the distant mountains. A luxuriant valley or gorge, walled in with richly wooded hills, opened at the head of the bay, and breaking the uniformity of the curve of the shore gave a beautiful variety to the landscape. On the right some hundred Japanese boats, or more, were arranged in parallel lines along the margin of the shore, with a red flag flying at the stern of each. The whole effect, though not startling, was novel and cheerful, and everything combined to give a pleasing aspect to the picture. The day was bright, with a clear sunlight which seemed to give fresh vitality alike to the verdant hillsides, and the gay

banners, and the glittering soldiery. Back from the beach, opposite the center of the curved shore of the bay, the building, just constructed for the reception, rose in three pyramidal-shaped roofs, high above the surrounding houses. It was covered in front by striped cloth, which was extended in screens to either side. It had a new, fresh look, indicative of its recent erection, and with its peaked summits was not unlike, in the distance, a group of very large ricks of grain.

Two boats approached as the steamers entered the opening of the bay, and when the anchors were dropped they came alongside the Susquehanna. Kayama Yezaiman, with his two interpreters, came on board, followed immediately by Nagazima Saboroske and an officer in attendance, who had come in the second boat. They were duly received at the gangway and conducted to seats on the quarter-deck. All were dressed in full official costume, somewhat different from their ordinary garments. Their gowns, though of the usual shape, were much more elaborately adorned. The material was of very rich silk brocade of gay colors, turned up with yellow velvet, and the whole dress was highly embroidered with gold lace in various figures, upon which was conspicuously displayed on the back, sleeves, and breast the arms of the wearer. . . .

A signal was now hoisted from the Susquehanna as a summons for the boats from the other ships, and in the course of half an hour they had all pulled alongside with their various officers, sailors, and marines, detailed for the day's ceremonies. The launches and cutters numbered no less than fifteen, and presented quite an imposing array; and with all on board them, in proper

uniform, a picturesque effect was not wanting. Captain Buchanan, having taken his place in his barge, led the way, flanked on either side by the two Japanese boats containing the governor and vice-governor of Uraga with their respective suites; and these dignitaries acted as masters of ceremony and pointed out the course to the American flotilla. The rest of the ships' boats followed after in order, with the cutters containing the two bands of the steamers, who enlivened the occasion with their cheerful music.

The boats skimmed briskly over the smooth waters; for such was the skill and consequent rapidity of the Japanese scullers that our sturdy oarsmen were put to their mettle to keep up with their guides. When the boats had reached halfway to the shore, the thirteen guns of the Susquehanna began to boom away and re-echo among the hills. This announced the departure of the Commodore, who, stepping into his barge, was rowed off to the land.

The guides in the Japanese boats pointed to the landing-place toward the center of the curved shore, where a temporary wharf had been built out from the beach by means of bags of sand and straw. The advance boat soon touched the spot, and Captain Buchanan, who commanded the party, sprang ashore, being the first of the Americans who landed in the Kingdom of Japan. He was immediately followed by Major Zeilin, of the marines. The rest of the boats now pulled in and disembarked their respective loads. The marines (one hundred) marched up the wharf and formed into line on either side, facing the sea; then came the hundred sailors, who were also ranged in rank and file as they

advanced, while the two bands brought up the rear. The whole number of Americans, including sailors, marines, musicians, and officers, amounted to nearly three hundred; no very formidable array, but still quite enough for a peaceful occasion, and composed of very vigorous, able-bodied men, who contrasted strongly with the smaller and more effeminate-looking Japanese. These latter had mustered in great force, the amount of which the Governor of Uraga stated to be five thousand; but, seemingly, they far outnumbered that. Their line extended around the whole circuit of the beach, from the farther extremity of the village to the abrupt acclivity of the hill which bounded the bay on the northern side; while an immense number of the soldiers thronged in behind and under cover of the cloth screens which stretched along the rear. The loose order of this Japanese army did not betoken any very great degree of discipline. The soldiers were tolerably well armed and equipped. Their uniform was very much like the ordinary Japanese dress. Their arms were swords, spears, and matchlocks. These in front were all infantry, archers, and lancers; but large bodies of cavalry were seen behind somewhat in the distance, as if held in reserve. The horses of these seemed of a fine breed, hardy, of good bottom, and brisk in action; and these troopers, with their rich caparisons, presented at least a showy cavalcade. Along the base of the rising ground which ascended behind the village, and entirely in the rear of the soldiers, was a large number of the inhabitants, among whom there was quite an assemblage of women, who gazed with intense curiosity, through the openings in the line of the military, upon the stranger visitors from another hemisphere.

On the arrival of the Commodore, his suite of officers formed a double line along the landing-place, and as he passed up between, they fell into order behind him. The procession was then formed and took up its march toward the house of reception, the route to which was pointed out by Kayama Yezaiman and his interpreter, who preceded the party. The marines led the way, and the sailors following, the Commodore was duly escorted up the beach. The United States flag and the broad pennant were borne by two athletic seamen, who had been selected from the crews of the squadron on account of their stalwart proportions. Two boys, dressed for the ceremony, preceded the Commodore, bearing in an envelope of scarlet cloth the boxes which contained his credentials and the President's letter. These documents, of folio size, were beautifully written on vellum, and not folded, but bound in blue silk velvet. Each seal, attached by cords of interwoven gold and silk with pendent gold tassels, was encased in a circular box six inches in diameter and three in depth, wrought of pure gold. Each of the documents, together with its seal, was placed in a box of rosewood about a foot long, with lock, hinges, and mountings all of gold. On either side of the Commodore marched a tall, well-formed Negro, who, armed to the teeth, acted as his personal guard. These blacks, selected for the occasion, were two of the best-looking fellows of their color that the squadron could furnish. All this, of course, was but for effect.

The procession was obliged to make a somewhat circular movement to reach the entrance of the house of reception. This gave a good opportunity for the display of the escort. The building, which was but a short dis-

tance from the landing, was soon reached. In front of the entrance were two small brass cannon which were old and apparently of European manufacture; on either side were grouped a rather straggling company of Japanese guards, whose costume was different from that of the other soldiers. Those on the right were dressed in tunics, gathered in at the waist with broad sashes, and in full trousers of a gray color, the capacious width of which was drawn in at the knees, while their heads were bound with a white cloth in the form of a turban. They were armed with muskets upon which bayonets and flint-locks were observed. The guards on the left were dressed in a rather dingy, brown-colored uniform turned up with yellow, and carried old-fashioned matchlocks.

The Commodore having been escorted to the door of the house of reception, entered with his suite. The building showed marks of hasty erection, and the timbers and boards of pine wood were numbered, as if they had been fashioned previously and brought to the spot all ready to be put together. The first portion of the structure entered was a kind of tent, principally constructed of painted canvas, upon which in various places the imperial arms were painted. Its area inclosed a space of nearly forty feet square. Beyond this entrance hall was an inner apartment to which a carpeted path led. The floor of the outer room was generally covered with white cloth, but through its center passed a slip of red-colored carpet, which showed the direction to the interior chamber. This latter was entirely carpeted with red cloth, and was the state apartment of the building where the reception was to take place. Its floor was somewhat raised, like a dais,

above the general level, and was handsomely adorned for the occasion. Violet-colored hangings of silk and fine cotton, with the imperial coat of arms embroidered in white, hung from the walls which inclosed the inner room, on three sides, while the front was left open to the antechamber or outer room.

As the Commodore and his suite ascended to the reception room, the two dignitaries who were seated on the left arose and bowed, and the Commodore and suite were conducted to the armchairs which had been provided for them on the right. The interpreters announced the names and titles of the high Japanese functionaries as Toda-Idzu-no-kami, Toda, Prince of Idzu, and Ido-Owami-no-kami, Ido, Prince of Iwami. They were both men of advanced years, the former apparently about fifty, and the latter some ten or fifteen years older. Prince Toda was the better-looking man of the two, and the intellectual expression of his large forehead and amiable look of his regular features contrasted very favorably with the more wrinkled and contracted and less intelligent face of his associate, the Prince of Iwami. They were both very richly dressed, their garments being of heavy silk brocade interwoven with elaborately wrought figures in gold and silver.

From the beginning the two princes had assumed an air of statuesque formality, which they preserved during the whole interview, as they never spoke a word, and rose from their seats only at the entrance and exit of the Commodore, when they made a grave and formal bow. Yezaiman and his interpreters acted as masters of ceremony during the occasion. On entering, they took their positions at the upper end of the room, kneel-

ing down beside a large lacquered box of scarlet color, supported by feet, gilt or brass.

For some time after the Commodore and his suite had taken their seats there was a pause of some minutes, not a word being uttered on either side. Tatznoske, the principal interpreter, was the first to break silence, which he did by asking Mr. Portman, the Dutch interpreter, whether the letters were ready for delivery, and stating that the Prince Toda was prepared to receive them; and that the scarlet box at the upper end of the room was prepared as the receptacle for them. The Commodore, upon this being communicated to him, beckoned to the boys who stood in the lower hall to advance, when they immediately obeyed his summons and came forward, bearing the handsome boxes which contained the President's letter and other documents. The two stalwart Negroes followed immediately in rear of the boys, and marching up to the scarlet receptacle received the boxes from the hands of the bearers, opened them, took out the letters, and, displaying the writing and seals, laid them upon the lid of the Japanese box, all in perfect silence.

[The letter of the President, Millard Fillmore, expressed the kindly feelings of the United States toward Japan and his desire that there should be friendship and trade between the two countries. The documents were laid upon the scarlet box and a formal receipt was given for them.]

Yezaiman and Tatznoske now bowed, and, rising from their knees, drew the fastenings around the scarlet box, and informing the Commodore's interpreter that there was nothing more to be done, passed out of the

apartment, bowing to those on either side as they went. The Commodore now rose to take leave, and, as he departed, the two princes, still preserving absolute silence, also arose and stood until the strangers had passed from their presence.

The Commodore and his suite were detained a short time at the entrance of the building waiting for their barge, whereupon Yezaiman and his interpreter returned and asked some of the party what they were waiting for; to which they received the reply, "For the Commodore's boat." Nothing further was said. The whole interview had not occupied more than from twenty to thirty minutes, and had been conducted with the greatest formality, though with the most perfect courtesy in every respect.

The procession re-formed as before, and the Commodore was escorted to his barge, and, embarking, was rowed off toward his ship, followed by the other American and the two Japanese boats which contained the Governor of Uraga and his attendants, the bands meanwhile playing our national airs with great spirit as the boats pulled off to the ships.

THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER

BY TOWNSEND HARRIS, FIRST AMERICAN ENVOY TO JAPAN

I STARTED for my audience about ten o'clock with the same escort as on my visit to the Minister, but my guards all wore *kami-shimos* and breeches which only covered half the thigh, leaving all the rest of the leg bare. My dress was a coat embroidered with gold after the pattern furnished by the State Department, blue pantaloons with a broad gold band running down each leg, cocked hat with gold tassels, and a pearl-handled dress-sword.

Mr. Heusken's dress was the undress navy uniform, regulation sword and cocked hat. We crossed the moat by a bridge that was about half a mile from my house. On arriving at the second moat, all were required to leave their *norimonos* except the Prince of Shinano and myself. When we arrived within about three hundred yards of the last bridge Shinano also left his *norimono;* and our horses, his spears, etc., etc., with the ordinary attendants, all remained. I was carried up to the bridge itself; and, as they say, farther than a Japanese was ever carried before, and here I dismounted, giving the President's letter, which I had brought in my *norimono*, to Mr. Heusken to carry. We crossed this bridge, and at some one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards from the gate I entered the audience hall. Before entering here, however, I put on the new shoes I had worn on my

visit to the Minister, and the Japanese did not even ask me to go in my stocking-feet.

As I entered the vestibule I was met by two officers of the household. We stopped, faced each other, and then bowed; they then led me along a hall to a room where, on entering, I found the two chairs and a comfortable brazier. I should here note that tobacco is not served among the refreshments of the palace. I again drank the "tea gruel."

The breeches are the great feature of the dress; they are made of yellow silk, and the legs are some six to seven feet long! Consequently, when the wearer walks, they stream out behind him, and give him the appearance of walking on his knees, an illusion which is helped out by the short stature of the Japanese and the great width, over the shoulders, of their *kami-shimos*.

The cap is also a great curiosity, and defies description; it is made of a black varnished material, and looks like a Scotch Kilmarnock cap, which has been opened only some three inches wide, and is fantastically perched on the very apex of the head; the front comes just to the top edge of the forehead, but the back projects some distance behind the head. This extraordinary affair is kept in place by a light-colored silk cord which, passing over the top of the "Coronet," passes down over the temples and is tied under the chin. A lashing runs horizontally across the forehead, and being attached to the perpendicular cord, passes behind the head, where it is tied.

My friend Shinano was very anxious to have me enter the audience chamber and rehearse my part. This I declined as gently as I could, telling him that the general customs of all courts were so similar that I had no fear

of making any mistakes, particularly as he had kindly explained their part of the ceremony, while my part was to be done after our Western fashion. I really believe he was anxious that I should perform my part in such a manner as to make a favorable impression on those who would see me for the first time. I discovered also that I had purposely been brought to the palace a good hour before the time, so that he might get through his rehearsal before the time for my actual audience. Finding I declined the rehearsal, I was again taken to the room that I first entered, which was comfortably warm and had chairs to sit on. Tea was again served to me.

At last I was informed that the time had arrived for my audience, and I passed down by the poor daimios, who were still seated like so many statues in the same place; but when I had got as far as their front rank, I passed in front of their line and halted on their right flank, toward which I faced. Shinano here threw himself on his hands and knees. I stood behind him, and Mr. Heusken was just behind me.

The audience chamber faced in the same manner as the room in which the great audience was seated, but separated from it by the usual sliding doors; so that although they could see me pass and hear all that was said at the audience, they could not see into the chamber. At length, on a signal being made, the Prince of Shinano began to crawl along on his hands and knees, and when I half turned to the right and entered the audience chamber, a chamberlain called out in a loud voice "Embassador Merican!" I halted about six feet from the door and bowed, then proceeded nearly to the middle of the room, where I again halted and bowed. Again pro-

ceeding, I stopped about ten feet from the end of the room, exactly opposite to the Prince of Bitchiu on my right hand, where he and the other five members of the Great Council were prostrate on their faces. On my left hand were three brothers of the Tai-kun prostrated in the same manner, and all of them being "end on" towards me. After a pause of a few seconds I addressed the Tai-kun as follows: —

"May it please your Majesty: In presenting my letters of credence from the President of the United States, I am directed to express to your Majesty the sincere wishes of the President for your health and happiness and for the prosperity of your dominions. I consider it a great honor that I have been selected to fill the high and important place of Plenipotentiary of the United States at the court of your Majesty, and as my earnest wishes are to unite the two countries more closely in the ties of enduring friendship, my constant exertions shall be directed to the attainment of that happy end."

Here I stopped and bowed.

After a short silence the Tai-kun began to jerk his head backward over his left shoulder, at the same time stamping with his right foot. This was repeated three or four times. After this, he spoke audibly and in a pleasant and firm voice what was interpreted as follows:

"Pleased with the letter sent with the Ambassador from a far-distant country, and likewise pleased with his discourse. Intercourse shall be continued forever."

Mr. Heusken, who had been standing at the door of the audience chamber, now advanced with the President's letter, bowing three times. As he approached, the Minister for Foreign Affairs rose to his feet and stood

by me. I removed the silk cover over the box, opened it, and also raised the cover of the letter so that the Minister could see the writing. I then closed the box, replaced the silk covering (made of red and white stripes, six and seven), and handed the same to the Minister, who received it with both hands, and placed it on a handsome lacquered stand which was placed a little above him. He then lay down again, and I turned towards the Tai-kun, who gave me to understand my audience was at an end by making me a courteous bow. I bowed, retreated backward, halted, bowed again and for the last time.

So ended my audience, when I was reconducted to my original room, and served with more tea gruel. A good deal of negotiation had been used by the Japanese to get me to eat a dinner at the palace, alone, or with Mr. Heusken only. This I declined doing. I offered to partake of it, provided one of the royal family or the Prime Minister would eat with me. I was told that their customs forbade either from doing so. I replied that the customs of my country forbade any one to eat in a house where the host, or his representative, did not sit down to table with him. At last the matter was arranged by ordering the dinner to be sent to my lodgings.

THE SCHOOLS OF OLD JAPAN

BY FRANCIS OTTIWELL ADAMS, SECRETARY OF THE LEGATION AT YEDO

The Japanese lad began his education at the age of six or seven years. There were three grades of schools, *Sho*, *Chiu*, and *Dai Gakko* [Small, Middle, and Great School]. In many of the daimios' capitals the latter was wanting; the one in Yedo might with some show of propriety be called a university.

The Japanese pupil took his first steps in learning by mastering the *hiragana* and *katakana* [alphabet or syllabary]. He must know how to read and write both styles before he began the study of Chinese characters. The average boy spent five years in the *Sho*, or Primary School. During the first year he began the study of the Chinese classics. The method of learning these books was to go through each one, studying the sound only of each character. A Japanese lad must therefore know the sound of every character in the book before he had an idea of what a single one of them meant. This is as if an English boy attacking Homer or the Hebrew Bible were to learn to read the book through, pronouncing every word carefully, but knowing nothing of its meaning or the construction of the language. But in the case of the Japanese lad, he must learn nearly two thousand characters and several hundred sounds, before receiving an explanation of their meaning. The books mastered as to sense and meaning during the years spent in the Primary School were the "Small Learning," the "Moral

Duties of Man," Confucius's "Four Books of Morals," the "Three Character Book of Morals," the "Book of Filial Duties," the "Book of Great Lineage," "Ancestry of the Mikado," and the "Entrance to Knowledge," "Duties of Cleanliness, Obedience," etc.

The scholar's work during the first year was with *kana* and the sound of the Chinese characters. In the second year the writing of Chinese characters was begun, and continued thenceforward as a never-ending part of his education. He learned to write the names of all the emperors, of all the large cities, provinces, and the geographical divisions of Japan, his own name and that of his family, the names of streets, familiar objects, the characters for points of the compass; the seasons, names of countries, of years, chronological era, etc., and to read and copy proclamations and edicts on the notice-boards.

During the third year, the Japanese lad learned the four rudimental rules of arithmetic and the use of the abacus, a point at which the mathematical education of the vast majority of Japanese ended. He also read the "Book of Heroes" — a book containing biographies of model men and women, moral anecdotes, accounts of virtuous and noble actions, etc. The study of the Chinese classics was continued. Much time was spent in writing Chinese characters, and several hours a week were given to the practical study of etiquette, how to walk, to bow, to visit, to talk, etc. Examinations were held twice a year, at which the daimio or high officials were present and delivered prizes to the most diligent and successful, who were then graduated into the *Chiu*, or Middle School.

Hitherto the education was moral and intellectual. In the Middle School the physical education began.

The course comprised three years, during which daily lessons in either fencing, wrestling, or spear exercise, and a monthly practice on horseback under expert instructors, were parts of the curriculum. It would be tedious to detail all the studies of the Middle School, but in substance they were simply an advance on the line of studies of the Small School. The lads read the "History of China," the "Book of Rhetoric," a brief "History of Japan," and a large book of Japanese strategy, containing remarkable feats in war, narratives of heroes, etc. They learned the various styles of Chinese learning, how to write official and private letters, both original and after models. In arithmetic they learned to count large numerical quantities, and to solve problems by the four fundamental rules. They studied the topography of Japan with considerable thoroughness, and read an epitome of universal geography.

In the *Dai*, or High School, the students spent more time in the gymnasium and on the riding-course, becoming proficient in riding, wrestling, archery, fencing, long and short spear exercise, and in the various arts by which an unarmed man may defend his life and injure his enemy. Their reading now took a higher range, embracing well-known historical classics. In arithmetic, vulgar and decimal fractions, the rule of three, involution, evolution, and progression were taught. A little algebra was introduced into some of the schools, but only a small minority of students reached the maximum of mathematical studies presented above.

In the *Sei Do*, or old Chinese college in Yedo, the course of literary study ranged somewhat higher, and original composition in Chinese was made a specialty.

The usual time allotted for study in all the schools was six hours a day: from 6 to 12 A.M. in summer, from 8 A.M. to 2 P.M. in the spring and autumn, and from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M. in winter. No long vacation was given in summer, but the regular holidays throughout the year were numerous, and at the beginning of the year the schools were closed for several weeks.

In general the disciplinary rules of the schools were strictly observed. Each scholar must wear the *hakama*, or trousers formerly distinguishing the samurai. If late, he could not enter the school for that day. When once in, he was not allowed to leave till school was out. The rewards at the end of the year were pieces of silk, ink-stones, brush-pens, paper, silver coin; and the highest, at the Chinese college in Yedo, was a robe on which the crest of the shogun was embroidered, with the privilege of always wearing the garment in public. The most common punishments were confinement to the room or house, whipping on the front of the leg or on the back, walking up and down for several hours with one of the small writing-tables on the head, having the moxa burned on the forefinger, etc. Of the teachers, some taught only the sound of the characters, others the meaning of the separate characters, others were expounders or exegetes. Writing, arithmetic, and each athletic exercise were taught by special instructors. Few of the teachers made teaching their permanent work, and of the scholars, probably not more than a third completed the full course of studies. It was absolutely necessary, however, that a samurai should have been at least through the Small School. Without this rudimentary education he could not become a householder.

HOW TO LEARN JAPANESE

BY REV. M. L. GORDON, M.D.

THE young missionary starts to his field filled with enthusiasm, and elated by the thought of preaching Christ's salvation to those who have never heard the good news of God. He may not actually entertain the idea, so commonly heard at home, that his first work on landing will be to repeat the "old, old story" to the astonished but receptive natives as they kneel in homage at his feet. He may think of his lack of knowledge of the language as an obstacle to immediate preaching. But he has doubtless been encouraged to regard this obstacle as of a very temporary character, and he indulges the pleasing hope that a few weeks, or a few months at the farthest, will find him "speaking like a native."

When he reaches his destination, however, his complacency receives a terrible shock. Geographically speaking, he is now near the people whom he hopes to teach; but as far as actual teaching is concerned, a broader ocean than the Pacific still rolls between him and them. As he listens to the shouts of the boatmen who crowd around his ship, or the chattering of the jinrikisha men while they draw lots for the privilege of carrying him to his hotel, he understands, as never before, why the Russians call foreigners "the dumb," "the speechless," and say even of modern English travelers, "Look at these people! they make a noise but

cannot speak"; and he is ready, without further investigation, to call the Japanese "barbarians," in the sense that the Greeks used the word *barbaros*, that is, as designating all who spoke a language unintelligible to themselves. The language, the language, — what an Alpine barrier to all communication with the people he would teach!

There are, it is true, a few — a gradually increasing number — who understand English, and, eager for immediate results, he may confine himself to these; or he may use one of these English-speaking Japanese as an "interpreter" in preaching to others. With the American theological student who felt that he had "a special call to labor among educated young ladies" as a precedent, why should he not choose some such restricted work? Or he may imitate the example of Scotland's most famous missionary to the Chinese, who, even before he reached his destination, attempted to teach the doctrine of the atonement to the boatmen who came alongside the ship by going through the motions of washing a garment. But, if he be too wise to depend upon such imperfect methods, — unless he has gone there for some special work, such as the teaching of English — determine that even the Alps shall not keep him out of Italy; and so, procuring the best books on the subject and engaging the best available living teacher, he will tackle the language in real earnest.

And this will seem but the beginning of his troubles. If he secure a teacher who understands English, he will find himself talking in English *about* the Japanese language; learning something of the science of the language, perhaps, but making little or no progress in the art of

speaking it. Most probably he will be teaching ten times as much English to his "teacher" as he learns Japanese from him. On the other hand, if he employ a teacher who knows no English, the result will be two persons together in a room with no knowledge of each other's language, and no means of communication except signs and a Japanese-English dictionary, striving to see which can the sooner tire out and disgust the other.

Our friend begins in a concrete way by inquiring the names of the most familiar things about the house, using the one sentence given him by an older missionary, *Kore wa nani to moshimasu ka* ("What is this?") In answer to this question he is told that the rice on the table is called *meshi.* (All vowels, it should be remarked, have the Continental pronunciation.) Rejoicing in this knowledge, he begins making sentences: "I eat *meshi.*" "The little child likes *meshi.*" "No," says his mentor; "in speaking of a child's rice, it is better to use the word *mama;* the child likes *mama.*" Undiscouraged, the student tries again: "Do you eat *meshi?*" when his teacher stops him, and tells him that it is polite, in speaking to another of his having or eating rice, to call it *gozen.* Having taken this in, he goes on with his sentence-building: "The merchant sells *gozen,*" when the teacher again calls a halt, and tells him that *meshi* and *gozen* are used for cooked rice only, and that for unboiled rice *kome* is the proper word. Feeling that he is now getting into the secrets of the language, he says, "*Kome* grows in the fields," when he is again stopped with the information that growing rice is called *ine!*

He next picks up a carpenter's rule, and is told that the foot measure is called *shaku.* He is glad to find that

it is just about twelve inches in length, but is nonplussed when he learns that the tailor's *shaku* measures fifteen inches. His perplexity increases on finding that when he sends for a *kin* (pound) of beef he gets five sixths of an avoirdupois pound; if he send for a *kin* of flour, he gets one and one third pounds; while, if he purchase a *kin* of sugar, it is within a small fraction of two pounds. In starting on a journey he is told that one *ri* is equal to two and one half English miles; but if in passing through certain districts, he be puzzled because of the unexpectedly long distances, he may be told that there it takes three and a half miles to make a *ri*. On the other hand, in ascending Fuji and other mountains, the traveler often finds that the real distance is only about one half of that marked on the milestones, because, as he is gravely told, the ascent requires a double amount of exertion. He finds all of the provinces and some cities with two names each, and the country now divided into prefectures, with still different names; while, till very recently, the main island of Japan had no name whatever!

Filled with dismay and despair at the confusion into which his teacher has introduced him, he turns for relief to the books on the language prepared by European scholars, and reads for his encouragement, from the latest authority upon the subject, such sentences as these: "Japanese nouns have no gender or number; Japanese adjectives, no degrees of comparison; Japanese verbs no persons." "Strictly speaking, there are but two parts of speech." "The prepositions are postpositions." "Most sentences are subjectless; it is not that the subjects are dropped, but still 'understood,' as in other languages; they do not exist in the mind of the

speaker." "The Japanese language abhors pronouns." "The verb is often omitted." "The normal Japanese sentence is a paragraph." The order of the words is often the exact reverse of that in English; thus, "To give rice to a beggar" would in Japanese be *Kojiki ni meshi wo yaru*, "Beggar to rice give." Still further, "The Japanese do not write as they speak, but use an antiquated and partly artificial dialect whenever they put pen to paper."

THE ATTACK UPON PORT ARTHUR

BY LIEUTENANT TADAYOSHI SAKURAI, OF THE IMPERIAL JAPANESE ARMY

As soon as we were gathered together the colonel rose and gave us a final word of exhortation, saying: "This battle is our great chance of serving our country. To-night we must strike at the vitals of Port Arthur. Our brave assaulting column must be not simply a forlorn-hope ('resolved-to-die'), but a 'sure-death' detachment. I as your father am more grateful than I can express for your gallant fighting. Do your best, all of you."

Yes, we were all ready for death when leaving Japan. Men going to battle of course cannot expect to come back alive. But in this particular battle to be ready for death was not enough; what was required of us was a determination not to fail to die. Indeed, we were "sure-death" men, and this new appellation gave us a great stimulus. Also a telegram that had come from the Minister of War in Tokyo, was read by the aide-de-camp, which said, "I pray for your success." This increased the exaltation of our spirits.

Let me now recount the sublimity and horror of this general assault. I was a mere lieutenant and everything passed through my mind as in a dream, so my story must be something like picking out things from the dark. I can't give you any systematic account, but must limit myself to fragmentary recollections. If this story sounds like a vainglorious account of my own

achievements, it is not because I am conscious of my merit when I have so little to boast of, but because the things concerning me and near me are what I can tell you with authority. If this partial account prove a clue from which the whole story of this terrible assault may be inferred, my work will not have been in vain.

The men of the "sure-death" detachment rose to their part. Fearlessly they stepped forward to the place of death. They went over Panlung-shan and made their way through the piled-up bodies of the dead, groups of five or six soldiers reaching the barricaded slope one after another.

I said to the colonel, "Good-bye, then!"

With this farewell I started, and my first step was on the head of a corpse. Our objective points were the Northern Fortress and Wang-tai Hill.

There was a fight with bombs at the enemy's skirmish-trenches. The bombs sent from our side exploded finely, and the place became at once a conflagration, boards were flung about, sand-bags burst, heads flew around, legs were torn off. The flames mingled with the smoke, lighted up our faces weirdly, with a red glare, and all at once the battle-line became confused. Then the enemy, thinking it hopeless, left the place and began to flee. "Forward! forward! Now is the time to go forward! Forward! Pursue! Capture it with one bound!" And, proud of our victory, we went forward courageously.

Captain Kawakami, raising his sword, cried, "Forward!" and then I, standing close by him, cried, "Sakurai's company, forward!"

Thus shouting I left the captain's side, and, in order

to see the road we were to follow, went behind the rampart. What is that black object which obstructs our view? It is the ramparts of the Northern Fortress. Looking back, I did not see a soldier. Alack, had the line been cut? In trepidation, keeping my body to the left for safety, I called the Twelfth Company.

"Lieutenant Sakurai!" a voice called out repeatedly in answer. Returning in the direction of the sound, I found Corporal Ito weeping loudly.

"What are you crying for? What has happened?"

The corporal, weeping bitterly, gripped my arm tightly.

"Lieutenant Sakurai, you have become an important person."

"What is there to weep about? I say, what is the matter?"

He whispered in my ear, "Our captain is dead."

Hearing this, I too wept. Was it not only a moment ago that he had given the order "Forward"? Was it not even now that I had separated from him? And yet our captain was one of the dead. In one moment our tender, pitying Captain Kawakami and I had become beings of two separate worlds. Was it a dream or a reality, I wondered?

Corporal Ito pointed out the captain's body, which had fallen inside the rampart only a few rods away. I hastened thither and raised him in my arms.

"Captain!" I could not say a word more.

But as matters could not remain thus, I took the secret map which the captain had, and, rising up boldly, called out, "From henceforward I command the Twelfth Company." And I ordered that some one of

the wounded should carry back the captain's corpse. A wounded soldier was just about to raise it up when he was struck on a vital spot and died leaning on the captain. One after another of the soldiers who took his place was struck and fell.

I called Sub-Lieutenant Ninomiya and asked him if the sections were together.

He answered in the affirmative. I ordered Corporal Ito not to let the line be cut, and told him that I would be in the center of the skirmishers. In the darkness of the night we could not distinguish the features of the country, nor in which direction we were to march. Standing up abruptly against the dark sky were the Northern Fortress and Wang-tai Hill. In front of us lay a natural stronghold, and we were in a caldron-shaped hollow. But still we marched on side by side.

"The Twelfth Company forward!"

I turned to the right and went forward as in a dream. I remember nothing clearly of the time.

"Keep the line together!"

This was my one command. Presently I ceased to hear the voice of Corporal Ito, who had been at my right hand. The bayonets gleaming in the darkness became fewer. The black masses of soldiers who had pushed their way on now became a handful. All at once, as if struck by a club, I fell down sprawling on the ground. I was wounded, struck in my right hand. The splendid magnesium light of the enemy flashed out, showing the piled-up bodies of the dead, and I raised my wounded hand and looked at it. It was broken at the wrist; the hand hung down and was bleeding profusely. I took out the already loosened bundle of band-

ages,[1] tied up my wound with the triangular piece, and then wrapping a handkerchief over it, I slung it from my neck with the sunrise flag, which I had sworn to plant on the enemy's fortress.

Looking up, I saw that only a valley lay between me and Wang-tai Hill, which almost touched the sky. I wished to drink and sought at my waist, but the canteen was gone; its leather strap alone was entangled in my feet. The voices of the soldiers were lessening one by one. In contrast, the glare of the rockets of the hated enemy and the frightful noise of the cannonading increased. I slowly rubbed my legs, and, seeing that they were unhurt, I again rose. Throwing aside the sheath of my sword, I carried the bare blade in my left hand as a staff, went down the slope as in a dream, and climbed Wang-tai Hill.

The long and enormously heavy guns were towering before me, and how few of my men were left alive now! I shouted and told the survivors to follow me, but few answered my call. When I thought that the other detachments must also have been reduced to a similar condition, my heart began to fail me. No reinforcement was to be hoped for, so I ordered a soldier to climb the rampart and plant the sun flag overhead, but alas! he was shot and killed, without even a sound or cry.

All of a sudden a stupendous sound as from another world rose around about me.

"Counter-assault!"

A detachment of the enemy appeared on the rampart, looking like a dark wooden barricade. They surrounded

[1] The "first aid" bandages, prepared by the Red Cross Society, issued to every soldier as part of his equipment.

us in the twinkling of an eye and raised a cry of triumph. Our disadvantageous position would not allow us to offer any resistance, and our party was too small to fight them. We had to fall back down the steep hill. Looking back, I saw the Russians shooting at us as they pursued. When we reached the earthworks before mentioned, we made a stand and faced the enemy. Great confusion and infernal butchery followed. Bayonets clashed against bayonets; the enemy brought out machine-guns and poured shot upon us pell-mell; the men on both sides fell like grass. But I cannot give you a detailed account of the scene, because I was then in a dazed condition. I only remember that I was brandishing my sword in fury. I also felt myself occasionally cutting down the enemy. I remember a confused fight of white blade against white blade, the rain and hail of shell, a desperate fight here and a confused scuffle there. At last I grew so hoarse that I could not shout any more. Suddenly my sword broke with a clash, my left arm was pierced. I fell, and before I could rise a shell came and shattered my right leg. I gathered all my strength and tried to stand up, but I felt as if I were crumbling and fell to the ground perfectly powerless. A soldier who saw me fall cried, "Lieutenant Sakurai, let us die together."

I embraced him with my left arm and, gnashing my teeth with regret and sorrow, I could only watch the hand-to-hand fight going on about me. My mind worked like that of a madman, but my body would not move an inch.

V
LITTLE STORIES OF JAPAN

HISTORICAL NOTE

The art and literature of Japan date from about the fifth century A.D. Books on history, philosophy, and kindred subjects were written in the Chinese language; poetry, plays, and fiction in Japanese.

Daily newspapers were unknown in Japan until 1871. At first they suffered much inconvenience from the government's habit of imprisoning editors whose views did not meet with its approval, but this difficulty was finally overcome by hiring dummy editors whose sole duties were to go to jail.

In the realm of decorative art the Japanese are unsurpassed. Unlike the artists of the Western world, the Japanese do not attempt to copy the object painted, but to set down their impression of it.

JAPANESE POLITENESS

BY MORTIMER MENPES

One of the most remarkable illustrations of the native politeness that I have ever witnessed was in Tokio. A man pulling along a cart loaded high up with boughs of trees chanced to catch the roof of a coolie's house in one of his pieces of timber, tearing away a large portion of it (for a roof is a very slim affair in Japan). The owner of the house rushed out thoroughly upset and began to expostulate, and to explain how very distressing it was to have one's roof torn off in this manner. No doubt if he had been a Britisher he would have used quaint language: but there are no "swear words" in the Japanese language — they are too polite a people. The abused one stood calmly, with arms folded, listening to the harangue, and saying nothing. Only, when the enraged man had finished, he pointed to the towel which in his haste the coolie had forgotten to take off his head. At once the coolie realized the enormity of his offense. Both hands flew to the towel, and tore it off in confusion, the coolie bowing to the ground and offering humble apologies for having presumed to appear without uncovering his head. For in Japan one must always uncover, whether to a sweep or to a mikado. The two parted the best of friends. One had been impolite enough to forget to uncover; the other had torn away a roof. The rudeness of the one balanced the injury of the other. Thus are offenses weighed in Japan.

HOW THE SHOPKEEPER LOST HIS QUEUE

BY LAFCADIO HEARN

An old shopkeeper who sells us lacquer ware had a queue, — like not a few other old shopkeepers in Kumamoto. He professed to detest all Western manners, dress, ideas; and praised the *tempora antiqua* without stint. Whereby he offended young Japan, and his business diminished. It continued to diminish. His young wife lamented, and begged him to cut off his queue. He replied that he would suffer any torment rather than that. Business became slacker. Landlord came round for rent. All three were samurai. Husband was out. Landlord said, "If your husband would cut off his queue, he might be able to pay his rent!" "That is just what I tell him," said she, "but he won't listen to me." "Let me talk to him!" said the landlord. Queue comes in, out of breath, and salutes landlord. Landlord frowns and asks for rent. Usual apologies. "Then you get out of my house," says the landlord, — "get out at once." Queue cannot understand old friend's sudden harshness, becomes humble in vain, — makes offer of his stock in payment. Landlord says, "Hm! what?" "Anything you like in the shop." "Hm, word of honor?" "Yes." Landlord joyfully to wife. "Bring me a scissors, quick!" Scissors is brought. Dismay and protests checked by the terrible word, "Yakusoku." Off goes the queue. Owner mourns. Landlord laughs, and says, "Old friend, I make you now a present of the three months' rent; you owe me nothing." Business begins to improve.

FUJI-YAMA

FUJI-YAMA

THE sacred mountain of Japan is thus described by Mrs. Hugh Fraser: —

"There is one more name besides those which I have enumerated, and to my mind it is the most poetic of all the titles of Fuji San: the Buddhists call it the Peak of the White Lotus. To them the snow-crowned mountain, rising in unsullied purity from the low hills around it, was the symbol of the white lotus, whose foot grows green under its wide leaves in the stagnant water, while its cup of breathless white holds up its golden heart, its jewel, to the sky; and the wonderful symmetry of the mountain, with its eight-sided crater, reminded them of the eight-petaled lotus which forms the seat of the glorified Buddha. In the more learned odes, the mountain is called Fuyo Ho, the Lotus Peak; and the Buddhists say that the great teacher, Buddha himself, gave it this perfect shape, the symbol of Nirvana's perfect peace.

"So the queen of mountains hangs between the stars of heaven and the mists of earth, dear to every heart that can be still and understand. As I said once before, Fuji dominates life here by its silent beauty; sorrow is hushed, longing quieted, strife forgotten in its presence, and broad rivers of peace seem to flow down from that changeless home of peace, the Peak of the White Lotus."

THE CHERRY TREE OF THE SIXTEENTH DAY

BY LAFCADIO HEARN

In Wakegori, a district of the Province of Iyo, there is a very ancient and famous cherry tree, called *Jiu-roku-zakura*, or "The Cherry Tree of the Sixteenth Day," because it blooms every year upon the sixteenth day of the first month (by the old lunar calendar), — and only upon that day. Thus the time of its flowering is the Period of Great Cold, — though the natural habit of a cherry tree is to wait for the spring season before venturing to blossom. But the *Jiu-roku-zakura* blossoms with a life that is not — or, at least, was not originally — its own. There is the ghost of a man in that tree.

He was a samurai of Iyo; and the tree grew in his garden; and it used to flower at the usual time, — that is to say, about the end of March or the beginning of April. He had played under that tree when he was a child; and his parents and grandparents and ancestors had hung to its blossoming branches, season after season, for more than a hundred years, bright strips of colored paper inscribed with poems of praise. He himself became very old, — outliving all his children; and there was nothing in the world left for him to love except that tree. And lo! in the summer of a certain year, the tree withered and died!

Exceedingly the old man sorrowed for his tree. Then kind neighbors found for him a young and beautiful

cherry tree, and planted it in his garden, — hoping thus to comfort him. And he thanked them, and pretended to be glad. But really his heart was full of pain; for he had loved the old tree so well that nothing could have consoled him for the loss of it.

At last there came to him a happy thought: he remembered a way by which the perishing tree might be saved. (It was the sixteenth of the first month.) Alone he went into his garden, and bowed down before the withered tree, and spoke to it, saying: "Now, deign, I beseech you, once more to bloom, — because I am going to die in your stead." (For it is believed that one can really give away one's life to another person, or to a creature, or even to a tree, by the favor of the gods; — and thus to transfer one's life is expressed by the term *migawari ni tatsu*, "to act as a substitute.") Then under that tree he spread a white cloth, and divers coverings, and sat down upon the coverings, and performed *hara-kiri* after the fashion of a samurai. And the ghost of him went into the tree, and made it blossom in that same hour.

And every year it still blooms on the sixteenth day of the first month, in the season of snow.

JAPANESE CHILDREN AND THEIR GAMES

BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

THE children of Japan charm everybody who visits the country. From the highest to the lowest ranks, and almost without exception, they are the best-behaved, least mischievous, most sedate, demure, correct, amusing, and unobnoxious specimens of minute humanity to be found on the globe. The average American boy, especially if born in well-to-do homes, is an egotistic, noisy, restless little tyrant, who makes a railway saloon or a drawing-room a place of torture to his elders. The average English boy, more shy and silent, is yet by nature full of mischief and suppressed devilry, and is too often capable of the most fiendish cruelty. As for girls, they are everywhere, of course, more docile and gentle than their brothers, and seldom provoke the sensitive mind to thoughts of infanticide. But the Japanese babies and children — boys and girls alike — delight and comfort the foreign visitor by their ideal propriety. The streets, the houses, the temples, the gardens, the railway lines are free and open to them, for their playground is "all out-of-doors"; yet they never seem to be in the way, or to damage anything, or to forget their good manners, or break flowers and shrubs, or put stones on the track. They are so preternaturally and prematurely reasonable! This does not imply that they are dull, or indifferent, or lifeless. On the contrary, nowhere is youth so joyous as with "young Japan";

these little ones chirp like sparrows at every corner, and flit from pleasure to pleasure like butterflies in a flower-garden. I think such a pretty state of things is due, first of all, to their gentle, tender, dutiful mothers. Nowhere in this world have small boys and girls more affectionate, patient, devoted bringing-up than the little Japs get on the breasts and at the knees of their *okkâsan*. And this, in after years, they richly return, the reverence for father and mother being the very keystone of the national arch. Filial piety is, next to loyalty, the cardinal virtue of the land, even carrying the people occasionally to extravagant or even criminal lengths. The classic picture of a good son in the Japanese print-shops represents a certain young man who, in the season of mosquitoes, stripped himself bare at bedtime, and so lay down near his parents in order that the mosquitoes might feed on him, and let the honored elders alone. And lately there was a dreadful case in Tôkyô, where a man actually killed his wife because he had been told that nothing short of that would bring back to health his sick mother. Such a deed, of course, shocked public opinion nearly as much in Japan as it would do in England, but it illustrates the force and prevalence of parental and filial dutifulness in the Empire.

Another reason why the Japanese children grow up so good, so charming, so candid, so amenable, is, I think, because they never heard of such a thing as "original sin," and are never treated on the system which belongs to it. By Buddhist belief, no doubt, every little Jap comes into the world with the mistakes of a previous existence to atone for and to cancel — it is the doctrine of *Karma* or *Ingwa*. But parents, friends, neighbors,

and teachers leave all that to Destiny and to the *Kami-Sama;* their part is to treat the small being as a new-come guest into the garden of life, to be received with grace, kindliness, and consideration as a stranger, and not to be bullied and browbeaten into correctness. "Go and see, Jane, what Master Reginald is doing, and tell him not to do it!" — such was the legend of one of Mr. Du Maurier's child-pictures in "Punch" — but a Japanese mother and a Japanese child could never even have comprehended the joke. They do not slap, or thwart, or forbid and constrain the little ones in Japan, although they very strictly train them to make bows, and to be silent and submissive and respectful; and it is a great recommendation of what may be called the anti-Solomonic plan that the children repay courtesy with courtesy, and consideration by consideration. Moreover they see so much of their own world in very early days that they do not break forth, like those of Europe, into its wonders and excitements fresh and frisky from the nursery. At five or six weeks of age the Japanese baby goes out into the open air, lashed on the back of its mother, sister, aunt, or nurse, and there it rides all day long, except at necessary intervals of refreshment, taking its slumber in this peripatetic cradle, and, when awake, seeing everything which goes on in the streets with its little slant-lidded, beady, black eyes, so that, when it comes to the point of being able to toddle for itself, nothing is strange to the observant babe. It owes, also, to that early life in the open air and perpetual motion on the back of some relation or other, a large part of the generally robust health enjoyed by its kind. Japan is of all countries, except England, that wherein the

fewest children die between birth and the age of five years, albeit another point in favor of Japanese babies is that they are nursed at the breast until they are two, or even three years old. In every way their world is made very pleasant to them at starting. The towns and villages are full of toy-shops, where the most grotesque and ingenious playthings are sold for their benefit, at the lowest possible cost. When there happens a temple feast — a *matsuri* or *ennichi* — the precincts of the holy shrine are crowded with toy-stalls and the portable shops of the *ame-ya*, blowing, out of bean-paste, all sorts of "sweeties," shaped into dragons, snakes, birds, demons, and the like. Nobody is too proud or grand to carry a baby, or to be seen bearing home through the streets ridiculous creations of fluffy tigers, feathery cocks and hens, or balls of wool and tinsel. At the great wrestling-match this year in Ekoin I watched a huge *sumotori*, the champion of his class, overthrow his opponent after a tremendous struggle, amid the delighted plaudits of some three thousand spectators, who flung a hundred hats and caps into the ring. Ten minutes afterwards I met the same gigantic hero, outside the wrestling theater in the street, carrying a bit of a baby on his back, by the side of his little glossy-haired wife, and feeding it over his brawny shoulder with salted plums.

The Japanese children have, by the way, a vocabulary quite their own — just as the jinrikisha-men talk their own *patois*, and the Court people use a special form of speech; while even Japanese women employ many words and phrases never heard from the lips of men. One distinguishing feature of the children of Japan is their sleeves. After much observation and meditation

in the streets and roadways of the country, one arrives at last at an explanation of the extreme dignity which the little ones exhibit under almost all circumstances. It is due, you perceive, to the long flowing sleeves which they wear. Nothing in respect of dress gives so much importance and presence to the human figure, grown or ungrown, as wide and hanging sleeves; and all the little Japanese, when habited at all, go about in tiny gowns very much resembling those worn by Masters of Arts and Doctors of Divinity at Oxford and Cambridge. If ladies only knew how much that is graceful and imposing depends upon deep, long, flowing sleeves, they would abandon the tight fashions of the present time, and go back in this regard to the beautiful costumes which English dames wore in the days of the Edwards and Henries, and which have been universal in Japan for two thousand years. A whole book might be written about the æsthetic and social value and dignity of long sleeves.

Special days are set apart in the Japanese year for the boys' and girls' festivals. The great day of the girls is March 3, when all the doll-shops in Tôkyô, Kyôtô, and the other large towns, are full of what are called *o hina sama* — models on a tiny scale of the Emperor and Empress, with their court and domestic belongings. These toy establishments are handed down from mother to daughter, and I have seen high-born children playing with *hina sama* three hundred years old and more. The special day for the boys falls on May 5 every year, when the air is full everywhere of great, hollow, floating fish made out of colored and gilded paper (which the wind inflates), hoisted high upon a tall bamboo pole

in front of each abode where a male child has been born. The fish is the carp (*koi*) the universal emblem of courage and perseverance, because he swims so stoutly against the stream, and hardly consents to die when he is cut into thin slices for *sashimi*.

In early years, and, indeed, until the age of eighteen or nineteen, nothing can be too gay and brilliant for a Japanese damsel to wear. The little Nippon maids go about far outvying in splendor the great butterflies of crimson and gold, or of saffron and silver, which flit around their heads in the gardens and bamboo-groves. Parental affection seems to exhaust itself in devising gorgeous colors and attractive patterns for their little *obi* and *kimono*, while the *jiban*, or underskirt, cannot possibly be too magnificent. If these garments be only of cotton, the mother and father will have them gay; but even the poor children generally manage to wear fabrics half of silk and half of cotton, and the well-to-do always have their clothes composed of silk, or the beautiful silk-crape known as *chirimen*. This last takes the most brilliant dyes quite perfectly, and admits of very lovely decorative effects, in obtaining which nothing is feared except inharmonious combinations. You see young maidens in the streets and the temple-gardens literally glittering with gold, silver, vermilion, sea-green, sky-blue, rose-red, and orange; some wearing an upper dress covered with fans, birds, waving woods, bamboo boughs, or fish; and at a garden-party given by the Princess Mori at Takanawa, I was presented to a young lady — the lineal descendant of the great house of Tokonawa Shoguns — whose *jiban* of azure silk was an embroidered pool of lotus-blossoms, while her *kimono* of

tender, creamy *chirimen* had on it Japanese landscapes of rising moons, rice-fields, Fuji-yama, with the snow upon its crest, and such-like. When the mature age of twenty or twenty-one is reached, these dazzling glories of the toilet are exchanged for sober-hued dresses, gray, dove-color, tea-color, fawn, and brown; but even then the *jiban* may always be as glorious in color and patterns as fancy dictates, and the *obi* a splendid piece of figured satin. The attire of the boys is in every case quieter and more restrained, and elderly people cannot be clad too soberly.

Japanese girls grow up to be Japanese women without change in their gentleness, docility, or good manners; and Japanese boys continue to appear attractive, candid, free from *mauvaise honte*, and altogether delightful, until they reach the awkward and gawky age, which for a time spoils most lads. The Japanese boy is delightful; the Japanese man is generally intelligent, polite, and, in his degree, worthy; but the Japanese youth, especially in the middle classes, is wont to prove a hobbledehoy and a social nuisance. As scholars and students they are almost faultless. There are no rules of discipline or punishment in the schools and colleges, because none are needed. The pupils are only too anxious to learn, and are always in their places before the master is ready, and keen to continue work when he is tired. They are too apt to think they know a subject when they have only commenced to understand its rudiments; and although always deferential to their *sensei*, the teacher, they will dictate to him, if he permits, the course of study. But a certain number of them, mingling very imperfect modern education with very

crude political theories, leave their schools and colleges full of ambitions and desires which are beyond their range, and instead of accepting humble and useful walks in life, turn into detestable and dangerous agitators, whose want of sense would be contemptible if their inherited disregard of personal risk and their passionate *entêtement* did not render them evils to be reckoned with. These are the *soshi*. Like our own young "baboos" of Bengal, and "reformers" from the Indian Government College, they have got the wind of personal and political conceit in their heads; but, unlike the "baboos," they are not in the least timid. For want of other and better employ, they hire themselves out to unscrupulous politicians as boyish "swashbucklers," to break up public meetings, intimidate nervous statesmen, dominate the voting places with noise and menace, and sometimes even to commit assault or murder. It was one of these unlovely youths who, brooding fanatically over a supposed offense against the *religio loci* of a temple at Ise, assassinated my enlightened and illustrious friend Viscount Mori; and another such threw the bomb which deprived Count Okuma, the Japanese Prime Minister, of a limb. The worst of them are well known to the Government and the police, and when any rather exciting time is coming forward in Tôkyô, and popular disturbance has to be feared, it is not unusual for the Administration to clear them out of the capital by scores or hundreds, obliging them to spend a little of their ill-used leisure at Yokohama or elsewhere, until the temporary excitement has died away in the seat of Government.

The outdoor games of the Japanese children are much

like those of other small folk in various parts of the world; though the ingenuity of the race refines upon them. The *tako,* or kite; the *koma,* or top; the playing-ball, *tama;* the stilts, *take-uma;* the hoop, *taga;* the swing, *bu-ranko;* the skipping-rope, *nawa-koguli;* prisoner's base, *o nigoko;* and *oyama-no-taisho,* king of the castle, are just as popular, with many other familiar pastimes, in Tôkyô as in London. But the natural skill and adroitness of the people improve upon the Western forms of these sports. The kites are much more scientific than ours, with long streamers at the lower corners, and strange little contrivances to produce sounds, explosions, and illuminations in the sky. Japanese tops, which will spin ever so long on a string or a knife-edge, are well known; and as for Japanese ball-play, there is not a little maid of five or six years in the streets who cannot keep two or three of them in the air at once with one hand, while the other holds the umbrella over the bald pate of the rocking baby. Some of their indoor games might be very well introduced among English children, being graceful and merry, yet free from boisterousness. For example, there is the pretty sport of *tsuri-kitsune,* or "fox-catching," at which many may play at once. Somebody unwinds his or her silken sash, and ties it in a half-hitch, or a reefer's knot, so as to make a running-noose, of which two players hold the opposite ends, balancing the noose vertically on the floor. Then any little prize — a sweet-meat or what-not — is laid on the floor on the far-side of the noose, and one by one the outsiders try to snatch the object safely through the trap, the two players seeking to catch the fox's paw just as it goes into the

noose. Great fun is elicited from this, and when a fox is caught, he surrenders all his prizes and takes one end of the snare. Or this is sometimes coupled with our English game of forfeits. Again, there is a quiet and amusing Japanese form of blind-man's buff, *me-gakushi*, where the fun is had with a large soft ball, not hard enough to break anything or to hurt; and the blind man — after turning round three times — throws this very suddenly in a direction as unexpected as possible, any person struck being obliged to take his place. Another form of *me-gakushi* is where the blind man sits in the center of a large circle made around him by the other players, after he has had his eyes covered, and he is then allowed to talk, make jokes, say anything he can to provoke a giggle or an ejaculation, so that he may specify the exact position in the circle of somebody, and oblige that one to take his place. This is called *ocha-boji*, and admits of the most charming developments.

ISLANDS OF THE PACIFIC

HISTORICAL NOTE

In the early part of the seventeenth century, Australia was visited by the Dutch and Spanish, and toward the end of the eighteenth century, it was explored to some extent by Captain Cook. At this time England was in search of a place to which her criminals might be sent. New South Wales was chosen, and a penal settlement was formed. Great abuses were followed by reforms, and explorations of the country continued. In 1837 transportation to New South Wales was abolished, and convicts were sent to Van Dieman's Land, now Tasmania. This, too, was given up in 1853. Two years earlier, gold was discovered in Australia, and within a year 200,000 seekers for the precious metal had flocked into the country. In 1901 the "Commonwealth of Australia" was formed by the union of Australia and Tasmania.

Australia and New Zealand are noteworthy for the wide scope of state activity. In both commonwealths the government owns and operates railways (both steam and electric), highways, telegraph and telephone lines, savings banks and loan agencies, and has a system of old-age pensions.

THE FIRST AUSTRALIAN COLONISTS

BY W. H. LANG

[In 1768, Captain James Cook was sent to the South Seas in command of an expedition to observe the transit of Venus. After this work had been accomplished, he sailed about and visited the "Great South Land," or Australia. He touched at Botany Bay and tried to win the hearts of the savages; he almost lost his ship, and ran into the stream which is still called Endeavor River to repair the damage. After many other adventures, he reached England in safety. The result of this voyage was the colonizing of Australia. The following account explains how this came to pass.

The Editor.]

This mighty work [the colonization of Australia] began in a very humble way. Until 1775, you must know that the convicted prisoners in England were transported to North America, where they were employed as laborers by the colonists there. In this year, however, the American War broke out, and in 1783 the treaty was signed granting independence. America could no longer be a dumping-ground for our criminals, and the Government was looking out for some place to which they could transport this undesirable population. Cook's report of Botany Bay suggested possibilities in this direction, and it was finally agreed to make the experiment on a large scale. Anything was better than a return to the old indiscriminate executions, when a string of prisoners would be hanged before thousands of spectators, every Monday morning in London alone. So an expedition was

prepared which was to convey a little army of felons across almost unknown seas, to the land at the very other side of the world. If you come to think of it, it was rather a grisly undertaking. There were six shiploads of convicts, three vessels full of stores for their use, an armed tender, and His Majesty's frigate Sirius. The whole expedition was under the command of Governor Arthur Phillip, a sailor, while the Sirius herself had for her captain one John Hunter.

There were in all six hundred and twenty male and two hundred and fifty female convicts. A detachment of two hundred and eight marines was also to be shipped, to keep the convicts in order, and with them forty of their wives and a few children.

What a motley crew they must have been! Some so old that they could not work, some very young. Take them as a whole, no doubt they were a shockingly bad lot. Most of them were both born and educated to crime, a few, perhaps — and God help them! — innocent.

With this strange company around him, Governor Phillip, as commander of the fleet, hoisted his flag on the Sirius, and on the 13th of May, 1787, in the early morning, they weighed anchor from the Mother Bank in the Isle of Wight. Even as they sailed a free pardon arrived for two of the prisoners, and you can imagine their feelings as they stepped on shore into England on a fine May morning, instead of sailing away across the barren seas, hopeless of any return, to a sterile, and, in their eyes, a hideous land, at the very ends of the earth, to be eaten, perhaps, by black savages. You may be sure every horrible possibility was magnified many times in

the thoughts and talk of those first unwilling passengers to these lands.

I have often, in imagination, stood on one of the ships as the fleet sailed away that morning. A fresh breeze was blowing down the Channel, and although it was summer time, it was cold and bracing. There was a clear, cold horizon with sails gleaming white in the morning sun, but no smoke, as we see it now, from steamers plying to and fro. Watt was only just evolving the steam engine at that time. You can hear the bos'n's whistle, the clank of the capstan as the anchor was weighed, the "chanty" of the men as they hauled on the topsail halyards. Then each ship fluttered her white wings, the water whitened in foam at the bows, the land began to drop astern, and many had said good-bye to Old England for ever and a day. You can see, too, what was going on below. Before you reach the hatchway you know that there is a seething mass of humanity in the ship's carcass — over two hundred men, criminals, many with a life sentence, a collection of the greatest blackguards unhung. The ship is beginning to toss and to feel the uneasiness of a brisk passage in the Channel. Most of these passengers have never been to sea before, and some are cursing, while others are groaning; the timbers are creaking, and the water is thumping and splashing at the bows. As I think of it all, somehow I can always see the figure of one man. He is in convict's dress, and is holding on by a hammock, peering through the little slit which serves as the only porthole to light and ventilate the space occupied by two hundred men. Here the hammocks are slung with only a foot and an half between. He has a bad face. The

black hair is close-cropped, the chin clean-shaven, but the mustache, beard, and whiskers are showing blue against his sallow skin. He has gray eyes set wide apart, a straight nose with delicate nostrils, upper lip long and the lower undershot, and his teeth are white and strong. The hand that steadies him is the hand of a gentleman. As he looks at the shore slipping away behind, the eyes for one moment soften and gleam with tears, and then with an oath and a hard laugh they relapse into the cruel, devil-may-care look, tinged with cunning when a warder or parson appears. I always see this fellow, and wonder who he is. One who has had opportunities and passed them by, no doubt. The mother who bore him would not know him now. Let us hope that she may never know his fate. As the mind travels ahead, I can see him with a dull, sulky, dazed face, taking his place beneath a beam from which a rope is hanging down, in the new land to which they are all traveling, and soon it is all over. A horrid subject, but true.

So away sailed the first settlers, and the breeze grew to a favorable gale, and they made fair weather of it, until in three days they were on the broad Atlantic, and their escort, the Hyena, left them, and returned to Portsmouth with the news that all was well. But so boisterous was it that Governor Phillip could write no dispatches to take home. Nor could they have been transshipped if he had written. The only ill news that the Hyena brought was that a mutiny had broken out in the Scarborough among the convicts, but it had been quelled, and the ringleaders (the chief of whom was the man whom I have described to you) punished. They made a comparatively uneventful voyage of it, calling

at Rio and the Cape. We should think the voyage an insufferably long one now. From May 13 to June 3 they were between the Isle of Wight and Teneriffe. At this island they remained a week, watering and laying in fresh food, and here a miserable man, a convict, escaped in a small boat, but was quickly captured. Poor devil! His back smarted, you may be sure, for this last throw for liberty. Up to this time twenty-one convicts and three children had died, and we wonder from what cause. From June 10 to August 6 the fleet were sailing between Teneriffe and Rio. During a similar period we could now almost accomplish the voyage from London to Melbourne *and back*. They again weighed anchor on September 4, and had a prosperous and quite rapid passage to the Cape of Good Hope, which was reached on October 13. After laying in a stock of provisions and five hundred head of live stock, on November 12 they once more set sail. For thirteen days they made such little headway — only two hundred and forty miles — that Governor Phillip transshipped from the frigate Sirius into the tender Supply, in order that he might push ahead and make preparations for landing. But from this date favorable breezes blew with such force that in forty days the land of New South Wales was sighted, and on the 10th of January, 1788, the Supply cast anchor in Botany Bay. Before three days had passed, the remainder of the fleet had arrived and had all anchored within the bay. Since embarkation at Spithead they had lost by death on board the fleet one marine, one marine's wife and child, thirty-six male, four female convicts, and five children. On landing, an epidemic of dysentery broke out, and by June 20 the

total deaths among the convicts had run up to eighty-one since leaving England, and there were fifty-two unfit for labor on account of old age and infirmities. One wonders how on earth old men like that were sent so far away to found a colony. But such as they were, here they are at last, every ship of the fleet all anchored in Botany Bay, with a wonderfully clean bill of health, two hundred and fifty-two days from Spithead. It was a fine accomplishment in those days, and Governor Phillip doubtless slept sound that night, when the last cable had rattled out, and the last anchor had fallen with a splash into the shallow waters of Botany Bay.

Botany Bay proved a disappointing place to land at. What was a fine harbor for Cook's little ship was but a poor refuge for a dozen. The country round was very bare and barren, and looked swampy and unhealthy, while the water-supply was limited. Phillip, however, was not a man to sit still. The last of his transports had arrived on January 20, and by the 22d he was off with three boats, northward, to find some better landing-place. He had not far to go. Three leagues along the coast was a "boat harbor," so marked by Captain Cook, but which the great explorer had not had time to visit. He had only seen its entrance from the Endeavor's deck whilst sailing past. Through the narrow heads, with their steep rocks on either hand, Phillip and his three boats glided on the forenoon of January 24. And you know now what he saw. A deep winding harbor and innumerable coves, all with water enough to hold quite easily the fleet awaiting it in Botany Bay. Well-wooded shores there were, and water for the drawing, birds innumerable, herbage and flowers. It was very

beautiful, and to one particular cove where the water was deepest, and where a little brook ran down, Phillip determined to fetch his fleet and disembark his crews. For two days he explored the windings of the harbor and found no spot more favorable than this his first love. So he named it Sydney Cove, after the minister, Viscount Sydney, and in his dispatch he remarked that "here a thousand ships could ride at anchor with ease."

So was founded and named the town of Sydney, the eighth largest city of the Empire.

GOLD, GOLD, GOLD!

BY W. H. LANG

AUSTRALIA had been having a bad time of it in the forties. What with droughts, the low price of stock, the slow growth of population, and the fact that the market for her produce lay so very, very far away from the thickly populated countries of the Old World, things were not looking very bright.

And in 1849, by the merest chance, gold was found in California, and found, too, by a New South Wales man. He was deepening a mill-race, when he saw in the water glowing particles large enough to pick up with his fingers. He knew that it was gold, but he did not know how to win it, and had not an old Georgian miner been there, the discovery might even have lapsed into obscurity.

Before 1849 there were only a few thousand inhabitants in the great State of California. Then all the riffraff of the old countries turned their faces to the west, and a great crowd streamed away, their eyes burning and glowing in the desire for the wealth which they believed would lie at their feet when they reached the new land. From Australia, too, a crowd rushed away to the east to join that which was rolling to the west from Europe, and our population became even thinner than it had been before.

And amongst those emigrants from Sydney was one man called Edward Hammond Hargraves. He shipped with many others in a vessel called the Elizabeth Archer,

and arrived in San Francisco to find the whole of the great bay beside the town a forest of masts. The whole world seemed to be flocking there, and Hargraves joined the crowd. But if for twenty years fortune had not smiled upon him in New South Wales, neither yet did she seem to be any more kind in California. Yet although he won no more gold than was sufficient to keep him going, he was an observant fellow, a practical geologist in a rough way, and a man of character, industrious and determined. As he worked away in the California gullies and saw the nature of the country, it began to take possession of his mind that he had seen exactly like formations in the land which he had just left, the same geological strata, and the same combination of deposits which led the experienced to say, "Here is gold."

His companions laughed at his theories, but he was deeply in earnest, and he hankered day and night to be at home again. He had arrived in San Francisco in 1849. He sailed in the barque Emma in January, 1851, and, like all true Australians, who think there is no country in the world like their own, was glad to be at home again. Hargraves made no secret of his theories either on the voyage or on his arrival in Sydney, but he was laughed at as a crank. "Gold in Australia! Pooh, pooh!" The man was mad. And yet gold had already been won there. Away far back in the time of Governor Phillip a convict had produced a piece of gold which he said he had found. He could discover no more, and got a flogging for his pains, as an impostor and a liar.

Sir Roderick Murchison, the geologist, had written papers showing that in geological formation portions of

Australia resembled the diggings in the Urals. Count Strezlecki, who pioneered Gippsland, had found an auriferous iron ore, but not likely to be payable, and it was known that a man had picked up a nugget several ounces in weight on the Fish River in 1830.

Then there were all sorts of rumors of how convict shepherds had made themselves rich by selling gold to the Jews in Sydney, and there was no doubt that one old fellow called McGregor from time to time took parcels of gold to the city and sold them there.

Hargraves knew all these things, and he could not rest for a moment after landing in Sydney. He hired a horse and set out early in February across the Blue Mountains. It was a lonesome, desolate ride through a barren, sterile country; but after being lost once he arrived on the fourth day at a little inn, kept by a widow woman named Lister, at Guyong. He was nearly in the country now which he had had in his mind's eye all through his California wanderings, and he was in a high state of excitement, you may be sure. He took Mrs. Lister into his confidence, and she, as most women would have been, was fairly bitten by the scheme and the prospects that Hargraves held out to her. When asked to find a black boy as a guide, she at once offered the services of her own son, who knew every inch of the country all round for many miles.

They started away from the inn on the 12th of February, in bright, early autumn weather, after a dry summer, and in a very few miles Hargraves recognized the old spots on the banks of a creek. It was here that his mind had always pictured for him the discovery of untold treasures of gold. But the creek was dry at the place,

and, while his guide searched for water, Hargraves unwillingly sat down to take a hasty meal. Then the boy returned with the news that he had found a water-hole in the creek-bed. The horses were hobbled and allowed to stray away, and the grand experiment was begun.

Hargraves scratched the gravel off a schistose dike which ran across the creek at right angles, and then with a trowel he dug a panful of the earth which lay upon the rock, and ran with it to the water so as to wash it in his dish.

You have never washed a dishful of earth, I suppose. It is a most exciting sport, I assure you. You have a tin dish with a little rim looking inwards, and there are two or three rings running round the body of the basin. You put your spadeful of earth into this, and then, sitting on your haunches by the water side, you dip the earth and the dish into the water and quickly wash away all the light soil. Then there is left, after some time, only the gravel. And this you gradually get rid of by swaying the basin backwards and forwards, causing the water contained in it to go round and round like a little maelstrom, until there is left only the larger, heavier portions, and some heavy mineralized sand. Then you pick out the big pieces of quartzy gravel, making them to rasp pleasantly on the tin, and you throw them to one side. And as you wash, the water grows clearer and clearer, and the sand leaves a tail behind it as the water sweeps it round your dish. And then in the tail you see gleaming, dull and warm, not glittering, but glowing rather, the unmistakable, unspeakable, soul-stirring virgin gold.

So it was with Hargraves.

Down there in the lonely gullies by the creek-side he washed dish after dish of soil, and in each lay the little particles, those treasures which had been hidden from the eyes of man ever since the beginning of time. It was enough to make a man lose his head, and for a moment, indeed, as he tells us himself, he did go mad.

"I shall be made a baronet," he called out to his guide. "You will be knighted, and the old horse stuffed and put in the British Museum." And his innocent companion believed him. It is curious that Hargraves's mind did not seem to run on acquiring untold wealth by his discovery. I think I should have liked to go and dig and wash, and wash and dig, until I had acquired enough of the stuff to buy a principality, and *then* have gone and told the authorities all about it. What do you think you would have done? But Hargraves wished to be made a baronet, of all things, and have his horse stuffed!

And so what did he do? He proved about seventy miles of country to be gold bearing, he saw £10,000 raised in a week to the surface, and he called the place Ophir. Then he hastened back to Sydney and bargained that Government should give him £10,000 down as a reward for his great discovery. This was agreed to, and they also made him commissioner on the goldfields, a not very lucrative post. And with this he was contented. But, as he himself tells, had he asked for ten shillings from every hundred pounds' worth of gold won for the first three years, it would not have been considered excessive. But by the bargain he would have become the possessor of several hundred thousand of pounds.

And that is the story of how gold was first found in Australia.

The Australian diggings became the magnet which seemed to be attracting the whole earth. Even her own towns were deserted. Servants were not to be had at any wage. Doctors, lawyers, shoeblacks, coachbuilders, butchers and bakers — everybody — rushed away to the diggings, eager to be rich. The newspapers were full of nothing else but gold, news-sheets, and advertisements. Parramatta, a suburb of Sydney, was absolutely depopulated. It was a mad time. When Hargraves had completed his bargain with Government, he again started out on horseback for the fields. He found a stream of people going both ways, out to the diggings and back again. Those going out were full of hope and fire, their faces shining like those travelers in the "Pilgrim's Progress" who were going up to the Golden City. Those coming back were moving along slowly, sullen and sulky — beaten. It was like the two streams of fighters which eye-witnesses described as going up and down Spion Kop in the Boer War. Those disappointed ones were vowing a terrible vengeance on him who had deceived them, as they called it. Hargraves did not tell them who he was. But at a ferry, where numbers had to wait their turn to be taken over, having first mounted his horse, he made a speech to the discontented, pointing out how and why they had failed. It was as well that he had been wise enough to mount his horse before he disclosed his name. The crowd would have lynched him. They were a motley crew, both coming and going. There was even a blind man being led by a lame one. The

cripple extended his hand over his crutch, and the blind one held it, and so they went off with the best of them, all athirst for gold.

There was no difficulty in finding your way. The roads were full of passengers of every kind, on foot, on horseback, in drays and wagons — all sorts. And when you at length reached the land of promise, it was a picturesque sight.

As you topped the last hill in the ranges, the mining township lay at your feet, all made of canvas tents or of wood huts. The creek, on which the gold was being won, wound at the feet of thickly timbered hills, and every here and there was joined by a gully from the mountains. The smoke was rising blue in the distance, and from far down beneath you arose a constant rumble and hum like distant thunder. It was the noise of the "cradles." Then as evening fell, the lights of innumerable fires began to twinkle through the darkness, the rumble of the cradles ceased, and after a while the township slept.

All over the country towns like this sprang up, and not only at the site of the first rush, but away down in Victoria, where the wealth of gold soon eclipsed that found in New South Wales. In a few months there were collected at Ballarat and Mount Alexander alone between twenty and thirty thousand men. And the total population of the colony only came to a scant two hundred thousand, and it took months before the news reached the Old World and the thronging thousands began to arrive by the shipload. One writer at this time, in reference to this distance from home, says: "The clipper Phænacian, one of the most beautiful ships I ever saw, reached Plymouth on the 3d, having made the

unprecedentedly quick passage of eighty-three days." There was no cable girdling the earth in forty seconds then, and letters took eighty-three days, at the quickest, in transit. Now they are delivered punctually to the hour in thirty; and the wickets, as they fall in an international cricket match in London, are printed in the next morning's "Argus" in Melbourne, twelve thousand miles away.

And then the gold came pouring into the great towns on the seaboard for shipment home. There were tons of it. And I mean it, literally, when I write "tons of it."

Hargraves had washed his little spadefuls of earth in February. The "rush" had begun in April. From November the 2d to the 30th of that month the gold carried from Ballarat to Melbourne and Geelong by the Government escort alone weighed two tons and a half, and this was believed to be only about one third of the whole amount raised in this district alone. In one month, from one locality, seven tons of pure virgin native gold! It was worth at the lowest three pounds ten an ounce.

When you look at it in this way you can have but little wonder that the whole country went mad. And in those days it was so easily found. In many places the precious stuff simply lay on the surface in what are called nuggets. There are plenty of these yet, if we had eyes to see, and knew where to look for them, but fifty years ago these nuggets were comparatively common. Here, for instance, is the story of one particularly big find.

It was a few months after the first discovery had taken place at Ophir, in the Bathurst district. The first tre-

mendous excitement had died out, and then there appeared one morning in the Bathurst newspaper the big headlines of —

"BATHURST GONE MAD AGAIN!"

And it was little wonder.

A Dr. Ker had a station at a place called Wallawaugh. He and his wife had been very kind to the blacks, and they had several of them employed as shepherds and workers on the run. One afternoon a black fellow who had been shepherding sheep came in and told the Doctor that he had found a big lump of gold far out on the place. Gold was of no use to him, but he had heard much talk about it, and knew how the white men valued the dross. The Doctor mounted his horse and took a hammer and a saddlebag. There it lay, open to the view of any man who might pass that way. No wonder if the sheep's teeth that had nibbled round it had been "filled" with gold. At his feet the Doctor saw a mass of gold and quartz which weighed over a hundredweight. Four thousand eight hundred and sixty pounds' worth was his for the trouble of the day's ride.

It is told that on the journey home the Doctor had to stop at some outlying house, and he had no wish that the nature of the packet in his saddlebag should be known. He flung it carelessly down beside the fence as he dismounted from his horse.

"That's heavy," said the owner of the house.

"Ah! my word," replied the Doctor, "it might be gold." And the curious part of this discovery was that nowhere near the spot where the hundredweight had lain could any more gold be found. Even the earth from

the vicinity, when washed, yielded not one grain, not a tiny speck.

But with gold to be won by the ton, and with hundredweights lying on the surface, so that you might make them your pillow as you lay back and smoked your after-dinner pipe whilst you were watching the sheep, it is no wonder that the gold-fever spread like the measles or influenza, and that the whole community lost their heads. As ship after ship came sailing in and discharged its load of immigrants, the sailors used to bolt away as the anchor fell, leaving their officers in despair to work their vessels as they might.

What wild, strange times they were!

THE MISSIONARY AND THE CANNIBALS

BY REGINALD HORSLEY

[New Zealand was visited by the navigators Tasman and Cook. The island is one of the British colonial possessions, and in 1907 it took the name of the Dominion of New Zealand.
The Editor.]

The taste which the Maori had acquired for wandering outside their own country at length brought about a remarkable conjunction, destined to bear most importantly upon the future of New Zealand. It was nothing else than the formation of a friendship between a Christian Englishman of singular nobility of character and a Maori of sanguinary disposition, a warrior notable among a race of warriors and, withal, a cannibal of cannibals.

In the first decade of the years when George III was king, there was born in Yorkshire a boy who was brought up as a blacksmith. For some time he followed his trade; but, having a strong inclination towards a missionary life, he was ordained a clergyman of the Church of England, and in due time found himself senior chaplain of the colony of New South Wales. This man, whose name must ever be honored in the history of New Zealand, was Samuel Marsden, who was the first to desire to bring, and who did actually bring, the tidings of the Gospel to the land of the Maori.

There were missionaries at work in Tahiti, in the Marquesas, and in Tonga; but New Zealand, the land of the

ferocious warrior and savage cannibal, had been esteemed an impossible country, or at all events, as not yet prepared for the sowing. So it was left to itself.

Then came a day when Samuel Marsden, walking through the narrow streets of Sydney, stopped to gaze at a novel sight. Not far from him stalked proudly three splendid-looking men, types of a race with which he was unfamiliar. They were not Australian aboriginals. That was instantly evident. Their faces were strangely scarred, their heads, held high, were plumed with rare feathers, and the outer garment they wore, of some soft buff material, suggested the Roman toga. There was, indeed, something Roman about their appearance, with their fine features, strong noses, and sternly compressed lips.

Mr. Marsden was from the first strongly attracted to these men, and being informed that they were New Zealand chiefs, come on a visit to Sydney, the good man grew sad. That such noble-looking men should be heathen and cannibals inexpressibly shocked him, and he determined then and there that what one of God's servants might do for the salvation of that proud, intellectual race, that, by the grace of God, he would do.

A man so deeply religious as Samuel Marsden was not likely to waste time over a matter in his judgment so supremely important. The chiefs readily admitted the anarchy induced by the constant friction between brown men and white, though it was not to be expected that they should realize at once their own spiritual darkness. Mr. Marsden was not discouraged, and set in train a scheme whereby a number of missionaries were to be

sent out immediately by the Church Missionary Society, to attempt the conversion of the Maori to Christianity.

Twenty-five of these reached Sydney, where men's ears were tingling with the awful details of the massacre of the Boyd, and judged the risk too great. So they stayed where they were, and the conversion of New Zealand was delayed for a season.

The residence of meek and peaceable men among such intractable savages was deemed to be outside the bounds of possibility; but Marsden firmly believed that the way would be opened in God's good time, and waited and watched and prayed, possessing his soul in patience. The opportunity which he so confidently expected arrived in 1814.

Some ten years after the birth of Samuel Marsden another boy was born on the other side of the world. Hongi Ika was his name, a chief and a chief's son of the great tribe of the Nga-Puhi in the north. Marsden had swung his hammer over the glowing iron and beaten out horseshoes and plough-shares. Hongi, too, swung his hammer; but it was the Hammer of Thor. And every time that Hongi's hammer fell, it beat out brains and broke men's bones, until none could be found to stand against him. Yet Hongi had a hard knock or two now and then, and, being as yet untraveled, gladly assented when his friend Ruatara — who had seen King George of England — suggested a visit to Sydney.

Hongi found plenty to interest him, and also took a philosopher's delight in arguing the great questions of religion with Mr. Marsden, in whose house he and Ruatara abode. Marsden knew the man for what he was, a warrior and a cannibal; but so tactful and persuasive

was he that, before his visit ended, Hongi agreed to allow the establishment of a missionary settlement at the Bay of Islands, and promised it his protection.

So the first great step was taken, and Marsden planted his vineyard. He was a wise man and, knowing by report the shortcomings of the land he desired to christianize, took with him a good supply of animal food, and provision for future needs as well, in the shape of sheep and oxen. With a view to the requirements of his lieutenants, he also introduced a horse or two.

What impression the sight of a man on horseback made upon the Maori may be gathered from the experience of Mr. Edward Wakefield twenty-seven years later at Whanganui. In this district, which is on the opposite side of the island to that on which Mr. Marsden landed, and considerably farther south, the natives had never seen a horse. Result — "They fled," writes Mr. Wakefield, "in all directions, and, as I galloped past those who were running, they fairly lay down on their faces and gave themselves up for lost. I dismounted, and they plucked up courage to come and take a look at the *kuri nui*, or 'large dog.' 'Can he talk?' said one. 'Does he like boiled potatoes?' said another. And a third, 'Must n't he have a blanket to lie down on at night?' This unbounded respect and adoration lasted all the time that I remained. A dozen hands were always offering him Indian corn (maize) and grass, and sow-thistles, when they learned what he really did eat; and a wooden bowl of water was kept constantly replenished close to him; and little knots of curious observers sat round the circle of his tether rope, remarking and conjecturing and disputing about the

meaning and intention of every whisk of his tail or shake of his ears."

It was for long all endeavor and little result. But other missionaries arrived, new stations were erected in various parts of the north, and the Wesleyans, seven years later, imitated the example of the Church Missionary Society, and sent their contingent to the front.

To the fighting line these went, indeed; for they settled at Whangaroa, where the sunken hull of the Boyd recalled the horror of twelve years before. Tarra himself was still there, the memory of his stripes as green as though he had but yesterday endured the poignant suffering. He rendered vain for five long years the efforts of the missionaries, and from his very deathbed cursed them, urging his tribe to drive them out; so that they fled, thankful to escape with their lives — for they saved nought else.

If Mr. Marsden hoped to turn the philosopher-warrior-cannibal from the error of his ways, the good man must have been grievously disappointed. Hongi remained a pagan; but he never broke his promise to the missionary. He was a terrible fellow, but he was not a liar. His word was sacred, and he regretted on his death-bed that the men of Whangaroa had been too strong for him when they drove the Wesleyan missionaries from their station.

Leaving Mr. Marsden and his colleagues at Rangihoua, Hongi returned to his trade of war, and for five years or so enjoyed himself in his own way. Then, tiring again of strife, his thoughts turned once more upon foreign travel. This time his ambition soared high, and with a fellow-chief he sailed for London under the wing

of a missionary. He was exceedingly well received, for the horror and fright with which the New Zealanders had been regarded was greatly diminished in 1821, and Britons were again looking longingly towards a country so rich in commercial possibilities. So Hongi found himself a "lion," and with the adaptability of his race so comported himself that it occurred to few to identify the bright-eyed little fellow with the ample forehead and keen brain with the lusty warrior and ferocious cannibal of whom startling tales had been told.

Even His Majesty, George IV, did not disdain to receive the "Napoleon of New Zealand," and being, perhaps, in a prophetic mood, presented the great little man with a suit of armor. Hongi would have preferred a present of the offensive kind in the shape of guns and ammunition, for the Nga-Puhi had early gauged the value of such weapons in settling tribal disputes, and had managed to acquire a few, though not nearly enough to meet the views of Hongi Ika.

The king had set the fashion, and his subjects followed suit so lavishly that, if Hongi had chosen to lay aside his dignity and open a curio-shop, he could have done so. The little man was overjoyed. He was rich now, and he gloated over his presents as a means to an end. What a war he could wage, if he could only find a pretext! Pretexts did not, as a rule, trouble Hongi; but the eyes of the great were upon him, and it would be just as well to consider appearances. As he recrossed the ocean, his active brain was at work, planning. Ah, if he could but find a pretext!

Hongi had been absent for two years, and with right good will the tribes of the northeast wished that he

might never return. However, with the dominant personality of the little man lacking to the all-conquering Nga-Puhi, there was no knowing what might happen; so the tribes around about the Thames River, whose frith is that thing of beauty, the Hauraki Gulf, took heart of grace, marched to the fight, and slew, among other folk, no less a person than Hongi's son-in-law.

Here was, indeed, a pretext. Hongi clung to it as a dog to his bone. In Sydney he had melted down, so to speak, his great pile of presents into three hundred stand of arms, which included a goodly share of the coveted *tupara*, or double-barreled guns. Ammunition was added, and thus, with a very arsenal at his command, Hongi Ika came again to his native land.

He came armed *cap-à-pie;* for he wore the armor which the king had given him — and the good *mihonari* stood aghast at sight of him. "Even now the tribes are fighting," they groaned. "When is this bitter strife to cease?"

Pretext, indeed! To avenge his son-in-law was all very well. *Utu* should be exacted to the full. But here was a pretext beyond all others, and the wily Hongi instantly seized upon it.

"Fighting, are they?" He grinned as only a Maori can grin. "I will stop these dogs in their worrying. They shall have their fill of fighting." He grinned again. "That will be the surest way, my *mihonari* friends. I will keep them fighting until they have no more stomach for it, and so shall there be an end." He muttered under his breath, "Because their tribes shall be even as the *moa*." As the *moa* was extinct, the significance of the addition should be sufficiently clear.

Hongi kept his word — he always did that — and sailed for the front in the proudest of his fleet of war-canoes, with a thousand warriors behind him, armed with *mere* and *patu* and spear, while in his van went a *garde-de-corps* of three hundred picked men, fondling — so pleased were they — the three hundred muskets and *tupara* for which their chief's presents had been exchanged. Southward, through the Hauraki Gulf, he sails into the estuary of the Thames, into the Thames itself. One halt, and the Totara *pa* is demolished, and with five hundred of its defenders dead in his rear Hongi sweeps on, southward still, to Matakitaki. Four to one against him! What care Hongi Ika and his three hundred musketeers? It is the same story — fierce attack and sudden victory, ruthless slaughter of twice a thousand foes, and Hongi, grinning in triumph, ever keeps his face to the south and drives his enemies before him as far as the Lake of Rotorua.

Hongi, when in battle, as a rule shone resplendent in the armor which George IV had given him, and which was supposed to render him invulnerable. The belief received justification from the issue of Hongi's last fight at Hokianga in 1827. For some reason the great chief wore only his helmet upon that fatal day.

> "Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu
> When on the field his targe he threw."

Ill fared it with Hongi when he rushed into the fight without his shining breastplate; for hardly was the battle joined when a bullet passed through his body, and the day of the great Hongi, the Lion of the North, was done.

Fifteen months later, as he lay upon his death-mats

at Whangaroa, feasting his glazing eyes upon the array of clubs, battle-axes, muskets, and *tupara* set around the bed, he called to him his relatives, his dearest friends, and his fighting-chiefs, and spoke to them this word: —

"Children, and you who have carried my arms to victory, this is my word to you. I promised long ago to be kind to the *mihonari*, and I have kept my promise. It is not my fault if they have not been well treated by others. Do as I have done. Let them dwell in peace; for they do no harm and some good.

"Hear ye this word also. The ends of the world draw together, and men of a strong race come ever over the sea to this our land. Let these likewise dwell in peace. Trade with them. Give them your daughters in marriage. Good shall come of it.

"But if there come over the sea men in red coats, who neither sow nor reap, but ever carry arms in their hands, beware of them. Their trade is war, and they are paid to kill. Make you war upon them and drive them out. Otherwise evil will come of it.

"Children, and you, my old comrades, be brave and strong in your country's cause. Let not the land of your ancestors pass into the hands of the *Pakeha* [white men]. Behold, I have spoken."

With that, the mighty chief Hongi drew the corner of his mat across his face and passed through the gates to the Waters of Reinga [the abode of the shades].

["Two and twenty years from that Christmas-Day when Samuel Marsden preached his first sermon in a land where Christianity was not even a name, four thousand Maori converts knelt in the House of God."

The Editor.]

HOT-WATER BASINS, NEW ZEALAND

HOT-WATER BASINS, NEW ZEALAND

The scenery of some parts of New Zealand is wildly beautiful. There are rugged mountain chains, with precipices and deep ravines; there are volcanoes and hot springs, and snow-covered summits; there are great glaciers coming close down to the shore, and long reëntrant fiords.

The illustration shows the famous White Terraces, before their destruction by a neighboring volcano in 1886. "These terraces were high, wide rippled stairways of sinter, smooth and hard. In places they swelled out as umbrella buttresses. In their floors were warm baths, into which tourists and resident Maoris delighted to plunge; over them hung clouds of steam, and under them raged a heat that I found still strongly evident."

A wild bit of the mountain scenery of New Zealand has been thus described: —

"And now you are out among the great granite boulders upon the river's brink, — and why! what is this? Up the opposite bank, up and still straight up, your climbing eye must go, following the perpendicular bush that climbs so sheer and suddenly from the river-bed up to a height of near three thousand feet; and past the bush, and still straight up, to the belt of scant gold grass and the bare gray crags above! and up, up, up, beyond them still, with your head bent back and your senses all confounded, to the glorious blue and white of a giant glacier, and pure serrated snows upon the sky. You are looking at one of the sides of the river valley. It does not slope, and it is some six thousand feet in height. The other, perhaps one half a mile away, is equally high and just as sheer, and presently, as the track ascends and the trees lessen, frowning, white-tipped walls begin to draw together, the valley becomes a canyon, and you realize that you are walking in a gigantic furrow of the earth, — something like the Lauterbrunnen Thal, but more stupendous, and very much more beautiful."

THE STORY OF PITCAIRN ISLAND

[In December, 1787, a ship named the Bounty sailed from England for the South Seas. Her captain, William Bligh, proved to be so brutal a tyrant that the mate, Fletcher Christian, and others, mutinied, seized the ship, and set the captain and eighteen companions adrift in an open boat, provided with tools, food, and some few instruments of navigation. This boat finally reached Timor Island, and the men were sent to England. The mutineers made their way to Tahiti, but fearing that an English man-of-war would be sent in pursuit of them, they, their native wives, and friends removed to a lonely island of which they had heard, called Pitcairn Island.

The Editor.]

In 1808 the whale-ship Topaz, of Boston, Captain Folger, chanced to be cruising near a rocky islet, upon the shore of which the surf was breaking so furiously that it seemed inaccessible. A canoe was seen putting off through the breakers, and the occupants hailed the ship, offering in good English their services if any one wished to land. One of the sailors volunteered to go ashore in the canoe. He soon came back with a strange report. The first man whom he met on the island said his name was Alexander Smith, and that he was the sole survivor of the crew of the Bounty: that including himself there were now thirty-five persons on the island. Captain Folger then went ashore, received some further information, and in return told the islanders something of what had happened in the world for the last score of years; how there had been a revolution in France; how

there was a man named Bonaparte who had become emperor; how there had been great wars; and England had won glorious victories on the sea. Upon hearing this, the islanders broke into a loud hurrah, exclaiming, "Old England forever!"

Captain Folger returned to his ship, made a note in his log-book, and upon reaching Valparaiso furnished an account of what he had seen, which was duly forwarded to England. But just then the British Government had matters of more importance on hand than to attend to the case of a few people on a lonely island upon the other side of the globe. So the curtain which had been lifted for a moment fell again for another six years, when it was raised by accident.

In 1814 the frigates Briton, Captain Staines, and Tagus, Captain Pipon, were cruising in the Pacific in search of the American sloop-of-war Essex, which had captured several British whalers. As evening fell, they suddenly came in sight of a small but lofty island, two hundred miles from where, according to their charts, any island ought to have been. They looked at their charts; no island was there. They looked to sea, and there the island certainly was, rising sheer up a thousand feet from the water's edge. Morning broke, and there still stood the island, and groups of people were standing on the rocks. Presently two men were seen launching a canoe, into which they sprang and paddled to the ships. "Won't you heave us a rope now?" was the cheery hail. This was done, and a tall young man of five-and-twenty sprang on board. "Who are you?" was the question. "I am Thursday October Christian, son of Fletcher Christian, the mutineer, by a

Tahitan mother, and the first-born on this island." The other, a young man of eighteen, was Edward Young, son of another of the mutineers of whom we have spoken.

The young men were full of wonder at what they saw. A cow astonished and perhaps frightened them a little. Goats and pigs were the only animals they had ever seen. A little dog pleased them greatly. "I know that's a dog," said Edward; "I have read of such things." Captain Staines ordered refreshments to be prepared for them in his cabin. Before sitting down, they folded their hands and asked a blessing, which they repeated at the close of the meal. They had been taught to do this, they said, by their pastor, John Adams; for it appears that Alexander Smith went also by this name, which we shall hereafter give him.

The two captains went on shore, and climbed the steep ascent to the village, where the whole community, headed by John Adams and his blind wife, were waiting to receive them. He was something past fifty, stout and healthy in appearance, though with a careworn expression of countenance. He stood, hat in hand, smoothing his gray locks, as he had been wont, sailor fashion, to do a quarter of a century ago when addressing his officers. On being assured that no harm should happen to him, he told the story of what had occurred since the Bounty disappeared.

The narrative runs thus: — For two months the Bounty cruised about in search of Pitcairn Island. When at last they discovered it, the vessel was dismantled, every movable article, even to the planks from her sides, taken ashore; fire was then set to the hull, and the

charred remains sunk in twenty-five fathoms of water. The arable part of the island was then divided into equal shares among the nine whites, the Tahitans being evidently considered almost as slaves. Christian himself, apprehending that he would be followed even to his lonely retreat, found a cave far up the mountain-side, where he kept a stock of provisions, and spent much of his time gazing over the waste of waters, watching for the dreaded appearance of a sail, and reading a Bible and Prayer-Book.

For two or three years everything went on prosperously. Then the wife of Williams was killed by falling over the rocks. He undertook to take the wife of one of the Tahitans, whose comrades formed a plot to murder all the Englishmen. The plot was discovered and revealed by the wives of the whites. Two of the Tahitans fled to the mountains, where they were killed by the others, to whom pardon had been offered if they would do so. Meantime, two of the men, Quintal and McKoy, had succeeded in distilling alcohol from a root, were constantly drunk, and abusive toward the natives, who again determined to murder all the whites. Five — Christian, Mills, Williams, Martin, and Brown — were killed on the spot; Smith fled, severely wounded, down the rocks, but the Tahitans promised to spare his life if he would return; Young was hidden by the women, with whom he was a favorite; Quintal and McKoy fled to the mountains, where they remained until summoned back, peace having apparently been restored. But the whites felt that their only security lay in the death of the natives; they fell upon them by surprise and killed them all. Soon, however, McKoy while drunk fell over the

rocks, and Quintal became so outrageous that Adams and Young killed him in self-defense.

These two were the sole survivors of the fifteen men who had seven years before landed upon the island. How and when occurred the great change which took place in these two men is not told. All that is told is, that they sought out the Bible and Prayer-Book of Christian, and entered upon a most religious life. Young died of asthma in 1800, not, however, until he had instructed Adams, who could barely read, and not write; and he, the sole man on the island, became the guardian and instructor of a community of more than a score of women and young children. As the children grew up, they were married by Adams, according to the form laid down in the Prayer-Book; the ring, used for all, having been made by him. The son of Christian took for wife the widow of Edward Young, a woman quite old enough to be his mother, and so became step-father to the tall young man, almost of his own age, who accompanied him on his visit to the British ship.

If the islanders were astonished at the visitors, the latter were no less amazed at the aspect of this little community. The island, apparently about a dozen miles in circuit, rose to the height of a thousand feet, the steep cliffs down to the water's edge being clothed with palm, banyan, cocoanut, and bread-fruit trees, while in the valleys were plantations of taro-root, yams, and sweet potatoes. The village, which consisted of five houses, that being the number of families, was situated on a level platform high above the ocean, shaded with broad-leaved bananas and plantains. The houses were of wood, two stories in height, each having its pig-pen,

poultry-house, bakery, and another for the manufacture of *tappa*, the substitute for cloth, a kind of paper made by pounding together layers of the inner bark of trees. The population now numbered forty-six. The young men, all born on the island, were finely formed, tall, the average height being five feet ten inches, some of them exceeding six feet. The young women were also tall; one, not the tallest, was five feet ten inches. All had white teeth and profuse black hair, neatly dressed, and ornamented with wreaths of flowers. Their features were of a decidedly European cast, the complexion being a clear brunette. Their dress consisted of a loose bodice reaching from waist to knees, with a sort of mantle thrown over the shoulder and reaching to the ankles, which was thrown aside when at work. Their feet were bare. The young people were then mostly unmarried, for Adams discouraged very early marriages, as the girls would then necessarily be occupied with the care of their children; and he also inculcated upon the young men the necessity of having made some provision for a family before entering into any matrimonial engagement. The older women were mainly occupied in making *tappa;* the younger worked in the fields with their fathers and brothers. Their strength and agility astonished their visitors. "One of them," says Captain Pipon, "accompanied us to the boat, carrying on her shoulders, as a present, a large basket of yams, over such roads and precipices as were scarcely passable by any creatures except goats, and over which we could scarcely scramble with the help of our hands. Yet with this load on her shoulders she skipped from rock to rock like a young roe."

THE STORY OF PITCAIRN ISLAND

[In 1856 the whole people removed from Pitcairn to Norfolk, a much larger and pleasanter island. Their love for their first home was strong, however, and at length a number of families returned. In 1890 they celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of the arrival of the Bounty at Pitcairn.

The Editor.]

THE LAST VOYAGE OF CAPTAIN COOK

BY CHARLES C. B. SEYMOUR

[The Hawaiian, formerly known as the Sandwich Islands, were discovered by Captain Cook in 1778, and there the great navigator met his death. In 1820, American missionaries went to the islands, and in twenty years the speech of the natives had been reduced to writing, schools and courts of justice had been organized, and the irresponsible rule of the king had been limited by a constitution. In 1893, the attempts of Queen Liliuokalani to claim more authority than was granted by the old constitution resulted in her deposition, and in 1894 a republic was established. In 1898, the islands were, at their own request, annexed to the United States, and two years later they became a Territory of that country.

The Editor.]

Cook's third and last voyage was undertaken for the purpose of discovering a supposed northwest passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. Numerous expeditions had been sent out for this purpose at various times, but they had all failed. It was resolved by the Admiralty to make one other trial, under the auspices of the successful navigator. Accordingly, on the 10th of February, 1776, he was appointed to the command in his old and trusty ship, the Resolution, and Captain Clerke, in the Discovery, was ordered to accompany him. Cook's instructions were to proceed direct to the Pacific Ocean, and thence to try the passage by way of Behring's Straits; and as it was necessary that the islands in the Southern Ocean should be revisited, cattle

and sheep, with other animals, and all kinds of seeds, were shipped for the advantage of the inhabitants.

The Resolution sailed on the 12th of July, 1776 (the Discovery was to follow), having on board a native of the Sandwich Islands to act as interpreter. Nothing of importance occurred on the outward voyage, and on the 12th of February, 1777, Cook arrived at Queen Charlotte's Sound, New Zealand, where he anchored. He found the natives suspiciously shy, and no amount of persuasion could induce them to venture on board. They had reason for their uneasiness. On the last voyage, the Adventure had visited this place, and ten of her crew had been killed in an unpremeditated skirmish. They apprehended chastisement, and thought it best to be on the alert. It was not convenient for Cook to add to any ill-feeling that might exist, so he said nothing about the massacre, but tried to conciliate. From the Sound the ship proceeded to some of the South Sea Islands, where they obtained a plentiful supply of provisions, but were greatly annoyed by the thievish propensities of the natives. To check this, Cook hit upon a new device. He seized the culprit and shaved his head, thus making him an object of ridicule to his countrymen, and enabling the English to keep their eyes on him. At Tongataboo generous hospitality was shown to them, and the king invited Cook to reside with him in his house. Here he made a distribution of animals among the chiefs, explaining their uses, and how to preserve them. A horse and mare, a bull and cow, several sheep and turkeys were thus given away. But, in spite of this kindly reciprocity, thieving still went on. Cook became incensed, and determined that he would put a stop to it

at any risk. Two kids and two turkey-cocks were abstracted from the stores. The captain seized three canoes, put a guard over the chiefs, and insisted that not only the kids and turkeys should be restored, but also everything that had been taken away since their arrival. Much of the plunder was returned. But the chiefs, who were friendly, probably felt themselves insulted.

After remaining nearly three months in these hospitable but unprincipled regions, Cook took his departure for Otaheite, and thence for Matavai Bay, where he presented King Otoo with the remainder of his live stock, among which were a horse and mare. To show the natives the use of the latter animals, Captains Cook and Clerke rode about the island on horseback, much to the astonishment of the simple people. More civilized people have sometimes been astonished when they saw, for the first time, Mr. Jack Tar astride a horse. The wonder of the natives never abated. At Huaheine a thief occasioned the voyagers much trouble. He was a determined rascal, and shaving his head and beard, and cutting off his ears, had no moral effect on him. He persisted in his evil ways, and defied public opinion. At Ulictea several desertions took place, the deserters being sheltered by the Indians. Both Captain Clerke and Captain Cook went in pursuit of the fugitives, but without success. The latter, therefore, ordered the chief's son, daughter, and son-in-law to be seized, and held as hostages until the deserters were given up. The remedy was effectual, and in a few days an exchange was effected. This severe policy of Cook was intended to save the spilling of innocent blood; but it produced

much indignation among the savages, who felt that it was an outrage to seize the highest persons in their land for every trivial offense. Even at this early day schemes were afoot to assassinate Cook and Clerke.

On the 2d of January the ships resumed their voyage northward. They passed several islands, the inhabitants of which, though at an immense distance from Otaheite, spoke the same language. Those who came on board displayed the utmost astonishment at everything they saw, and it was evident that they had never seen a ship before. They resembled the South Sea Islanders in another unpleasant respect — they were passionately addicted to stealing. To a group of these islands Captain Cook gave the name of the Sandwich Islands. New Albion was made on the 7th of March, the ships then being in latitude 44° 33′ north, and, after sailing along it till the 29th, they came to anchor in a small cove lying in latitude 49° 29′ north. A brisk trade commenced with the natives, who appeared to be well acquainted with the value of iron, and were eager to get it in exchange for skins, etc., rough and manufactured into garments. But the most extraordinary articles which they offered in trade were human skulls, and hands not quite stripped of the flesh, and which had the appearance of having been recently on the fire. Thieving was practiced in a dexterous and educated manner, but the natives were strict in being paid for everything they supplied to the ships, with which rule Cook was happy to comply. This inlet was called King George's Sound, but it was afterward ascertained that the natives called it Nootka Sound, by which name it is more commonly known. From this point they exercised the

greatest watchfulness, hoping to find an outlet into the Atlantic Ocean, but, as every one knows, without success. Cook was able, however, to ascertain the relative positions of the two continents, Asia and America, whose extremities he observed. He explored the coasts in Behring's Straits, where they found some Russian traders. The ships then quitted the harbor of Samganoodah, and sailed for the Sandwich Islands, Captain Cook intending to await the season there, and then return to Kamtschatka. In latitude 20° 55′ they discovered the island of Mowee, and a few days later fell in with another, which the natives called Owhyhee, the extent of which was so great that the voyagers were nearly seven weeks sailing round it, and examining the coast. The inhabitants were extremely pleasant, and appeared to be entirely free from suspicion. Their canoes flocked around the ships in hundreds, and came well laden, too, but the gentlemen were light-fingered, and had but little fear of gunpowder. Captain Cook had an interview with Terreeoboo, king of the islands, in which great formality was observed on both sides, followed by an exchange of presents and an exchange of names. The natives were extremely deferential to Cook, displaying almost an amount of adoration. A society of priests (native) furnished the ships with a plentiful supply of hogs and vegetables, without requiring any return. On the day previous to their departure the king sent them an immense quantity of cloth, many boatloads of vegetables, and a whole herd of hogs. The ships then sailed, but on the following day encountered such a severe storm that they had to put back in order to repair damages. They anchored at the old spot, and for

a time things went on pleasantly; but a theft took place, and the seamen, becoming enraged at losing every trifling article they possessed, had an affray with the natives. It was not a trifling article in this instance, however, being, in fact, no smaller than the cutter of the ship Discovery. The boats of both vessels were immediately sent in search of her, and Captain Cook went on shore to arrange matters in a determined spirit. The robbery was of the most audacious kind, and certainly merited punishment, but it is questionable if Cook's policy (considering the kindness he had so lately experienced) was the best that could have been devised.

Cook left the Resolution about seven o'clock, attended by the lieutenant of marines, a sergeant, a corporal, and seven private men. The pinnace's crew were likewise armed, and under the command of Mr. Roberts; the launch was also ordered to assist his own boat. On landing there was not the slightest symptom of hostility; crowds gathered around the Englishmen, and were kept in order by the chiefs, who seemed desirous that everything should proceed in an orderly and pleasant manner. Captain Cook proceeded to the king's house, and requested that he would go on board the Resolution, intending, of course, to keep him as a hostage. The king, individually, offered but few objections, but his people, evidently understood the maneuver, and quietly commenced arming themselves with spears, clubs, and daggers, and protecting themselves with the thick mats which they usually donned in time of war like armor. While affairs were in this state, a canoe arrived from the opposite side of the bay, and announced that one of the native chiefs had been killed by a shot from the

Discovery's boat. Indignant excitement now agitated the crowd; the women retired, and the men openly uttered threats. Cook, perceiving the threatening aspect that things had assumed, ordered Lieutenant Middleton to march his marines down to the boats, to which the islanders offered no objection. He then escorted the king, attended by his wife, two sons, and several chiefs. One of the sons had already entered the pinnace, expecting his father to follow, when the king's wife entreated him not to leave the shore, or he would be put to death. Matters were now hurrying to a crisis. A chief with a dagger concealed under his cloak was observed watching Cook, and the lieutenant of marines wanted to fire at him, but this the captain would not permit. The chief gained new courage by this hesitation, and closed on them, and the officer struck him with his firelock. Another native interfered, and grasped the sergeant's musket, and was compelled to let it go by a blow from the lieutenant. Cook, seeing that it was useless to attempt to force the king off, was about to give orders to reëmbark, when a man flung a stone at him, which he returned by discharging small shot from the barrels of his piece. The man, being scarcely hurt, brandished his spear as if about to hurl it at the captain, who at once knocked him down, but refrained from using ball. He then addressed the crowd, and endeavored to restore peace, but while so engaged a man was observed behind a double canoe in the act of darting a spear at the captain. Seeing that his life was really in danger, Cook fired, but killed the wrong man. The sergeant of marines, however, instantly brought down the offender with his musket. For a moment the islanders seemed to lose some

of their impetuosity, but the crowds that had gathered behind pressed on those who were the immediate spectators of what had occurred, and, what was even more fatal, poured in a volley of stones. The marines, without waiting for orders, returned the compliment with a general discharge of musketry, which was directly succeeded by a brisk fire from the boats. Cook was surprised and vexed at this accidental turn of affairs, and waved his hand to the boats to desist, and come on shore to embark the marines. The pinnace unhesitatingly obeyed; but the lieutenant in the launch, instead of pulling in to the assistance of his commander, rowed farther off, at the very moment when his services were most required. The marines crowded into the pinnace with precipitation and confusion, and were so jammed together that they were unable to protect themselves. Those who were on shore kept up the fire, but the moment their pieces were discharged the islanders rushed upon them, and forced the party into the water, where four of them were killed and the lieutenant wounded. When this occurred, Cook was standing alone on a rock near the shore. Seeing, however, that it was now clearly a matter of escape, he hurried toward the pinnace, holding his left arm round the back of his head to shield it from stones, and carrying his musket in his right hand. A remarkably agile warrior, a relation of the king's, was seen to follow him, and, before his object could be frustrated, sprang forward upon the captain, and struck him a heavy blow on the back of his head, and then turned and fled. Cook staggered a few paces, dropped his musket, and fell on his hands and one knee. Before he could recover himself, another islander rushed for-

ward, and with an iron dagger stabbed him in the neck. He sank into the water, and was immediately set upon by a number of savages, who tried to keep him down, but he succeeded in getting his head up. The pinnace was within half a dozen yards of him, and he cast an imploring look as if for assistance. The islanders forced him down again in a deeper place, but his great muscular strength enabled him to recover himself, and cling to the rock. He was not there for more than a moment, when a brutal savage dealt him a heavy blow with a club, and he fell down lifeless. The Indians then hauled his corpse upon the rock, and ferociously stabbed it all over, handing the dagger from one to another, in order that all might participate in the sweet revenge. The body was left some time upon the rock, and the islanders gave way, as though afraid of the act they had committed; but there was no attempt to recover it by the ship's crew, and it was subsequently cut up, together with the bodies of the marines, and the parts distributed among the chiefs. The mutilated fragments were afterward restored, and committed to the deep, with all the honors due to the rank of the deceased. Thus ingloriously perished one of England's greatest navigators, "whose services to science have never been surpassed by any man belonging to his profession." It may almost be said, says Mr. Robert Chambers, that he fell a victim to his humanity; for if, instead of retreating before his barbarous pursuers with a view to spare their lives, he had turned revengefully upon them, his fate might have been very different.

The command of the Resolution devolved on Captain Clerke, and Mr. Gore acted as commander of the

Discovery. After making some further explorations among the Sandwich Islands, the vessels visited Kamtschatka and Behring's Straits. There it was found impossible to accomplish the objects of the expedition, and it returned southward. Another misfortune befell the voyagers. On the 22d of August, 1779, Captain Clerke died of consumption. The ships visited Kamtschatka once more, and then returned by way of China, arriving in England on the 4th of October, 1780, after an absence of four years, two months, and twenty-two days.

When it became known in England that Captain Cook had perished, all classes of people expressed their sympathy and deep sorrow. The king granted a pension of £200 per annum to his widow, and £25 per annum to each of her children; the Royal Society had a gold medal struck in commemoration of his services, and at home and abroad honors were scattered on his memory. That Cook was justly entitled to these testimonials is beyond a doubt, not only for the good he did his country, but for his own individual merit. It would be difficult to find a more brilliant instance of purely self-made greatness. Starting in life under circumstances of the most depressing nature, he succeeded solely by the force of industry in acquiring accomplishments which gave him the foremost place among the scientific men of his age. From the obscure condition of a foremast-man on a collier he rose to be the greatest discoverer of modern times. A recapitulation of what he accomplished may appropriately close this sketch. He discovered New Caledonia and Norfolk Island, New Georgia, and the Sandwich and many smaller islands in the Pacific; surveyed the Society Islands, the Friendly Islands, and

the New Hebrides; determined the insularity of New Zealand; circumnavigated the globe in a high southern latitude, so as to decide that no continent existed north of a certain parallel; explored the then unknown eastern coasts of New Holland for two thousand miles; determined the proximity of Asia to America, which the discoverer of Behring's Straits did not perceive; and, wherever he went, brought strange people into communication with the civilized world, through the wide gates of commerce and mutual interest.

The rock where Captain Cook fell is an object of curiosity in Hawaii to the present day. The natives point it out with sorrow, and show the stump of a cocoanut tree, where they say he expired. The upper part of this tree has been carried to England, and is preserved in the museum of Greenwich Hospital. On the remaining stump, which has been carefully capped with copper, is the following inscription: —

Near this spot
fell
CAPTAIN JAMES COOK, R.N.
the
renowned circumnavigator
who
discovered these islands
A.D. 1778.

THE VENGEANCE OF THE GODDESS PELE

A HAWAIIAN LEGEND RELATED BY KALAKAUA, FORMERLY KING OF THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

[PELE was the goddess who dwelt in the awful fires of the volcano Kilauea. She was so easily offended and so terrible in her anger that the people who lived in volcanic districts built temples in her honor and sacrificed fruit, animals, and sometimes human beings, in order to win her favor or to free themselves from the fearful consequences of her wrath.

The Editor.]

THE grass-thatched mansion of the young chief Kahavari was near Kapoho, where his wife lived with their two children, Pampoulu and Kaohe; and at Kukii, no great distance away, dwelt his old mother, then on a visit to her distinguished son. As his *taro* lands were large and fertile and he had fish-ponds on the seashore, he entertained with prodigality, and the people of Puna thought there was no chief like him in all Hawaii.

It was at the time of the monthly festival of Lono. The day was beautiful. The trade-winds were bending the leaves of the palms and scattering the spray from the breakers chasing each other over the reef. A *holua* contest had been announced between the stalwart young chief and his favorite friend and companion, Ahua, and a large concourse of men, women, and children had assembled at the foot of the hill to witness the exciting pastime. They brought with them drums, *ohes*, *ulilis*, rattling gourds, and other musical instru-

ments, and while they awaited the coming of the contestants, all frolicked as if they were children — frolicked as was their way before the white man came to tell them they were nearly naked, and that life was too serious a thing to be frittered away in enjoyment. They ate *ohias*, cocoanuts, and bananas under the palms, and chewed the pith of sugar-cane. They danced, sang, and laughed at the *hula* and other sports of the children, and grew nervous with enthusiasm when their bards chanted the *meles* of by-gone years.

The game of *holua* consists in sliding down a sometimes long but always steep hill on a narrow sledge from six to twelve feet in length, called a *papa*. The light and polished runners, bent upward at the front, are bound quite closely together, with crossbars for the hands and feet. With a run at the top of the sliding track, slightly smoothed and sometimes strewn with rushes, the rider throws himself face downward on the narrow *papa* and dashes headlong down the hill. As the sledge is not more than six or eight inches in width, with more than as many feet in length, one of the principal difficulties of the descent is in keeping it under the rider; the other, of course, is in guiding it; but long practice is required to master the subtleties of either. Kahavari was an adept with the *papa*, and so was Ahua. Rare sport was therefore expected, and the people of the neighborhood assembled almost in a body to witness it.

Finally appearing at the foot of the hill, Kahavari and his companions were heartily cheered by their good-natured auditors. Their *papas* were carried by attendants. The chief smiled upon the assemblage, and as

he struck his tall spear into the ground and divested his broad shoulders of the *kihei* covering them, the wagers of fruit and pigs were three to one that he would reach the bottom first, although Ahua was expert with the *papa*, and but a month before had beaten the champion of Kau on his own ground.

Taking their sledges under their arms, the contestants laughingly mounted the hill with firm, strong strides, neither thinking of resting until the top was gained. Stopping for a moment preparatory to the descent, a comely-looking woman stepped out from behind a clump of undergrowth and bowed before them. Little attention was paid to her until she approached still nearer and boldly challenged Kahavari to contest the *holua* with her instead of Ahua. Exchanging a smile of amusement with his companion, the chief scanned the lithe and shapely figure of the woman for a moment, and then exclaimed, more in astonishment than in anger, —

"What! with a woman?"

"And why not with a woman, if she is your superior and you lack not the courage?" was the calm rejoinder.

"You are bold, woman," returned the chief, with something of a frown. "What know you of the *papa?*"

"Enough to reach the bottom of the hill in front of the chief of Puna," was the prompt and defiant answer.

"Is it so, indeed? Then take the *papa* and we will see!" said Kahavari, with an angry look which did not seem to disturb the woman in the least.

At a motion from the chief, Ahua handed his *papa* to the woman, and the next moment Kahavari, with the strange contestant closely behind him, was dashing down the hill. On, on they went, around and over rocks,

at breakneck speed; but for a moment the woman lost her balance, and Kahavari reached the end of the course a dozen paces in advance.

Music and shouting followed the victory of the chief, and, scowling upon the exultant multitude, the woman pointed to the hill, silently challenging the victor to another trial. They mounted the hill without a word, and turned for another start.

"Stop!" said the woman, while a strange light flashed in her eyes. "Your *papa* is better than mine. If you would act fairly, let us now exchange!"

"Why should I exchange?" replied the chief hastily. "You are neither my wife nor my sister, and I know you not. Come!" And, presuming the woman was following him, Kahavari made a spring and dashed down the hill on his *papa*.

With this the woman stamped her foot, and a river of burning lava burst from the hill and began to pour down into the valley beneath. Reaching the bottom, Kahavari rose and looked behind him, and to his horror saw a wide and wild torrent of lava rushing down the hillside toward the spot where he was standing; and riding on the crest of the foremost wave was the woman — now no longer disguised, but Pele, the dreadful Goddess of Kilauea — with thunder at her feet and lightning playing with her flaming tresses.

Seizing his spear, Kahavari, accompanied by Ahua, fled for his life to the small eminence of Puukea. He looked behind, and saw the entire assemblage of spectators engulfed in a sea of fire. With terrible rapidity the valleys began to fill, and he knew that his only hope of escape was in reaching the ocean, for it was manifest

that Pele was intent upon his destruction. He fled to his house, and, passing it without stopping, said farewell to his mother, wife, and children, and to his favorite hog Aloipuaa. Telling them that Pele was in pursuit of him with a river of fire, and to save themselves if possible, by escaping to the hills, he left them to their fate.

Coming to a chasm, he saw Pele pouring lava down it to cut off his retreat. He crossed on his spear, pulling his friend over after him. At length, closely pursued, he reached the ocean. His brother, discovering the danger, had just landed from his fishing-canoe and had gone to look after the safety of his family. Kahavari leaped into the canoe with his companions, and, using his spear for a paddle, was soon beyond the reach of the pursuing lava. Enraged at his escape, Pele ran some distance into the water and hurled after him huge stones that hissed as they struck the waves, until an east wind sprang up and carried him far out to sea.

He first reached the island of Maui, and thence by the way of Lanai found his way to Oahu, where he remained to the end of his days. All of his relatives in Puna perished, with hundreds of others in the neighborhood of Kapoho. But he never ventured back to Puna, the grave of his hopes and his people, for he believed Pele, the unforgiving, would visit the place with another horror if he did.

Pele had come down from Kilauea in a pleasant mood to witness the *holua* contest; but Kahavari angered her unwittingly, and what followed has just been described.

FATHER DAMIEN, THE MISSIONARY TO THE LEPERS

BY JOHN C. LAMBERT

HE was born in 1840 of peasant parents at a little village on the river Laak, not far from the ancient city of Louvain, in Belgium. His real name was Joseph de Veuster, Damien being a new name which he adopted, according to the custom of the religious orders, when he was admitted to the congregation of the Picpus Fathers. In 1864 he joined on the shortest notice, as a substitute for his elder brother, who had suddenly fallen ill, a band of missionaries for the Hawaiian Islands, and his life's labors were begun in the very island on which Captain Cook met his tragic end so long before. Here for nine years he toiled unsparingly, endearing himself to the natives, and earning from his bishop the title of "the intrepid," because nothing ever seemed to daunt him.

He had many adventures both on the sea and among the volcanic mountains, for, like Bishop Huntington, whom he frequently recalls, he was a bold cliff-climber and a strong swimmer. In visiting the people in the remoter parts of the island, he thought nothing of scaling precipitous rocks on hands and knees, till his boots were torn to shreds and the blood flowed freely from feet as well as hands. Once when his canoe capsized he had to save his life by a long swim in his clothes. On another occasion, as he was riding along a lonely coast, he observed a ship's boat with several persons in it drifting

helplessly towards the rocks. Jumping from his horse, he plunged into the sea, and succeeded in reaching the boat and bringing to land eight shipwrecked sailors — three Americans, four Englishmen, and a Dutchman. Their vessel had taken fire in mid-ocean; for more than a week they had drifted about in the Pacific till their strength was utterly exhausted; and death was already staring them in the eyes when the brave young priest came with deliverance.

But we must pass from deeds of courage and daring in which Damien has been equaled by many others, to speak of the great deed of sacrifice in which he stands alone. The lovely Hawaiian Islands have long suffered from a terrible scourge, the scourge of leprosy. Some years after Father Damien's arrival the Government determined on the use of drastic measures to stamp out the evil. There is in the archipelago an island called Molokai, which along its northern side presents to the sea an awful front of precipice. At one spot, however, in this frowning battlement of rock, and bearing to it, in R. L. Stevenson's vivid comparison, "the same relation as a bracket to a wall," there projects into the ocean a rugged triangular piece of land known as Kalawao, which is thus "cut off between the surf and the precipice." To this desolate tongue of wind-swept down it was resolved to deport every person, young or old, rich or poor, prince or commoner, in whom the slightest taint of leprosy should be found. The law was carried into effect with the utmost rigor. All over the islands lepers and those suspected of having leprosy were hunted out by the police, dragged away from their homes, and if certified by a doctor as touched by the

disease, at once shipped off to the leper settlement as if to a state prison. Children were torn from their parents and parents from their children. Husbands and wives were separated forever. In no case was any respect of persons shown, and a near relative of the Hawaiian Queen was among the first to be seized and transported.

Awful indeed was the lot of these poor creatures, thus gathered together from all parts of the islands and shot out like rubbish on that dismal wedge of land between cliff and sea. Parted forever from their friends, outcasts of society, with no man to care for their bodies or their souls, with nothing to hope for but a horrible unpitied death, they gave themselves up to a life like that of the beasts of the field. And even to this day things might have been no better on the peninsula of Kalawao, had it not been for the coming of Father Damien.

For some time Damien had felt the dreadful lot of those unfortunates pressing heavily upon his heart, all the more as several of his own flock had been carried away to the settlement. In a letter written about this time he says that when he saw his own beloved people dragged away, he felt a presentiment that he should see them again. Such a presentiment could only point to one thing. From Molokai no leper was ever permitted to return. Above the beach of Kalawao, as above the arched portal of Dante's Inferno, the awful words might have stood, "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here." If Father Damien was to see his poor smitten children again, it must be by going to them, for nevermore should they return to him.

One day there was a gathering of the Roman Catholic

clergy at the dedication of a church on the island of Maui, which lies not far from Molokai. After the ceremony was over, the bishop was holding a familiar conversation with his missionaries, and in the course of it he spoke of the distress he felt for the poor lepers of Molokai — stricken sheep without a shepherd. At once Damien spoke out. "My lord," he said, "on the day when I was admitted to the order of the Picpus Fathers, I was placed under the pall, that I might learn that voluntary death is the beginning of a new life. And I wish to declare now that I am ready to bury myself alive among the lepers of Molokai, some of whom are well known to me."

It shows the stuff of which those Roman Catholic missionaries were made that the bishop accepted Damien's proposal as simply and readily as it was uttered. "I could not have imposed this task upon any one," he said, "but I gladly accept the offer you have made." At once Damien was ready to start, for, like General Gordon when he started for Khartoum, he required no time for preparations. A few days afterwards, on May 11th, 1873, he was landed on the beach of Kalawao along with a batch of fifty miserable lepers, whom the authorities had just collected from various parts of Hawaii.

The sights that met the eye of the devoted missionary must have been revolting beyond expression, though Damien says little about them, for it was not his habit to dwell on these details. Stevenson visited Molokai after Damien was dead, and after the place had been "purged, bettered, beautified" by his influence and example; but he describes the experience as "grinding"

and "harrowing." The Princess-Regent of Hawaii once paid a state visit to the settlement while Damien was there, and after his presence had wrought a marvelous transformation. The lepers were dressed in their best. Triumphal arches adorned the beach. Flowers were strewn in profusion along the path that led to the place of reception. But when the royal lady looked around her on that awful crowd, the tears rolled down her cheeks, and though it had been arranged that she should speak to the people, her lips trembled so helplessly that she was unable to utter a single word. Damien came to Kalawao when the settlement was at its worst. He saw it too, not as a passing visitor, but as one who knew that henceforth this was to be his only home on earth. He confesses that for a moment, as he stepped ashore, his heart sank within him. But he said to himself, "Now Joseph, my boy, this is your life-work!" And never during the sixteen years that followed did he go back upon his resolve.

For several weeks, until he found time to build himself a hut, he had no shelter but a large pandanus tree. This pandanus tree he called his house, and under its branches he lay down on the ground to sleep at night. Meanwhile, from the very first, he spent his days in trying to teach and help and comfort his leper flock. In a letter to his brother, Father Pamphile, in substitution for whom, as mentioned already, he had become a Hawaiian missionary, he admits that at first he almost grew sick in the presence of so much physical corruption. On Sundays especially, when the people crowded closely round him in the little building which served as a chapel, he often felt as if he must rush out of the loathsome

atmosphere into the open air. But he deliberately crushed these sensations down. He sought to make himself as one of the lepers, and carried this so far that in his preaching he did not use the conventional "My brethren," but employed the expression, "We lepers," instead. And by and by the spirit of sympathy grew so strong that even in the presence of what was most disgusting all feeling of repugnance passed entirely away.

It was not only the souls of the lepers for which Father Damien cared. At that time there was no doctor in the settlement, so he set himself to soothe their bodily sufferings as best he could, cleansing their open wounds and binding up their stumps and sores. Death was constantly busy — indeed, some one died almost every day; and whether at noon or at midnight, the good Father was there to perform the last offices of his Church. And as he sought to comfort the lepers in dying, his care for them continued after they were dead. Before his arrival no one had thought of burying a dead leper with any sort of decency. No coffin was provided; the corpse at best was shoveled hastily into a shallow hole. But Father Damien's reverence for a human being forbade him to acquiesce in such arrangements. As there was no one else to make coffins, he made them himself, and it is estimated that during his years on Molokai he made not less than fifteen hundred with his own hands. More than this, — when no other could be got to dig a proper grave, Damien did not hesitate to seize his spade and act the part of the grave-digger. To most people such toils as pastor and teacher, doctor and undertaker, would seem more than enough for even the strongest of

men. But they were far from summing up the labors of Damien. He induced the people to build themselves houses, and as few of them knew how to begin, he became head mason and carpenter-in-chief to the whole settlement. He next got them to give him their assistance in erecting suitable chapels at different points of the peninsula. He built two orphanages, one for boys and one for girls, into which he gathered all the fatherless and motherless children; and to the instruction of these young people he gave special attention. Above all, he sought by constant cheerfulness and unflagging energy to infuse a new spirit into that forlorn collection of doomed men and women. By teaching them to work he brought a fresh and healthy interest into their lives. By creating a Christian public opinion he lifted them out of the condition of filth and sottishness into which they had sunk. But, above all, he wiped off from their souls "the soiling of despair" by the assurance he gave them of human sympathy and Divine love.

What was Father Damien like, many will ask. He was tall and strong, indeed of an imposing presence, with a bright and serene countenance and a rich and powerful voice. The very sight of him brought strength and comfort to others. Like the Master whom he loved and sought to follow, and who also was the Friend of the leper, he was possessed of a strange magnetism — a kind of vital "virtue" — which, though in Damien's case it could not effect miracles, yet had power to lift up the hearts of those who were bowed down by their infirmities.

So the years passed on, while day after day was filled up with such tasks as we have described. During the

first six months the Father was sometimes haunted by the thought that he had contracted the insidious disease, but thereafter he banished the idea from his mind, and lived on in Molokai for many years in perfect health and strength. One day, however, as he was washing his feet in unusually hot water, he noticed that they had been blistered with the heat without his being conscious of any pain. At once he knew what this meant. He had not lived so long in the settlement without learning that the absence of feeling in any part of the body is one of the surest symptoms of leprosy; and now he understood that his doom was sealed. But the fact made very little difference in either his thoughts or his ways. So long as he was able he went on with his duties as before, while he exerted himself with special anxiety to secure that after he was gone the work he had been doing in the settlement should be carried on, and carried on still more efficiently than had been possible for one who labored single-handed. And before he died he had the joy of knowing not only that these deeds of love and mercy would be taken up and continued by other Fathers of his order, but that a band of Franciscan sisters, inspired by his great example, had volunteered to serve as nurses among the lepers of Molokai, and that an adequate hospital with a thoroughly qualified doctor would seek to assuage the sufferings of those who had reached the last stages of the fatal malady.

In spite of all that Father Damien accomplished when he was alive, we might almost say that he did more for the Hawaiian lepers by his death than by his life. It was not till after he had passed away that men came to a full knowledge of this hero of the nineteenth century.

Largely by the help of the burning pen of Robert Louis Stevenson, the story of his willing martyrdom flew round the world and made the name of Molokai illustrious. International sympathy was aroused for the poor sufferers for whom Damien laid down his life. The press of every Christian country resounded with his fame. Princes and peasants sought to do him honor. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales — afterwards Edward VII — placed himself at the head of a movement which had for its object to commemorate the life and labors of this brave soldier-saint of Jesus Christ. Money flowed in, by which it became possible to do much more for Damien's leper flock than he had ever been able to do himself. The Damien Institute was formed in England for the training of Roman Catholic youths to the laborious life of missionary priests in the South Seas.

When Father Damien's end was drawing near, he expressed a desire to be buried at the foot of the pandanus tree beneath which he had lived when he first came to Molokai. The two Fathers who were now with him thought it right to comply with his wishes; and so under the very spot which once served him for his bed his body lies awaiting the Resurrection, with flowers growing over it and the wide tree spreading above. In one of the streets of Louvain there stands a beautiful statue of Father Damien. His face is uplifted to heaven, his left hand holds a crucifix to his heart, his right arm is thrown in love and protection round the shoulder of a poor leper, who crouches to his side for comfort. It is a fine conception, finely executed; and yet its effect upon the beholder can hardly compare with the feelings of those who, like Stevenson and other

pilgrims to the island, have stood by that grave in Molokai beneath the old pandanus tree and seen Father Damien's monument lying all around him in that community of lepers, which has been "purged, bettered, beautified" by his great act of sacrifice.

A VISIT TO AGUINALDO

BY EDWIN WILDMAN

[THE Philippines were visited by Magellan in 1521. Half a century later, the Spanish took possession of them and named them in honor of Philip II of Spain. In 1896, the natives, led by Aguinaldo, revolted against Spanish rule. After the Spanish-American War, Aguinaldo fought against the United States, into whose hands the islands had now fallen. In 1901, he was captured and American rule was established throughout the Philippines.

The Editor.]

IN November, 1898, I visited Aguinaldo at his capital at Malolos. I was laboring under the popular delusion as to Aguinaldo's greatness, and judged him largely from the documents that bore his name, although I was in possession of some information which aided me in understanding somewhat the situation at Malolos. I was well acquainted with a number of revolutionary sympathizers, and several members of Aguinaldo's cabinet who resided in Manila, and, considering their views and the positions they held, I was somewhat surprised at the open manner in which they depreciated Aguinaldo's ability and deplored the prominence accorded him, even while they themselves admitted that his name was the only one that held the natives in check and united in the aspirations for independence. It was humiliating to them that Aguinaldo, instead of one of their number, held the confidence of the people.

I shall not soon forget my pilgrimage to the Filipino

Mecca. Those were the palmy days of the Republica Filipina, and Aguinaldo's name was on every lip.

There was a cordon of insurgent soldiers around Manila, and to pass this line one must needs have a pass signed by Aguinaldo. I boarded the diminutive train on the Manila-Dagupan Railroad, and in company with twelve carloads of barefooted natives was soon speeding along the little narrow gauge toward Malolos. In half an hour we had passed the cordon, and I and my Filipino companion were landed on the Malolos platform, which was patrolled by a half-dozen or more Filipino soldiers, who strutted up and down, and, it seemed to me, looked upon me with suspicion. I greeted their looks with an affable smile, — we all did then, — and they withdrew their stare and passed on.

After the little train puffed out of the station, I pushed my way through a crowd of palm-extended beggars, trading upon deformed limbs and leprous faces, and reached the opposite side of the station, where lingered beneath the shade of some scraggly palms a half-dozen *carometta*s, attached by crude hemp harnesses to ponies, long strangers to *sacati* and *pali*.

Though naturally merciful to the animal kingdom, I was prevailed upon by Malolos "hackmen," augmented by the persuasive rays of the midday sun, to take a seat in one of their crude carts, and was soon bumping and joggling over the occasionally planked road toward the pueblo.

It was tiffin time, and I knew better than to disturb any Filipino gentleman at midday. For a siesta follows tiffin with as much regularity as a demi-tasse does dinner in America. My Filipino friend and myself therefore

repaired to a public house and partook of a native meal, which was washed down by native drinks — the combination fitting one for any crime. After visiting the church, the public square, and the town pump, I presented myself at the *Casa* Aguinaldo. The *Presidente* made his headquarters in the second story of a large convent, or priest's house, as it is called, adjoining the Malolos church, which was utilized to accommodate the sessions of the Filipino Congress. Two Maxim guns protruded from the windows of the convent, and the entrance was guarded by a patrol of Filipino soldiery.

We passed this gantlet without challenge and ascended the convent stairs. At the top extended a long, broad hall. On either side of this passageway were stationed Aguinaldo's bodyguards armed with halberds. Diminutive Filipinos, almost comical in their toy-like dignity, were ranged along the wall, giving themselves an extra brace as we passed. The halberds were cheap imitations of those customarily used in the palace of the governor-general at Manila upon state occasions.

Our cards were sent in. The *Presidente* would receive us. Would we wait for a brief space? The dapper but brave little insurgent general, Pio del Pinar, was pleased to greet us.

The *Presidente* knew of my coming. Had it not been telegraphed to him when we crossed the line? Ah, *Señor*, the *Presidente* knows everything. He desires to protect Americans when they do him so much honor. But did one need special protection in Aguinaldo's country? No, *Señor*, but there are Spaniards who yet hope and hate. Too much caution cannot be exercised. Would we look at the council room — and so on.

I early learned that if one wished to get information from a Filipino, one must not ask it. Aguinaldo's council chamber was interesting. Down the center of the hall were parallel rows of chairs, Filipino style, facing each other. Here sat the dignitaries of state like rows of men awaiting their turns in a barber shop. The walls were hung with creditable paintings by native artists. A large Oriental rug covered the mahogany floor.

On bamboo pedestals around the rooms were miniature wood-carvings representing Filipino victims undergoing tortures of various descriptions at the hands of friars and Spanish officials for refusing to divulge the secrets of the Katipunan. One showed a native suspended on tiptoes by a cord tied around his tongue, while a Spanish hireling slashed his back with a knife. Another represented a native of the province of Nueva Écija falsely accused of hostility to the Spanish, so I was told. A cord passed through his nose, as if he were a beast of burden. A Spaniard was cudgeling his bare shoulders with a bamboo stick. Another showed a Filipino hung up by his feet with a big stone bound to each shoulder. Still another represented a native with his back bent backward, a pole passing under his knees, a cord around his chest holding him bent over in a most painful position. And others equally terrible. All these were actual cases. I was told the history of each one. Finally Aguinaldo was ready to receive us. The red plush curtains that separated his private room from the council chamber were drawn aside by guards, and we entered the holy of holies. The little chieftain was already standing to receive us.

His spacious room was adorned with Japanese tapestries. Around the walls were handsome Japanese vases, and emblazoned high on one side of the room was a shield of ancient Japanese and Mindanao arms. On another side of the room was a huge Spanish mirror. Back of Aguinaldo's desk hung from its staff a handsome Spanish flag. I jokingly asked Aguinaldo if he would present it to me as a souvenir of my visit. "Not for twenty-five thousand pesos," he replied. "I captured it at Cavite, my native town. The Spaniards have offered thousands of pesos as a bribe for the restoration of that flag, so I keep it here."

Aguinaldo is short. His skin is dark. His head is large, but well posed on a rather slight body. His hair is the shiny black of the Tagalog, and is combed pompadour, enhancing his height somewhat. On that day he was dressed in a suit of fine *piña*-cloth of native manufacture, and he wore no indication of his rank.

Through my Filipino friend, as interpreter, I had an extended conversation with him. He told me that he hoped to avoid a rupture with the Americans, but that his people felt that they had been wronged and slighted, and that they were becoming turbulent and difficult to control. He said that his Government was thoroughly organized; that throughout the provinces, where insurrection had been incessant for years, all was quiet, and the peaceful pursuits of labor were being carried on. "I hope these conditions will not be disturbed," he added, not without meaning. I asked him if the charges were true that the Spanish friars were maltreated, and if women, also, were imprisoned. He replied that he was not responsible to any one for the treatment of his pris-

oners, but that if an accredited emissary of General Otis would call upon him, he would permit him to visit the places where the Spanish prisoners were confined. As to the women, he said that they were "wives" of the priests and voluntarily shared captivity with them. As I left the room he spoke to my Filipino friend, calling him back. Being somewhat curious at this not altogether polite act, I later asked the reason.

My friend smiled, and told me that Aguinaldo wished to make a purchase in Manila, and requested him to attend to it.

"But what did he want?" I said.

My friend again smiled, and said: —

"You know he is vain. He wants me to get him another large mirror like the one in his room. He desires it to be the finest plate-glass, and the frame, also, Spanish style, to be set with mirrors. He wants, too, some other decorations and knick-knacks for his room. He is fond of finery — like the rest of us, you know."

I saw that great French plate-glass mirror several months later. It was removed from the Aguinaldo sanctum, however, and braced up against a mango tree in front of the "palace" headquarters. A big, swarthy Kansan was taking his first shave before it after the capture of Malolos, March 31, 1899.

PREPARING OUR MOROS FOR GOVERNMENT

BY R. L. BULLARD

A CURIOUS and interesting process has been going on in Mindanao of the Philippines; the West is being grafted upon the East; American government and ways are passing to Oriental savages.

The most troublesome and inaccessible tribe were the Lanao Moros, living about the fine lake of that name, high in the mountains and forests of the interior of Mindanao. From thence in the past they had sallied forth when they pleased, in piratical and slave-taking expeditions that made the name of Moro the terror of the Philippines. Returning thither, their ways had seemed to close behind them. It was for the Americans to open these ways: for here, as perhaps over all the earth, road-making was to be the first step, and to merge with government-making and civilization.

For the Malanaos, as these Moros called themselves, the two began together. United States troops began laboriously to open a road from the north shores of Mindanao to the borders of Lake Lanao. The work fell to the soldier; for, with the coming of civil government to the other Philippines, the Moros, because of their long tradition of piracy, lawlessness, and savagery, had been left to the care of the army. From this work, from his part and charge thereof, and from his subsequent experience as first governor of Lanao, the writer speaks.

Having heard only fearful rumors of the military

prowess and dire fanaticism of the Moros, we came to find a numerous people in a native state of political chaos, to the civilized mind incomprehensible, for reasonable beings incredible. Nothing, not even pandemonium, could be said to reign in such disorder. An infinity of chiefs called dattos, with pompous titles — sultan and rajah — suggesting power and authority, yet having none, divided a fine country into many minute sovereign and independent followings, of uncertain jurisdiction as to persons, places, and things. There were five tribes, which, however, differed only in name, — not in condition or characteristics. These tribes had their traditional, hereditary sultans, doubled and trebled, perhaps, but always largely nominal, and, except for their immediate personal following, with but little real authority. Over their "sons" — the general people and the countless lesser dattos and sultans of the tribe — they had influence, hardly control. The latter governed themselves, that is, lived as they pleased, as they could, or as they were allowed by their neighbors. More, probably, than any other man on earth the Moro did as he pleased; his only restraint was his fear of others.

With perhaps a dozen separate datto groups within a radius of a mile, with no common superior to adjust differences, followers of different dattos wrangled, lay in wait for one another, made war, or watched one another in a state of armed peace that was worse than war. With no other means of squaring accounts than by war and aggression, these were continual. Rivalry and jealousy were the predominant tones. Fear on the datto's part that, if he were severe with his followers, they would leave him and, by joining some neighbors, disturb

the local balance of power, prevented the punishment of any but domestic offenses; and so Moros everywhere were thieves, robbers, pirates, and slave-takers, in a state of continual violence and wrong-doing toward one another and all men, so far as they dared.

They loved markets, trade, and intercourse, but for these there was no protection except individual prowess. If wives or children went out without guard but a little way from home, they were likely to be nabbed and run off into slavery by prowling man-hunters, shifted about, sold quickly from hand to hand, and lost beyond all power of tracing. They showed signs of industry, but for this virtue savagery offers no encouragement. Trained in the use of the dagger, *kris*, two-handed sword and spear, all Moros were soldiers, proud, quick-tempered, quarrelsome, ever on the lookout for opportunity to try their skill in arms, without which, waking or sleeping, they were never caught.

Such were the Moros. There was no government. The only suggestion of it was found in the datto. Manifestly here not only had the foundations of government and order yet to be laid, but the very places for them were to be made and prepared.

From a few fights that had preceded our coming, it had been made plain to the American authorities that with our superior intelligence, arms, and organization we could, whenever desired, absolutely wipe the Moros off the earth. There was, however, in such proceeding neither purpose nor glory, and the policy was to grant opportunity to the Moros, if they would take it, for better things in peace. Thence, logically, my first steps were to try to demonstrate to them our good intentions,

to place on exhibition before them the advantages, the benefits, of peace, order, and government, — things which they had not.

Beginning then, the labor of soldiers slowly and painfully for four months worked a road through jungle, forest, and mountain toward the heart of the Moro country. In this time, though often invited and always treated with great consideration, but a few straggling Moros came to visit me. With these, however, I spent time patiently, squatting or sitting about camp, sometimes talking, often in silence, all day to the very night, so long as they would stay, to allow them to look and learn, to observe us for themselves, and satisfy their curiosity; then, as they went away, I invited them to come again to-morrow.

They came in little bunches, and the dattos talked. They rarely spoke directly upon the subject which nevertheless I could see was uppermost in their thoughts, — our coming. They either disdained any show of interest in it that might imply concern or fear about our presence, — for a Moro is nothing if not proud, — or else preferred to draw their own conclusions from time and observation.

In the outset of trying to establish friendly relations, ill luck befell. Simultaneously with the Americans there appeared amongst the Moros the most fearful of all diseases, the Asiatic cholera, and straightway it was charged upon us. The white men were in league with the Cholera Man, and had brought his devils to destroy the Moros. My few friends dropped away out of sight, whence they had come. Prowling bands, even lone Moros, beset the trails and camp, lying in wait and at-

tacking with fury and bitterness lone sentinels and small parties. A single old datto, Alandug, stayed. From his seacoast village he had looked wider upon the world, and was wiser than his fellows. I did not need to tell him, for he easily saw for himself, our mortal terror of the cholera, whose cause we called germs, he, devils. He did not, however, understand why we were not dying like the Moros. I showed him the soldiers boiling their water, and told him that before drinking we thus drove the cholera forth from the water in which it lived. To my surprise he never flinched at the statement, he swallowed it whole; this truth, so hard of acceptance among wiser men, found ready belief with this savage. Long afterward I knew why. It agreed with the Moro religious theory that all diseases are but devils that have slipped from the outside into the body. Our theory and theirs, so different, yet the same, proved a first bond, something common between white man and brown. Alandug told the other Moros what a just theory the Americans had of the cholera, and how the awful disease had killed but few Americans. In a short time my friends began to come back with him, bringing all the ills of human flesh for cure by advice of the white man, in whose medical theories they had quickly acquired confidence. Thenceforward medicine, and especially quinine, became my ally, esteemed above right, reason, principal, and, upon occasions, even above force.

The labor of building a great road through mountain and tropical forest was slow. We were still, after months, far from the Moro country, not among the people we had come to reach. A weekly market at a coast settlement, and the season of salt-boiling, were, however,

bringing parties of Moros from the far interior past us to the coast. Curiosity induced them to squat, talk, and smoke with me, while they "sized up" the Americans and admired their beautiful arms.

Thus daily I spent hours with them. The first thing ever in their eyes and thoughts was arms, — firearms, — but on this subject I would not talk. They were greatly impressed with the quantity and variety of the things we had. Here I was ready for them. The Moros were very poor, they said; they relied upon arms and the religion of the Prophet; their sultans and dattos were mighty, and were not subject to or ruled over by one another, or by any man, because they were brave, feared not death, and their mountains covered them. I told them of the might, but assured them of the friendly intentions, of the Americans; that we had not come to fight, but to open roads, so that the Moros could come to buy, sell, trade, work with the Americans and grow rich; that we had come to bring the Moros all the valuable and useful things which they saw we had. I ended with an offer to hire and pay them for working on the road. Thereat they professed much pleasure. In this, my thoughts were on work for peace, theirs on arms for war, firearms, which in the Moro eye shut out sight and consideration of all things else. Moved by the hope of getting these, some smaller dattos near, after much talk, declared themselves ready to accept the offer of work. Old Alandug came first, with a handful of ugly-looking followers, whom we treated like kings, and handled like infernal machines ready to go off at any time. When at the end of the day they received their pay, their thoughts turned upon the coin, the money in

hand, in a sort of charmed, pleased surprise. The next day saw their numbers grow; succeeding days new groups were added, with growing confidence, but armed, always armed, stuck all over with daggers and krises. A few days' work, however, and my old friend, Alandug, fell from me for a while on the arms question. A stray Moro, a low-bred, common fellow, taking advantage of the datto's absence at work with me, had eloped at one fell swoop with two of the datto's young wives. The datto must have revenge, and, to obtain it, rifles from me, his brother, who had come to do the Moros good. Disappointed at my refusal, he went away sulking; but, as I had expected, his people in a day or two sneaked back to work without him, to get from the Americans the sure pay and regular food which made them forget their datto's anger. It was an augury of good which, as time passed, I was to see more and more realized.

The market-goers and salt-makers carried the news of the money-getting to the interior, and other strangers appeared, strengthening the number of our laborers and friends, and weakening the ranks of the hesitating or hostile. Pay for work was sure, and the burning desire for arms began to be forgotten in an awakened love of gain. A new force was at work among Moros, and what, in civilized men, we rail at as low and vile, became in these savages a saving virtue, making for peace and progress. The followers of the Datto Alag and the men of Pugaan, who, on account of a damsel bought and paid for but never delivered, had for years been attacking one another on sight, and dared not now, as they loved their lives, meet on market or trail, wiped the score

from memory to come and earn money together on the American road. The sultan of Balet and the sultan of Momungan, next-door neighbors who, in a way to rack the nerve and wreck the best men ever built, had long been either at war or in a state of continual guard night and day against each other's raids, forgot the old cannon that had been the cause of the trouble, and came to work on the road without friction. Men to whom it had been discredit, if not dishonor, to be found without arms, gradually came to lay them aside at the white man's insistence, for a short time at least, while they labored. Harder still for a Moro,—whose law is an eye for an eye, conduct for conduct to all generations,—a datto, a favorite of mine, under the same influence, came after six months to look, if not with forgiveness, at least without excitement and feverish desire to kill, upon a Moro road laborer of mine, some of whose people in long-gone times had fought and wounded the datto's grandfather.

A boyhood spent among simple, ignorant plantation negroes, later experience as officer over them and others like them, the Filipinos, had strongly impressed upon me the distrust which such people always feel toward middlemen of all kinds, especially interpreters. Direct speech alone satisfies them. With the Moros the constant effort and practice of our all-day *séances* had in a few months obviated alike the need of interpreter and the possibility of distrust: I had learned their own tongue. They could talk with me directly, and they soon were coming oftener and farther to do it.

From the beginning, among these visitors had appeared many *panditas*, scribes and priests, men of solemn dignity and preoccupied mien. They made a great show

of silence; but, notwithstanding this, I could see that in reality, by look, gesture, and occasional word, they generally directed the speech of the datto whom they accompanied. They touched so often upon religious matters and customs that I had quickly felt the need of being informed on the subject of Mohammedan teaching, especially concerning conduct and foreign relations. I accordingly "primed" myself at once, and was soon astonishing the panditas, who were themselves really ignorant of their religion, with my learned talk crammed for the occasion from Sales's translation of the Koran. With the Moros in Spanish times, religion had been the greatest stumbling-block. In their view the Koran was the whole law, established long ago in the days of the Prophet, so that change and innovation in anything that it governed (and it governed all things) were not only unnecessary, but wrong. Now we, the Americans, had not, like the Spaniards, come talking a new religion. We had the correct Moro theory of disease. Moreover, we had, as it were, slipped up on their weak human side by appealing to their love of gain, and by keeping them employed had even kept their thoughts from the usual fanatical channels into which they were wont to turn on meeting new things. In short, before the Moros knew it, they had been surprised, juggled out of their usual position, and on this one point of religion, where we had expected the greatest difficulty, we were, on account of a little study and pains (I almost said trick), not only to have none, but were to meet with real assistance in getting control of the bulk of the Moros. Religion is the one thing if there is any, that faintly holds together the incoherent groups of the race. After many visits from

less important priests, came the chief and most reverend one in all Lanao, an old and very shrewd man. I received and treated him with great dignity and show of respect, and talked the Koran with him as long as he pleased. Delighted with his first reception, he came again and often. In a few months he was my stanch friend, and was sending letters and messages to his people, many of whom were now either preparing for war or had already been committing acts of war against the Americans. He told them that he spoke the will of Allah-'ta-Allah (God); it was that they live in peace and accept the Americans. He assured them that the Americans also, like the Moros, knew the will of Allah-'ta-Allah and the words of the Prophet. With this old man I advised on many subjects, and one of his last acts with me was to rise, to my great surprise, in a grand assembly of his people a year after our first meeting, and solemnly announce it as the will of God, made known to him, that the Americans rule over the Moro people and tax them to the fifth of all their goods! He could have given no greater proof of loyalty, for the rock on which his people split was taxes.

For nearly a year the presence of the Americans, contact with them, observation, the example they offered of order, obedience, and government, the practice which in working with the Americans the Moros themselves received in obedience, order, industry, and responsibility, were lessons to the Moros preparatory to government, which was to follow. On many these lessons were unmistakably having the desired effect; on others, not. The latter committed against the Americans every aggression that treachery and stealth could devise.

Sentinels were stabbed in the dark, lone soldiers ambushed, cut up, and killed, small parties attacked, tents, tools, and arms stolen and carried away. Our patience long left these things unpunished, hoping that with time and a better comprehension of us the Moros would of themselves see the folly of continuing such acts. On the contrary, as the road went deeper and deeper into the Moro country, these aggressions became worse and more frequent. Our enemies, and even our friends, began to think we were afraid. Unpunished, enjoying to the full at our expense the gratification of their Moro love of lawlessness, our enemies taunted our friends with a foolish self-denial in abstaining from the sport. The friends felt and protested that we were making no difference between good and bad, between friend and foe. They demanded, and indeed it was right, that a distinction should be made.

There was, therefore, better feeling when one morning all learned that we had surprised in his mountains, captured the arms, destroyed the rendezvous, and scattered the band of Datto Matuan, whose followers, as all Moros knew, had beset and robbed the American camps. This was emphasized when, a few days later, after wandering all night through the forest and mountains and wading lake and marshes, we had captured the fort and had utterly wiped out the band of the sultan of Birimbingan. His people under pretense of selling fruit had treacherously approached, cut up, and disabled for life an American soldier. Jeeringly referring to the American slowness to act against their enemies, he had answered my demand for redress by saying that he would take my message under consideration for some

months, and then let me know whether he would talk about the matter at all. But respect grew when the news spread of a score dead in the town of Bacayauan, whose people had killed a soldier for the purpose of robbery, and who, when called upon for justice, had first ignored, and then, fortifying the town, had defied the Americans.

Nothing that happened between Americans and Moros was hidden. For the sake of instruction and effect Moros were made to know or hear all, and in these expeditions the effect was increased in Moro eyes by the fact that the Americans had distinguished well, and no friendly Moro had suffered at their hands. There was in consequence a wider call for American flags as a symbol of friendship. It was enough. Punitive measures were thereupon stopped. They were stopped out of policy also, with a view to the future pacification of even the bad Moros, on the knowledge that with them it is revenge, an eye for an eye to the end of time, without regard to how justly he who first lost an eye deserved to lose it. For this reason a "kill and burn" policy can never succeed with Moros, can do nothing more than destroy them.

These object-lessons had gradually, with the passage of time, brought many villages and settlements to peaceful recognition of the American commander as their common superior. As this process went on it brought to light the miserable conditions under which these savages had always lived, — willing, yet of themselves helpless, to throw them off. I was overwhelmed with a flood of complaints, requests to adjudicate claims, settle disputes and differences between different dattos and villages, punish countless robberies, burnings, mur-

ders, and woundings, for which there had never in Moro history been any other tribunal than war and counter-aggression. The story led back as far as tradition goes, and opened a broad field of work, too broad for one man.

It was plain that here, at least, near the road, the preparations for government had outrun the provision of machinery for its operation. However, something had to be done. I therefore quietly assumed the functions of lawmaker, ruler, and judge, ruled and settled disputes and differences on my own judgment and knowledge of conditions. The law was scarcely of record, — neither was the old English Common Law, — and the government was somewhat informal; but, like all simple folk, Moros seemed to prefer personality to form in government. Fortunately, too, with my clients exact justice according to civilized ideas was not necessary, nor in demand. Moro ideas of justice were, from their history, tradition, and lives, naturally hazy and faint, not to say *nil*. It was more important here that there be some law than that it be perfect, some decision and end of controversy than that they be just.

My dictum was therefore accepted in general by the Moros near. Soon, however, the rumor of these things spreading, acts in intentional contempt and defiance of them as representing the growing American authority began to be committed by remoter dattos. Military men stationed among them need never seek occasions of quarrels with Moros. Moro ignorance, folly, and perversity can be relied upon to furnish plenty of occasions, and such occasions as cannot be ignored or pardoned. Two such were now forced upon me. The sultan of Detse-en, amongst the most powerful Moros, under

threat of war to the bitter end, was required to make full apology, and to cut off his son from the succession to the sultanate, for public and boastful abuse of the American flag. It was a fit and effective though severe punishment. The second was even worse. One morning I surprised and captured, and soon had tried and sentenced to seventeen years' imprisonment, two dattos who, to show their disregard and contempt of what the Americans had enjoined, had made, against Filipinos, a successful slave-taking expedition by sea, under the American flag, which they had somehow managed to get hold of! With the Moros restraint of personal liberty is the most grievous of all things; it is inflicted for no crime, however great, and is allowed for but one cause, — insanity. The punishment of the two dattos, therefore, spoke straight to the Moro heart, and all were made to hear it. Death were far preferable. The abused flag came into my hands along with the dattos. That was the latest, no doubt it will be the last, time that the American flag will cover a slave-taking expedition.

The road had now been finished. In its concluding stages the competition among the Moros for the work, for the opportunity to earn money, had become so sharp as to be troublesome. Dattos were quarreling with one another about it, and, once started at work at a given point, they were so self-willed and determined that they could hardly be stopped to be directed elsewhere.

The road work ended, the danger of idleness arose, for it had now become evident to me that Moros could be managed in two ways only, — by putting them at work and keeping them at work, or by putting them in fear and keeping them in fear. There is no possibility of

living in quiet with unoccupied or uncowed Moros. I preferred the method of work.

On my offer to hire them now to fetch supplies from the seacoast, there were repeated all the doubt, hesitation, and delay of the time when they first began work upon the road, complicated this time by fear that the Americans might try to make them carry bacon or something that contained some product of the hog, to the Mohammedan the lowest and vilest of things, accursed of God and the Prophet. After repeated reassurances on this point, they began. At first, to make sure, they would carry only flour, but the work proved profitable and became most popular. Then they took boxed stuff, then canned stuff, then ceased to question what, — every man wisely curbing his curiosity, holding his tongue, carrying all things that came, and bacon at last among the rest!

Assuredly the leaven of new ideas was working. Gradually, in the past few months, the Moros had accepted much; and this demonstrated their readiness to accept more, of what was American. The time seemed opportune to give more form to this beginning of control. Accordingly the writer was duly appointed governor of the Lanao Moros, with a small staff, and a scheme of government somewhat like that obtaining over the rest of the Philippines. Its defects were manifest at the very first effort to put it in operation. It failed to turn to account, to place itself at the head of the weak, but only organization in all Moro-land, the datto group, and to lay hold of the only power known to Moros, the authority of the datto.

On a small scale and imperfectly I had already had a

government in operation in the only way that government can for years be operated among the Moros, — one-man power without formality, backed by force and a knowledge of the conditions, and exercised upon the people through their dattos. As the law for the new government did not contain these essential provisions, it would not work; but the little machinery of government which had previously been set up went on working quietly, until the new law by amendment adapted itself to the requirements of conditions, and the governor became *de jure* what he had already long been *de facto*, — father, adviser, judge, sheriff, ruler, lawmaker, with the dattos as his subalterns and assistants.

Formal acceptance of government was naturally regarded by the Moros as a serious step, even where they had already in effect been living under that same government for some months. Reasons were demanded. I therefore held meetings to explain and satisfy all. Argument was made as varied and as different as the dattos themselves. Here came in profitably the knowledge which I had gradually been acquiring of each and every one's circumstances and history. For one, it was sufficient to point out that Americans had not bothered his religion or his women; for another, that he had suffered no injustice from us as he had from other Moros, Filipinos, or Spaniards; for this one, that tribal wars in which his people had almost been wiped out had been stopped by the Americans; for that one, that we had suppressed the thieves who had been robbing him of his women and goods. It was enough to remind the sultan of Sungud how he and his people had prospered by the Americans, and the datto of Punud that he was wearing

rich clothes since we came. It satisfied some that we had not come and tried to place over them the Filipinos, upon whom the Moros look with contempt as the immemorial source of their slave supply, and with hatred as their traditional enemies; and others, that we had already adjusted and would go on adjusting — it was the purpose of the government to adjust — differences, and punishing wrongs between the different groups of the Moros, and so wipe out the sudden deadly attacks by one another from which all had suffered, and of which all stood in constant dread before the Americans came among them.

"Why do you want this, and what do you come here for, anyhow?" questioned, at one of these meetings, the old sultan of Bayabao, after I had just finished dealing out quinine to him and his begging retinue one raw, rainy day. "We are satisfied as we are," he added vehemently, as he sat shivering in bare feet, thin shirt, and flimsy trousers before me, well, warmly, and dryly clad.

"Have you such shoes and clothes as I to warm your body and protect your feet? Or have you such medicines as I have just given you to cure your sickness?" I answered. "Do you know how to make them?" He was silent and the great crowd listened. "We do, and have come to show you. That is why."

To this day he and his people have not fought the Americans, nor resisted their government.

It pleased and convinced many when I pointed out and emphasized, what they already knew, that now, with a security hitherto unknown to them, they were able to travel through all Lanao.

Such were the reasons given, and they were pointed out and patiently repeated as the direct good which had already come, and of which more was to be expected, from the power and authority of the Americans. They won over gradually, without war, half of all the Malanaos, and government went on taking on more form; but the most numerous, warlike, and inaccessible tribe, under the most influential hereditary sultan of all, remained stubbornly hostile and aggressive. In twos and threes, his people prowled about, and by cunning, stealth, and lying in wait, lost no opportunity to rob, assault, stab, kill. They would accept nothing the Americans said, for while with most men it is credulity, with Moros it seems to be incredulity, that goes with ignorance of the world. To them, accustomed to see men governed only by desires and passions, it was inconceivable that the Americans bore these aggressions from any other cause than fear or weakness. Tradition and experience were all against such an idea. To them, whose largest example of power had been a datto who could muster a few hundred men, it was wholly incredible, and they ridiculed the idea, that the United States could bring against them any more men or arms than they had already brought. To them it was inconceivable that any man who could would not without more ado destroy his enemy. That the Americans had not done this meant therefore that the Americans could not do it. To talk to them of power without exercising it, or of punishment without executing it, was taken as mere vaporing. To my persuasion, demands, and threats alike, therefore, their dattos sent jeering replies or answered me with worse aggressions. The

last straw was the murder of four soldiers by stealth, to secure their arms. Then followed a deadly punitive expedition. It carried surprise and astonishment, a fearful lesson to foolish, boastful savages whose ideas of war were one thousand, and of power three thousand years behind their age. This was the last argument, and to my next invitation not only those who had been punished, but the few others who had stood aloof, declared their readiness, and in a short time came under the new government.

In organizing them, wherever they could be won over and had made full submission, those dattos who had led in hostility were appointed to authority over their people under the United States; for history shows that such men, under the conqueror, and whether the conqueror wills it or no, remain the strong spirits and real rulers of their country. Violent changes were thus avoided.

All had now come under American authority, and the work of inducing them to accept government was practically finished. There was, however, one thing that still stuck in the throats of all, choking and gagging even those who willingly and peacefully had long been living under the new order. This was the question of taxation, a delicate subject, a last test with Moros, because it is a matter of religion. There had been much talk and murmur of this through all the tribes and groups. Therefore I again held a meeting, at which were assembled all the sultans, dattos, and men of consequence, for question and discussion. I laid before them all the reasons. It appealed to the dattos who had been appointed to offices over their people, to say that we must

have money to pay them, but these were very few. Again, for the common good, I said, — to punish criminals and catch thieves; but the common good had little meaning for men who had known no government, no *res publica*, nothing common; let every man care for himself, was their idea. In all their experience taxes stood for what had been wrung for selfish purposes by the strong from the weak, by conqueror from conquered, by master from his bondman; and money paid for any other cause than direct barter and sale meant tribute, a horrible thing of subjection, dishonor, and slavery. That good should be alleged of taxation was incomprehensible; that it was intended for the good of those who paid it was past belief. All their experience and tradition were contrary to such a thing. Public spirit could not be appealed to, for long habit of life in minute communities had effectually throttled the budding of such a feeling, and left only selfishness.

Yet I felt no uncertainty as to the ultimate outcome of the matter; for by experience I had learned that in all things whatsoever, to the last, the white man outclasses, and can always find some intellectual way to go around, a Moro. In this matter it came thus: —

The Moros, like all other natives of the Philippines, are possessed of a consuming desire to carry a "pass," — some sort of an official certificate as to character, home, business, and the like, of the bearer, — and they are willing to pay any amount therefor, and never think of it as taxation. On this weak point the Moros showed the first signs of yielding. Then the plan of indirect taxation caught, pleased, and overcame them, as it catches wiser men than they. Imported cotton cloth

paying duty at the custom house had long been reaching the Moros through a few coast traders, and was now in large use among all Moros. Touching the jacket of the nearest datto, "You are a lot of foolish and ignorant children," I said. "You are haggling about paying taxes when you have already been doing it for years, and have actually been giving the Americans money to pay me, to pay the interpreter and all my soldiers." This at once caught their attention. The explanation followed. They understood it remarkably quickly. They saw the humor and the truth of the thing, and, wondering at the *finesse* that had been able to make them contribute to their own subjugation, yielded in a sort of nonplussed way, feeling, no doubt, that it was useless to hope to escape a people who could devise such a smart system of getting money from other people without the latter's even knowing it. To my help also at this juncture came my old friend, the priest Noskalim, the Metropolitan, as it were, of Lanao, with, if not a revelation, something better — wisdom — to his people: "It is the will of Allah-'ta-Allah, The Merciful, who has many names."

In these ways government and civilization have gained upon them.

BARO BUDDOR, AN ANCIENT TEMPLE OF JAVA

BARO BUDDOR, AN ANCIENT TEMPLE OF JAVA

All that is known of the early history of Java is that before the eleventh century the island had made a long advance on the path of civilization. This civilization was derived from the Hindus, and was accompanied by the worship of Buddha. A few centuries later, came the Hindu Mohammedans as merchants or settlers, and also as missionaries. Later still, Hindu intercourse with Europeans began. This was first carried on by the East India Company of Holland; and the Dutch gradually extended their rule, although from 1811 to 1816 the island was in the hands of the English. At first the Dutch looked upon Java in the familiar fashion of the eighteenth century in regard to colonies, that is, simply as places from which revenue might be obtained; but since 1870 an effort has been made to govern the land in the interest of the Javanese as well as the Dutch.

The Buddhist temple of Baro Buddor ranks among the architectural wonders of the world. Originally a hill of lava, about one hundred and fifty feet high, it was hewn by the ancient Hindu builders into six mighty terraces, of which the lowest is six hundred feet square, surmounted by a host of bell-shaped cupolas and crowded with sculptures. If the statues and bas-reliefs of this temple were placed side by side they would extend three miles. Taken together, they form a gigantic object lesson of the teachings of Buddha. Ascending the terrace, the worshiper passed first through scenes of domestic and outdoor life, men shooting with blowpipes or bows and arrows, musicians playing bagpipes, fishermen with nets and rods, etc. As he ascended, the statues grew more and more religious in character until at length, having passed through the stages of instruction and left the things of the world far beneath him, he was ready to enter the apex of the temple and behold with enlightened eyes the image of Buddha, left unfinished as a symbol of the inability of human art to realize or represent perfection.

DETAIL OF TEMPLE AT BRAMBANAN

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At Brambanan, not far from Baro Buddor, there stand in the midst of the tropical jungle the remains of an immense group of Buddhist temples. Although in ruins these temples fill the beholder with awe as he considers the amount of labor represented by the elaborate carvings and statues, such as these shown in the illustration, with which every part of the hundreds of buildings in this vast group is covered.

A VISIT TO A HEAD-HUNTER OF BORNEO

BY WILLIAM HENRY FURNESS, THIRD

[Borneo is the fifth largest island in the world. Even now only a comparatively small portion of it has been explored, although Portugal, Spain, Holland, and England have all had commercial interests in the country. The northern part is now under an English protectorate; the southern is governed by the Dutch through the native chiefs.

The Editor.]

Aban Avit sat beside us, and while we were filling our pipes he produced from the bamboo box, hanging at his side, some tobacco and some of that beautifully dried leaf of the wild banana cut from the heart of the plant, before the leaf is unfurled; in unskilled hands it tears like wet tissue-paper, but in Aban Avit's a tapering, symmetrical cigarette, eight inches long, was skillfully rolled on his thigh. A circle of small boys squatted around us, their bright little eyes watching our every movement as intently as we stare at the actions of some strange animal in a zoölogical garden. If we struck a match, or sneezed, or buttoned our coats, or wiped our faces with a handkerchief, dilated eyes and open mouths attended the action with rapt interest. A few men sat near their chief, and now and then murmured comments to one another in their native tongue, which we did not fully understand, but could guess from the direction of their eyes, that we were the subject of their

conversation. The evening duties of the household were not, however, interrupted on our account; men with bundles of dried firewood on their shoulders, women staggering under a load of bamboo joints filled with water, and stacked in hampers on their backs, were constantly passing by us, treading heavily, and making the loose boards of the floor clatter and rattle as they plodded their weary way to their apartments. For a time there was almost a constant succession of canoes coming to the landing-place, bringing back the workers from the rice-clearings. The women all bending under full hampers, some with fresh, uncurled fern-fronds, and the sprouts of a variety of large canna, which they stew with rice to add variety to their diet; some with bundles of the young banana leaf, whereof to make cigarette-wrappers, and others with wild tapioca and wild yams. Each one carried her own light paddle in one hand, and a large round and flat sun-hat in the other. None of them glanced to right or left, but made her way direct to her family room, and like a ghost faded into the darkness through the small doorway. After them followed the men, dangling their *parangs* in one hand and trailing their blow-pipes and spears in the other. They, too, looked fixedly ahead, until they had hung up their *parangs* and stuck their spears perpendicularly into a rafter so that the shaft should be kept straight; this done, they joined the group round the fire, or went down to the river to bathe. At the far end of the house some young fellows were playing mournful tunes on a *kaluri*, and its organ-like notes were wafted fitfully down to us; now and then a baby's wail chimed in, and then was quieted by the mother's crooning lullaby. Beneath the

house, the contented grunting of pigs and the clucking of chickens denoted that these omen-givers had returned from their foraging in the jungle, and had sought the shelter of home for the night.

Thus we sat as twilight faded in Aban Avit's veranda, — in the home of these people, whereof every detail made up their familiar, commonplace life, the only life from cradle to grave that they had ever known or would know, while we by their side were aliens from a world twelve thousand miles away, from a country that they had never heard of, and of a race which many of them had never seen before. We were in the very heart of the Bornean jungle, guests in the house of a barbarous "savage" and bloodthirsty "head-hunter," — but these terms, when applied at that moment to our host, what misnomers! Could contrast be more emphatic than the perfect peacefulness of our surroundings, and the thought that a man as benignant and hospitable as Aban Avit should cherish as his highest aim in life to add every year to that cluster of human heads hanging from the rafters just above us, and gently swaying in the heat ascending from the flames? Is it conceivable that this gentle-hearted man, and his circle of good-humored friends, could take pride and pleasure in recognizing and rehearsing the slashes and gashes borne by each head? The long gash there, on the left side of that skull, showing through the piece of old casting-net, was made by Tama Lohong's *parang*, the very one with carved wooden handle that he carries to this day. The owner of the next skull was fishing when he fell a victim to a stealthy thrust from Apoi's spear. This small one is that of a young girl who tried to escape from the rear

of a house when they burned out those Madangs, way over near the Rejang River. Thus they can enumerate them all, chief and slave, man, woman, girl, and boy. It all seemed so at variance with Aban Avit's genial, courteous hospitality, that I wondered if it were possible to look at these skulls through his eyes, and to sympathize with his thrill of pride and exultation in them. I waited until Aban Avit had his cigarette fairly rolled and lit, and then, trying not to appear in the least antagonistic, lest I should fail to elicit his genuine feeling, I asked, "O Sabîlah [blood-brother], why is it that all you people of Kalamântan kill each other and hang up these heads? In the land I come from such a thing is never known; I fear that it would be ill-spoken of there, indeed, perhaps, thought quite horrible. What does Aban Avit think of it?" He turned to me in utter, absolute surprise, at first with eyes half-closed, as doubting that he heard aright, and letting the smoke curl slowly out of his mouth for a moment, he then replied, with unwonted vehemence: "No, Tuan! No! the custom is not horrible. It is an ancient custom, a good, beneficent custom, bequeathed to us by our fathers and our fathers' fathers; it brings us blessings, plentiful harvests, and keeps off sickness and pains. Those who were once our enemies hereby become our guardians, our friends, our benefactors." "But," I interrupted, "how does Aban Avit know that these dried heads do all this? Don't you make it an excuse just because you like to shed blood and to kill?" "Ah, Tuan, you white men had no great chief, like Tokong, to show you what was right; have n't you ever heard the story of Tokong and his people? He was Rajah of the Sibops and the father

of all the Kayans, and lived long, long, long ago." I was not acquainted with the story of Tokong, so I begged him to relate it; then, squatting on the floor with his forearms lightly resting on his knees, and his hands dangling in front of him, he meditatively relit his cigarette, and, gazing lovingly up at the cluster of skulls, began: —

"It was in the old, old days, long before the Government came here (by the Government I mean our Tuan Rajah Brooke), it happened that on a time the descendant of the heaven-born Katirah Murai, Tokong, and his men of the Sibop tribe were on an expedition down river to punish a household of thieves who had stolen their crop of rice the year before, and had chased Tokong's women and children from the jungle clearings. It was the time of year when the fields had just been planted, and before the rice had sprouted; so Tokong took out his warriors to teach these thieves that this year there should be no more stealing. When they had gone down river to the great bamboo clump where they had to cross through the jungle, they drew their canoes up to the bank, and, with Tokong leading, started on their stealthy march. When the eye of day looked straight down at them over their heads, they rested on the bank of a small stream which ran round that great rock (perhaps, Tuan, you have seen it) — we call it 'Batu Kusieng,' — near the head-waters of the Belaga and Tinjar Rivers. They had cooked, and eaten, and drawn out the pegs of wood whereon their rice-pots rested, and Rajah Tokong was slipping his head through his war-coat and girding on his *parang*, when he heard, coming from under the great rock, a squeaking, croaking

voice, uttering, '*Wong kokôk teta Batôk.*'[1] He paused, and turning round to listen to the voice, saw a large frog with its young ones about it sitting just under the edge of the rock. 'Greetings to you, *Kop* (frog),' said the rajah. 'What is the meaning of your croaking?' and Kop replied, 'Alas, what fools you Sibops are! You go out to battle and kill men, but you take back with you to ornament your shields only their hair; whereas, did you but know it, if you took the whole head you would have blessings beyond words. In sooth, you heavy-livered people know not how to take a head. Look here, and I'll show you.' This spoke Kop, and straightway seized one of his little ones, and with one stroke of his *parang* cut off its head. Tokong was exceedingly angry at the impudence and the cruelty of the frog, and, paying no further attention to it, ordered his men to advance at once. But some of the older men among them could not help thinking that perhaps Kop spoke the truth, and that night, while they sat round the fire, holding a council of war over the attack on the enemy's house, close at hand, they urged Tokong to allow them to follow the frog's advice. At first, Tokong, still very angry because Kop had called the Sibops 'fools' and 'heavy-livered,' refused; but finally, seeing that many of his best men were in favor of it, he granted their request. Next morning, when the sky began to turn gray and the birds in the trees were just waking up, the Sibops noiselessly carried armfuls of bark and grass, and placed them beneath the thieves' house, and set fire to them, and the flames ran quickly everywhere.

[1] Aban Avit did not translate this, and I believe it is ancient Kayan, retained for its onomatopœic sound.

Out rushed the men and women, some jumping into the flames, others trying to slide down the house-posts; but all were met with slashes and stabs from the swords and spears of Tokong's men. Many were killed that day, and the heads of three were cut off and carried away by Tokong's party, who retreated at once, and, almost before they knew it, were at the landing-place on the river. To their great amazement, they found their boats all ready and launched! No sooner were they seated than the boats began to move off, of their own accord, right upstream in the direction of home. It was a miracle! The current of the stream changed and ran uphill, as it does at flood tide at the mouth of a river. They almost immediately reached the landing-place close to their house, and were overjoyed to see that the crops planted only fifteen days before had not only sprouted, but had grown, had ripened, and were almost ready for the harvest. In great astonishment they hurried through the clearings, and up to their house. There they found still greater wonders! Those who were ill when the party set out were now well, the lame walked and the blind saw! Rajah Tokong and all his people were convinced on the spot that it was because they had followed Kop's advice, and they vowed a vow that ever afterward the heads of their enemies should be cut off and hung up in their houses. This is the story of Rajah Tokong, Tuan. We all follow his good example. These heads above us have brought me all the blessings I have ever had; I would not have them taken from my home for all the silver in the country."

He turned to appeal to his people sitting near, and they, as many as understood Malay, nodded their heads,

glancing from him to us, and murmuring "*Betúl, betúl!*" ['T is true, 't is true.] He paused to get an ember out of the glowing heap of ashes to light his cigarette again, which had become much crumpled during the narration of Rajah Tokong's first head-hunt, and after he had it once more in shape, I asked him if he would not regard it as somewhat of an inconvenience if his own head were to be cut off, just to bring blessings to an enemy's house. "Tuan," he replied, "I do not want to become dead any more than I want to move from where I am; if my head were cut off, my second self would go to Bulun Matai [the "Fields of the Dead"], where beyond a doubt I should be happy; the Dayongs tell us, and surely they know, that those who have been brave and have taken heads, as I have, will be respected in that other world and will have plenty of riches. When I die, my friends will beat the gongs loud and shout out my name, so that those who are already in Bulun Matai will know that I am coming, and meet me when I cross over the stream on Bintang Sikŏpa [the great log]. I shall be glad enough to see them. But I don't want to go to-day, nor to-morrow." His faith seemed immovable, but I could not resist the temptation of suggesting a doubt, so I asked him what if the Dayongs were wrong, and there were no Bulun Matai, and that when he stopped breathing he really died and knew no more. He answered me almost with scorn for such a doubt. "Tuan, nothing really dies, it changes from one thing to another. The Dayongs must be right, for they have been to the Fields of the Dead and come back to tell us all about it." "Don't you feel sorry," I asked, "for those that you kill? It hurts badly to be cut by a

parang; you don't like it, and those whom you cut down dislike it as much as you do; they are no more anxious to go to Apo Leggan or Long Julán [regions of Bulun Matai] than you are." "Ah, Tuan," he replied, with the suggestion of a patronizing chuckle in his voice, "you feel just as I did when I was a little boy and had never seen blood. But I outgrew such feelings, as every one should."

END OF VOLUME I

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